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AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

# modern screen

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JAN -7 1953

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**LOUELLA  
PARSONS:**  
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**IEDDA  
LOPPER:**  
What Lana does  
o men

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elizabeth taylor



# That Ivory Look

*Young America has it... You can have it in 7 days!*

*Lovely models have it...  
so can you!*

As clear, as sparkling as a frosty morning, Anne Viggers' complexion is one that any girl might envy. Her secret? "Pure, mild Ivory is my only beauty aid," says this stunning model. "I think gentle care with Ivory is a magic formula for any girl's complexion!"



**99.44% pure...it floats**



*Lovely babies have it...  
so can you!*

Imagine you with a complexion as baby-fine as little Justine's! Like the idea? Then surely it makes sense to share her beauty soap—pure, mild Ivory! More doctors, including skin doctors, advise Ivory for baby's skin and yours than all other brands of soap put together.

*You can have That Ivory Look  
in just one week!*

Yes, there's new loveliness in store for you if you do just one simple thing: Change to regular care and use pure, mild Ivory Soap. That's all! Then, in 7 short days, you'll see your complexion softer, smoother, younger-looking. Yes—you'll have *That Ivory Look!*

*More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap!*



JAN -7 1953

# Your mouth tastes fresher...teeth and breath stay cleaner...you reduce decay better... with the **NEW IPANA**<sup>®</sup>

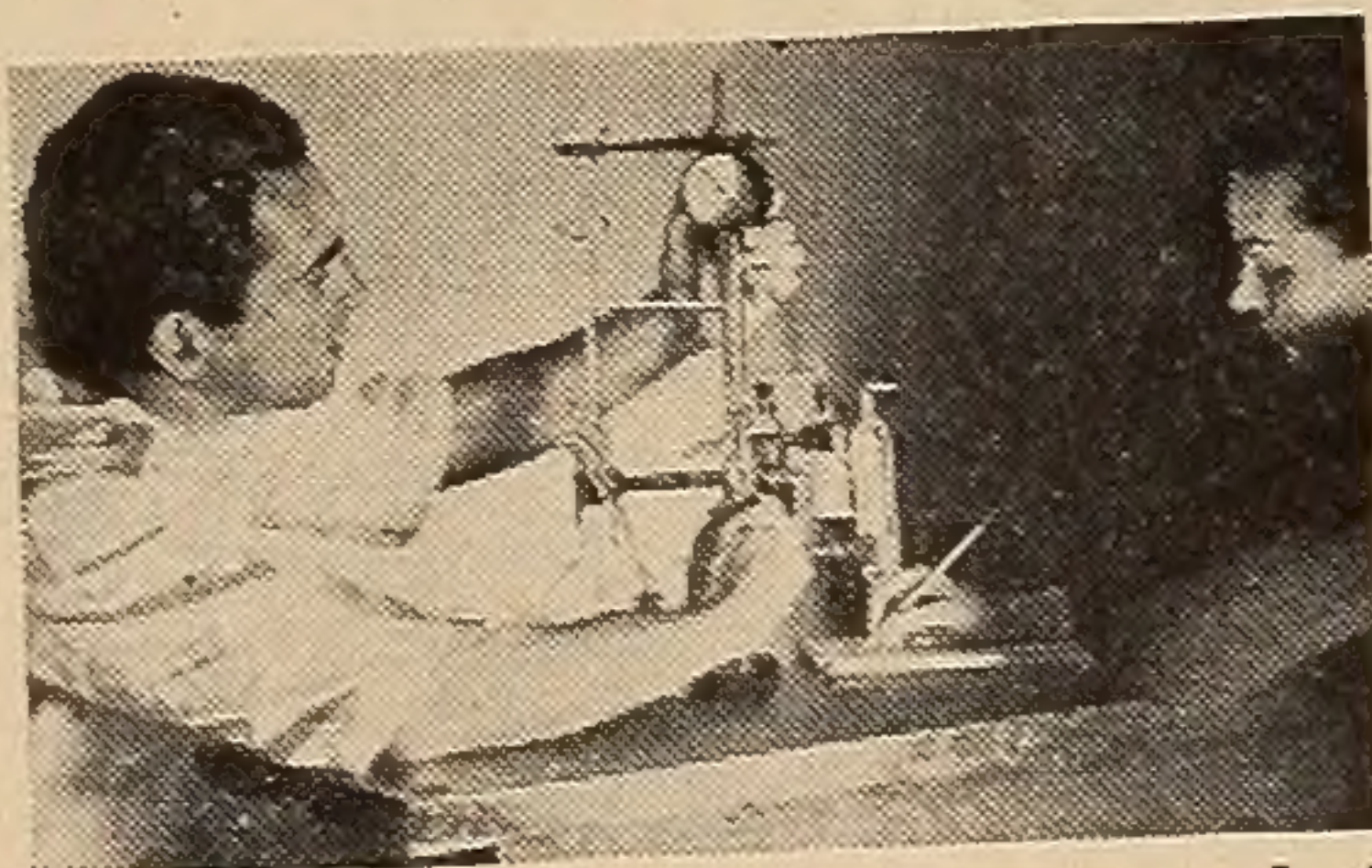


**Tooth brushing** can be a pleasure instead of a chore—with new improved Ipana. Its new "Sparkle-Fresh" flavor and twice-as-rich foaming made it the 2 to 1 choice of hundreds of men, women and children who tried it in their own homes. See if your own family doesn't agree.

## Scientists proved new Ipana keeps teeth, breath cleaner



**Teeth 54% Cleaner the First Day.** New Ipana's remarkable cleaning ability was proved by university scientists. In a study of brushing in the morning and after meals, they found that new Ipana made badly stained teeth 54% cleaner—the first day.



**Oral Bad Breath Stopped 4 Hours.** Another test studied breath with a scientific odor-measuring osmometer. Men and women with severe mouth odor used new Ipana. Unpleasant mouth odor was stopped *even after 4 hours*—in every case.

## Famous Ipana now gives you two new scientific cleansing agents.

Yes, Ipana Tooth Paste is now better than ever. It gives you all the ingredients you need for effective mouth hygiene. And it tastes wonderfully refreshing, can never stain.

Ipana's two new scientific cleansing, purifying agents actually clean better than any single tooth-paste ingredient known. They penetrate where even water cannot reach . . . help keep your whole mouth healthier.

What's more, you've never tasted anything so fresh and peppy as Ipana's new, improved flavor. And you have never felt anything like the way it bursts instantly into twice as much cleansing foam. You'll notice the difference.



## New pleasanter way to take care of gums, reduce tooth decay.

Dentists will tell you that a cleaner mouth is a healthier mouth. That's just what you get when you brush your teeth after meals with creamy new Ipana.

First, new Ipana removes more of the mouth acids that can bring on painful and costly cavities. It gives you and your family better protection from tooth decay.

Second, brushing teeth from gum margins toward biting edges with new Ipana helps remove irritants that can lead to common gum troubles. Taking care of gums this way is important for children and grown-ups alike.

For teeth and gums—as well as breath—get new Ipana in the yellow and red carton, wherever fine drug products are sold.

TRIED FAMOUS IPANA  
LATELY?

NOW IT'S BETTER THAN EVER!



Product of Bristol-Myers



She Even Stumps This Expert!



WHAT A FRAUD YOU ARE! YOU DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN I DO ABOUT THE WAY TO FRANKIE'S HEART!

OH YES I DO, SUE! BUT BAD BREATH STUMPS EVEN ME! THE EXPERT FOR YOU TO SEE IS YOUR DENTIST, HONEY!



TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!



And Colgate's has proved conclusively that brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! In fact, the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM WORKED FINE FOR FRANKIE'S NOW MY VALENTINE!



Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with  
**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**  
**STOPS**  
**BAD BREATH and**  
**STOPS DECAY!**

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT  
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!

# modern screen

## stories

MODERN SCREEN'S PARTY OF THE YEAR..... 44

Beginning on page 44 are the story and 35 photographs of the most exciting Hollywood event of the year—the award presentations to the most popular stars of 1952 as decided by you, the 4,500,000 readers of Modern Screen. Your responses to the questionnaire (see page 99) determine the winners each year, and all Hollywood turns out to show its appreciation of your judgment. Full evidence of the respect Hollywood has for your decisions will be seen in the forthcoming choices of the final movieland bosses—the casting directors. Thank you.

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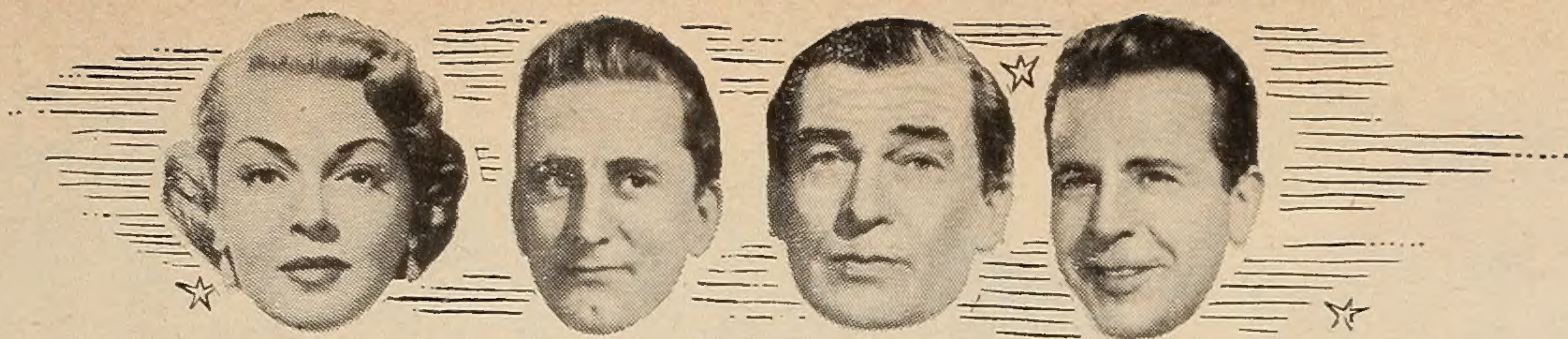
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M-G-M presents

# LANA TURNER • KIRK DOUGLAS WALTER PIDGEON • DICK POWELL

**NO HOLDS  
BARRED...**  
in this  
story  
of A  
**BLONDE**  
who  
wanted  
to go places...and  
**A BIG SHOT**  
who got her there  
*...the hard way!*

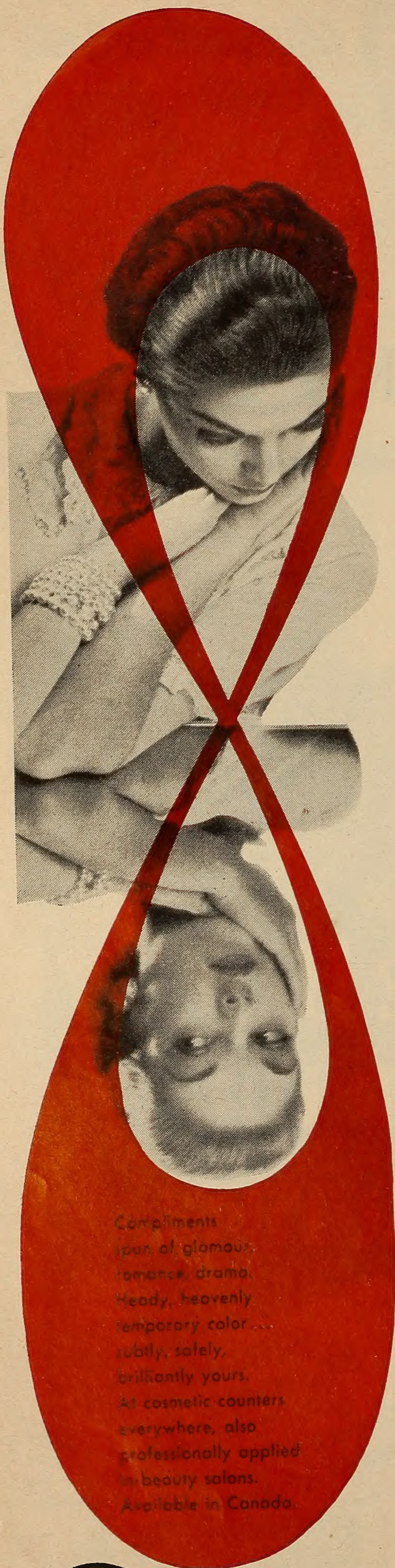
## THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL

**FORECAST:**  
*So powerful,  
so wonderful,  
it's headed for the  
year's "10 BEST" list!*

co-starring  
**BARRY SULLIVAN • GLORIA GRAHAME**  
**GILBERT ROLAND •** with LEO G. CARROLL  
VANESSA BROWN • Screen Play by CHARLES SCHNEE

Based on a Story by George Bradshaw • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN • An M-G-M Picture

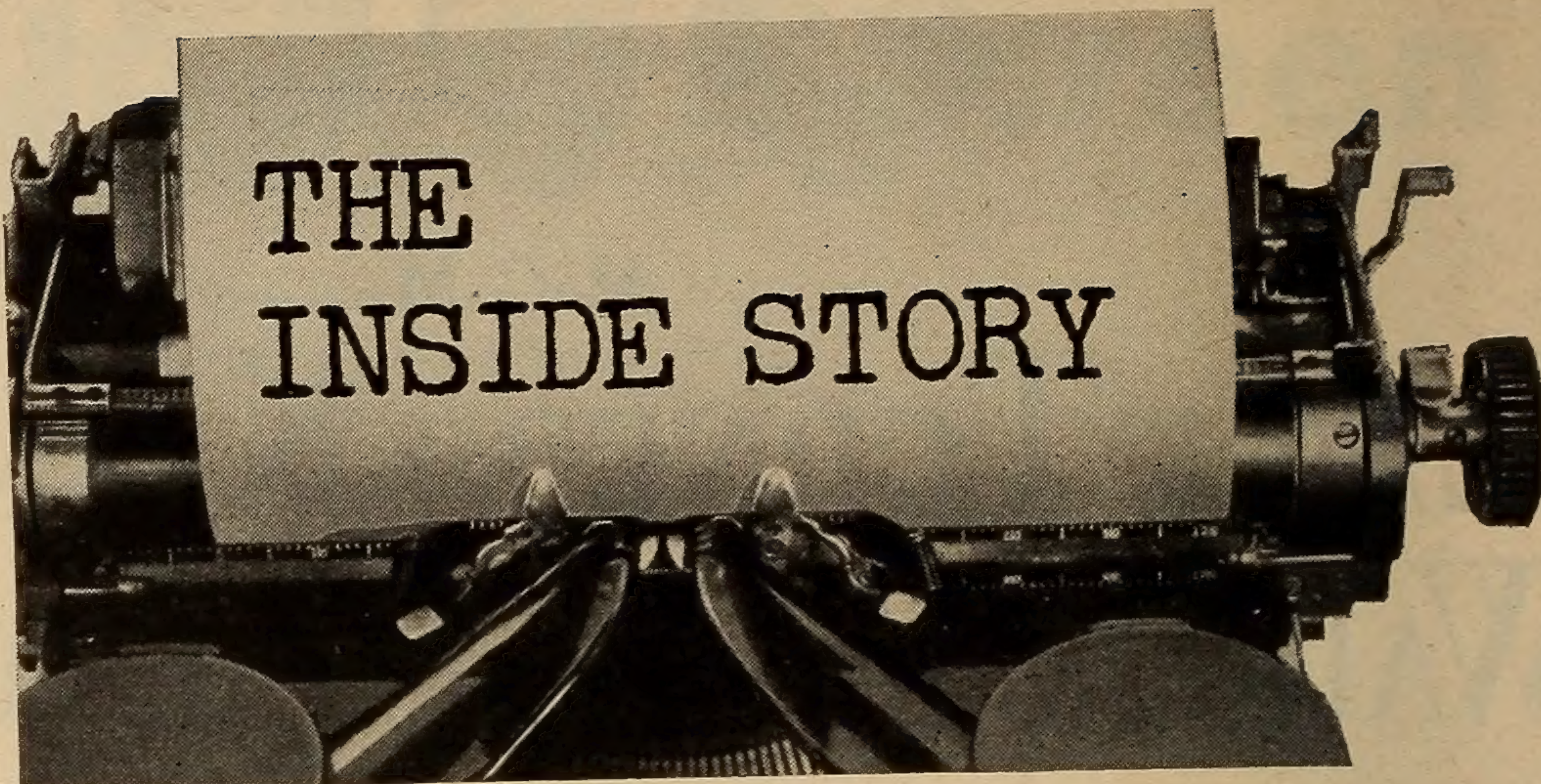




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upon of glamour,  
romance, drama.  
Heady, heavenly  
temporary color...  
subtly, safely,  
brilliantly yours.  
At cosmetic counters  
everywhere, also  
professionally applied  
in beauty salons.  
Available in Canada.

**Noreen**®

**SUPER  
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RINSE**



**Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.**

**Q.** Can you tell me please how many times Dale Robertson has been married?

—J. J., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

**A.** Twice.

**Q.** Isn't the Dean Martin marriage going to pieces?

—D. E., AKRON, OHIO.

**A.** No.

**Q.** Can you find out how much money Gary Cooper will make from *High Noon*?

—E. R., CHICAGO, ILL.

**A.** Cooper's salary is \$100,000 and 20% of the net profits. His take from *High Noon* will approximate \$360,000.

**Q.** Will Dan Dailey reconcile with his former wife?

—H. Y., NASHVILLE, TENN.

**A.** It is doubtful.

**Q.** Is there any possibility that Bing Crosby will now marry Ann Blyth, especially since they are both Catholics?

—D. U., NEW YORK, N.Y.

**A.** A rumor in bad taste and without foundation.

**Q.** I understand Bob Hope is worth four million dollars. If this is true, why does he want to buy oil wells, TV stations, and other enterprises?

—H. Y., TOLEDO, OHIO.

**A.** That is his approximate worth. His youth was so poverty-ridden that one of his great passions in life has always been the acquisition of money; another is giving thousands to charity.

**Q.** Is it true that Betty Grable refuses to speak to Marilyn Monroe because of jealousy?

—T. E., SANTA FE, N.M.

**A.** Grable and Monroe are on speaking terms.

**Q.** I've been told that Rock Hudson is being given a big build-up by Universal because the studio is sore at Tony Curtis. Is that true?

—C. E., MOLINE, ILL.

**A.** It was at one point, is no longer.

**Q.** What is Marilyn Monroe's salary and how much does 20th Century-Fox get for her on a loanout?

—I. Y., DENNIS, MASS.

**A.** Marilyn's salary is \$750 per week; 20th currently is not loaning her out.

*If they did the asking price would be \$100,000 per picture.*

**Q.** Wasn't the John Wayne divorce proceeding soft-pedaled because of all the dirty linen in the case?

—B. Y., ITHACA, N.Y.

**A.** Yes.

**Q.** I've been told that ever since that riotous Marion Davies party in which she fought with Fernando Lamas, Lana Turner has been referred to by her friends as "the human punching bag." Is this true?

**A.** A few of Miss Turner's friends have described her thusly.

**Q.** I understand that Doris Day has refused to act in any more pictures with Danny Thomas. Has Danny become stuck-up?

—E. R., TOLEDO, OHIO.

**A.** Just convinced of his potential as a dramatic star.

**Q.** Isn't the Ty Power-Linda Christian marriage finished to all intents and purposes?

—D. W., DENVER, COL.

**A.** Both sophisticated partners have an understanding which should keep the marriage going.

**Q.** Wasn't Bob Wagner a dish-washer at the Bel-Air Hotel rather than a rich man's son as his publicity makes him out to be?

—T. F., DALLAS, TEXAS.

**A.** Wagner worked one Summer at the Bel-Air Hotel as a dish-washer; his parents, however, are well off.

**Q.** Does Jeanne Crain's mother still think her daughter is the wrong wife for Paul Brinkman?

—E. E., SANTA FE, N.M.

**A.** In view of the fact that Jeanne's marriage has lasted seven years and has produced four children, Jeanne's mother feels now she was wrong in doubting Brinkman as a husband.

**Q.** Of all the actors in Hollywood which one has success changed the most?

—E. M., HARTFORD, CONN.

**A.** Some say Kirk Douglas.

**Q.** Now that MGM has dropped Peter  
(Continued on page 26)



DEAN  
**MARTIN** AND **LEWIS**  
JERRY



Are Back With  
Lots Of Laughs!  
Lots Of Heart-tugs!  
Lots Of Songs!  
Lots Of Babes!

in **HAL WALLIS'** Production

# THE STOOGES

Co-starring  
**EDDIE MAYEHOFF** (That's My Boy)

**MARION MARSHALL**  
**POLLY BERGEN**

## SONGS

"A Girl Named Mary and A Boy Named Bill"  
"Who's Your Little Who-zis"  
"I Feel A Song Coming On"  
"I Feel Like A Feather In The Breeze"  
"With My Eyes Wide Open I'm Dreaming"  
"Louise" • "Lover" • "I'm Yours"  
"Just One More Chance"

Directed by  
**NORMAN TAUROG • FRED F. FINKLEHOFF** and **MARTIN RACKIN**

Additional Dialogue by **ELWOOD ULLMAN** • From a story by  
Fred F. Finklehoffe and Sid Silvers • A Paramount Picture







# LOUELLA PARSONS'

## GOOD NEWS

**A** HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, one and all—bit belated but not the less heartfelt.

This is the time of the year I usually make a few predictions of things to come in Hollywood—and so let's tee-off with a few:

I doubt if Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas will marry despite the heat they're generating romantically at the present time. I have Lamas down in my book as not a marryin' man.

The Gregory Pecks won't part no matter how strong the rumors from Europe that they are quarreling.

Two Academy Award nominees for the "best Actress" Oscar will be Shirley Booth (*Come Back, Little Sheba*) and Julie Harris (*Member Of The Wedding*).

Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner WON'T make up their quarrel.

Newcomers to shine the brightest in 1953—Rosemary Clooney, Peggy Lee, Audrey Hepburn, Jeff Hunter, Aldo Ray, Dewey Martin and Anna Maria Alberghetti.

Gossip writers persistently trying to tie up Bing Crosby in romances which he won't be having.

*East Of Eden* the most discussed and cussed picture since casting *Gone With The Wind*.

Marilyn Monroe's jump in salary from \$500

per week to an eventual \$6000 per week (which isn't a prediction—the new deal is coming up for Marilyn).

No marriage for Lana Turner.

**I**T'S also a little late to be talking about Christmas presents, but I know I'm always interested in who gets what—and perhaps you haven't heard about these:

Lana Turner gave little Cheryl a small "set chair"—a duplicate of the one Lana uses when she's working.

Deborah Kerr gave her family the order for a swimming pool and the family gave Deborah three beautiful Suzy sports outfits.

Ava Gardner sent beautiful ivory gifts from Africa to her Hollywood pals.

The Gene Kellys loaded their friends with French perfume.

Another swimming pool gift—Liz Taylor and Mike Wilding gave each other the pool for their new home.

Van Johnson gave Evie an oil painting of their daughter Schuyler—a lovely picture by artist John Morris.

Ricardo Montalban's gift to Georgianna—an exquisite antique bracelet encrusted in semi-precious stones.

And, perhaps, the nicest surprise of all—George Hormel surprised Leslie Caron by bringing her parents, the Claude Carons, here from Paris to spend the holidays with their daughter.

**M**Y 'phone rang at a very late hour and a nasal, muffled voice said softly:

"This is Marlon Brando. I've just married Movita. I'm drunk—but I wanted you to know the news!"

Ordinarily, I'd have been on the telephone immediately to my paper with this "scoop"—but I haven't been in the "scoops" business all these years without developing a sixth sense about these things.

I'm glad I listened to my feminine intuition. Sure enough, my midnight caller turned out to be an impostor pretending to be Brando and trying to get me to fall for this phony story.

Marlon, highly indignant, knows who this man is—and if he dares to repeat the hoax, will take police action.

**F**ERNANDO LAMAS' little habit of letting ladies pick up the check at cafes and nightclubs has the town gasping. A South American habit, maybe? (Continued on page 8)

**PARTY OF THE MONTH: THE SURPRISE SHINDIG CLARK GABLE THREW FOR THE SINATRAS . . . A "PROFILE" OF**



Janet Leigh's leggy figure was shown off to advantage in the costume she wore to the annual Masquer's Ball in Hollywood recently.



And Jan Sterling was a close rival for honors in the gorgeous gam department, at the same gala Ball. Jan came with hubby Paul Douglas.



Mike O'Shea ran the danger of being tickled to death if he got too close to his featherbedecked wife, Virginia Mayo, that night.





Ursula Thiess and Bob Taylor look happy together here, but why was she crying, waiting for him in his car alone a few nights before this?

**MARILYN MONROE... MARRIAGE HAS CHANGED JANE WYMAN... MICKEY ROONEY'S HONEYMOON BEHAVIOR...**



Debra Paget's mother is never far behind when her beautiful daughter goes stepping. Debra's the gal who's never been kissed, except on the cheek, and she wants to keep it that way (for a while, at least!).



Charming new bride Jane Wyman wore a demure checked gingham bonnet and skirt to the Masquer's Ball... but her skirt stopped short way above the knee, and Janie held her own with the rest of the glamor girls.



## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

One of his friends explains that, of course, Fernie permits his date to pick up the tariff **ONLY** when he has been invited. When he does the inviting, he pays.

Anyway, it looks awful.

Sight and Sound in the Night: Ursula Thiess, parked in Bob Taylor's car outside the Mocambo, weeping quietly to herself.

But when he swung in behind the wheel, she had the powder puff out, drying the traces.

A honeymoon story to end all honeymoon stories is that when Mickey Rooney and his bride, Elaine Mahnken, checked into the El Rancho Hotel a few hours after their elopement to Las Vegas, they asked for **SLEEPING PILLS! ! ? ? ? ?**

**A**VA GARDNER and Frank Sinatra spent their first wedding anniversary 18,000 feet up in the air and 10,000 miles from home winging their way to Nairobi where Ava was due to start *Mogambo*.

"We felt kinda sorry for ourselves" Frankie reports, "But we exchanged our gifts and opened a not-too-chilled bottle of champagne to toast our first milestone."

His gift to Ava was a huge globe-shape ring studded with diamond chips. She gave him a thin platinum wrist watch.

When they arrived in Nairobi the night of their anniversary, it was pleasant to be met at the plane by Clark Gable and director John Ford and the rest of the Hollywood troupe.

They were surprised when Clark told them to dress for dinner. "It's the custom at the new Stanley Hotel here," Clark said.

And, it wasn't until they entered the dining room that night, and the African orchestra struck up the chords of "The Anniversary Waltz", that Frankie and Ava realized that their wedding date had not been forgotten and that they were guests of honor at a big party hosted by Gable.

Ava got very sentimental and cried and told Clark she didn't think anyone would think to celebrate their anniversary (even if he knew about it), because they'd had so many battles during their short marriage nobody would know whether they'd be speaking or not.

Ten days later, Frankie had to fly back to Hollywood to rest for *From Here To Eternity* and it will be a long time before he sees Ava again.

But, he'll never forget Clark Gable's gesture of friendship and the happiness that shone in the eyes of his bride when she realized their anniversary hadn't been forgotten—and good friends made it gay and warm and memorable for both of them with all the trimmings, including a cake.

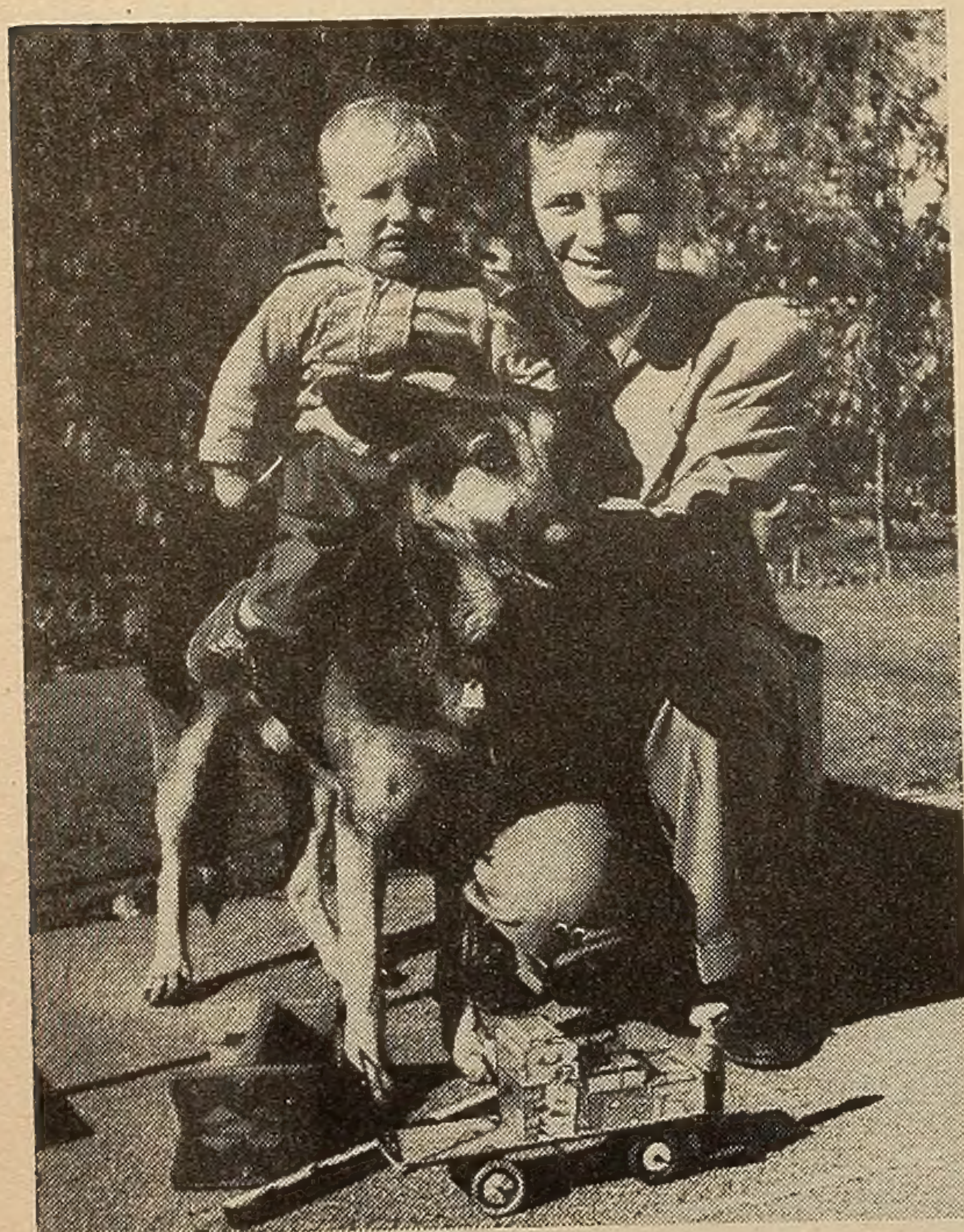
**T**HE night the William Goetzes gave a dinner honoring Gene Markey and his charming bride (the former Mrs. Lucille Wright, owner of the Calumet racing stable) was the evening Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger elected to elope, so I spent most of my time at the telephone waiting for their call.

However, it was a very gay party. Jimmy Stewart was at the piano singing some of his favorite tunes; Loretta Young did a dance; George Burns, who will sing at the drop of a hint, gave with number after number in his

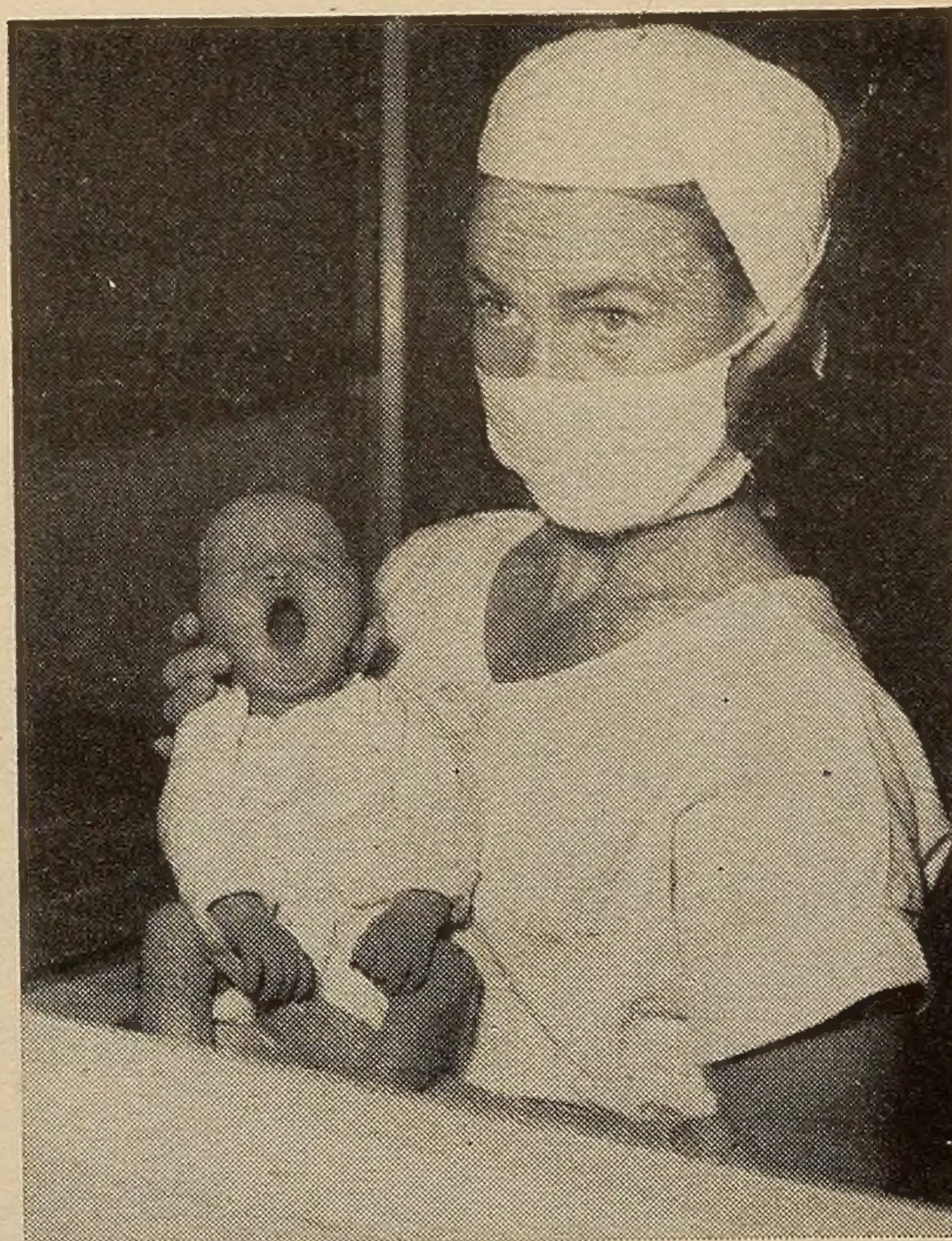
## GEARY STEFFEN GETS HIS FIRST GLIMPSE OF HIS NEW BABY!



Jane Powell's new baby daughter, Suzanne Steffen, sleeps right through first meeting with Daddy.



The Steffens' first child, Geary Steffen III, 16 months old, is just as pleased as his parents are that the new baby turned out to be a girl.



Here's a close-up of Suzanne, who arrived ahead of schedule. She wasn't due till December. For complete story of her birth, see page 24.



# DORIS DAY \* RAY BOLGER

IN WARNER BROS. SPRING-TIME, SING-TIME, FLING-TIME MUSICAL OO-LA-LA!

When they sing...  
your heart dances!  
When they dance...  
your heart sings!

## April in Paris

WITH CLAUDE DAUPHIN

IN COLOR BY  
**TECHNICOLOR**

WITH 10 SUNSHINY SONG HITS!

WRITTEN BY  
JACK ROSE AND MELVILLE SHAVELSON

MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF  
MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ

PRODUCED BY  
WILLIAM JACOBS • DAVID BUTLER

ANOTHER  
WB  
WARNER BROS.  
PICTURE





Anne Baxter wore her new blonde hairdo when she, John Hodiak, saw *Snows of Kilimanjaro*.



Rhonda attended the same premiere with husband, Dr. Lou Merrill. Her dress drew whistles!



George Sanders escorted both his wife, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and her sister, Eva, to the premiere.



John Payne and Coleen Gray attended the 10 opening of the Terrace Room in Los Angeles.

## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

off-key style. And, Deborah Kerr, the most ladylike girl in Hollywood, seemed to be having the best time of all just sitting quietly on the sidelines and looking on.

Jack Benny's toast to the guests of honor was very amusing and ditto for Bill Goetz' to Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, also newlyweds.

**P**ERSONAL OPINIONS: I'm fed up with the feuding of Corinne Calvet and Zsa Zsa Gabor. How about you? . . . . His friends are worried about Red Skelton, who isn't taking the best care of his career, his marriage or his health. Nothing is worth getting the shakes about, Red. . . . I just wonder if Ginger Rogers will be as happy (if she marries 24-year-old Jacques du Bergerac) as she thinks she will? . . . Isn't blonde, doll-faced Jane Powell well on her way to being a baby Hetty Greene of Hollywood? She already owns two eighteen-unit apartment buildings in the San Fernando Valley, has an interest in a cleaning establishment and has bought acreage to subdivide for small homes . . . . Hedy Lamarr should grab herself a movie job—but quickly. She's turning down every script offered to her—and some of them are good. If she isn't careful, she'll "neurotize" herself right out of a career. . . . If any actor's wife pays more for her clothes than Mrs. Van Johnson, will she please hold up her hand and be counted. Rumor has it that some of Evie's Rontana gowns cost as much as \$1500 apiece. . . . Who did Dale Robertson think he was kidding when he said he and his wife had never been separated. What does he call moving out of his home, refusing to answer Mrs. R's telephone calls, and staying away for two weeks . . . . Isn't the real reason Debbie Reynolds called off her romance with Bob Wagner was because of all the publicity he received dating Barbara Stanwyck. Me thinks so.

**T**HE big social events of the month have been charity dinners and the wonderful tribute paid Louis B. Mayer by the Producers Guild at a whopping banquet in the Biltmore Bowl.

I can't remember seeing more beautiful gowns at any event. Our beauties were really done to the teeth.

Jeanne Crain looked like something right out of heaven in an apple green bouffant satin with a slightly deeper shade of green tulle scarf billowing to the floor.

I overheard Betty Furness (a looker herself) say, when she spotted Jeanne, "If I looked like Jeanne Crain I'd stay home all day and just look at myself in different mirrors!" You're welcome, Jeanne.

Ann Blyth (she was Harriet Parsons' guest and sat at our table) wore daintily beaded pink satin, the new above-the-ankle-length for formals, and she, too, was encircled by a pink tulle stole.

Gracie Allen's gown was made of baby lace and white net, yards and yards of it, with enormous puff sleeves.

A sheath of "winter white" satin was chosen by Esther Williams and it fit her as tightly as one of her swimming suits. Why not—if you've got a shape like Esther's?

One of the few black gowns (most of the gals went pastel satin with a vengeance) was worn by Norma Shearer, the only woman sitting on the dais. The former star wore

black velvet with pearls and when she put on her glasses to read parts of her speech, I jotted down a fashion note for gals who wear glasses:

Norma's glass-rims were studded with pearls and brilliants—very becoming.

My Janie Wyman said, "Darling, we can't come to the City of Hope dinner with you Sunday night, because Freddie is playing a date in Pasadena that evening—and I'm sittin' home waiting for him."

This, mind you, from the former "going-out" gal in our town, the belle who just couldn't stay home, even when she was dead tired, and who sought out her favorite jive artists almost nightly!

What a change in Jane! And how very well her sudden and surprising (even to her best friends) marriage to bandleader Freddie Karger is working out.

Recently, I danced past Freddie's bandstand when he was playing the Jimmy McHugh Polio Foundation costume party in Palm Springs. "Where's your bride?" I asked Karger as I danced by.

"Home with the children," he laughed, "mine and hers."

What Freddie meant is that his 11-year-old daughter, Terry, was with Jane and her two, Maureen and Michael. "Terry and Maureen are just two years separated," Freddie said. "They are already close friends—and of course, Terry loves Jane." He added proudly, "Who doesn't?"

There's no problem about Terry's spending much time with her glamorous new step-mother and her father. Freddie's former wife is a successful woman lawyer, very busy, and she is glad that the little girl has found such a wonderful "ready made" family to visit when she isn't with her real mother.

**J**EAN SIMMONS got the giggles something awful, playing the first love scene with her swashbuckler-husband, Stewart Granger, in *Young Bess*.

She broke Granger up, too, and finally, when she got around to making an embarrassed explanation to the more or less irritated members of the cast and crew, Jean said:

"There are a couple of lines in the dialogue that strike us funny because they have a very private meaning to us as married people. We're sorry. Let's do the scene over."

Many fans have the idea that *Young Bess* is the first picture Jean and Stewart have ever made together. T'aint so.

Several years ago they did *Adam and Evelyn* together in London, "But we weren't married then," explained Jean.

"It isn't easy to work with your real-life husband," she sighed. "Having people on the set watching us is as though, on a quiet evening at home together, we left the shades up!"

**I**NTIMATE Tidbits About That Delectable Dish, Marilyn Monroe: She would rather eat hors d'oeuvres than dinner—her favorites being tiny tomatoes stuffed with cream cheese and caviar. . . .

Unless she's actually in front of a camera, her hair never looks well combed. It's fine and it snarls and it hurts her to comb it. . . .

She used to say, "Between you and I" and is grateful that someone corrected her that it is right to say "Between you and me." Now



# If you're neglecting dry skin... watch out!

by Rosemary Hall  
BEAUTY AUTHORITY



I am always amazed at some women. They spend *hours* nursing plants, exclaim with horror if a begonia wilts. But these same women do nothing to keep their own dry skin from getting thirstier, flakier, more withered... and just plain wrinkled.

If you're neglecting dry skin, let me caution you... you're adding years to your face! Perhaps you think skin care is expensive, time-consuming? Well, there is a dry skin care that costs pennies, takes less than five minutes a day, and will make you look like a new woman!

I'm talking about Woodbury Dry Skin Cream, with its amazing new penetrating ingredient, *Penaten*! Penaten carries the lanolin and other rich softening oils in the cream deep into the important corneum layer of your skin.



While many creams just stay on the surface of your skin, Woodbury *penetrates* — so quickly — five minutes' care is all you need!

here's a simple routine  
I recommend:

With your fingertips, cream this rich Woodbury Dry Skin Cream in tiny circles about your eyes, nose and mouth, over your cheeks and forehead. With firm upward strokes, work the cream over your throat and neck. Leave it on for five minutes, then... tissue off!



Dry lines and rough flakes will be gone. You'll notice a fresh new bloom in your face, and others will notice it too! Try Woodbury Dry Skin Cream. It costs only 25¢ to 97¢, plus tax. The results are priceless.



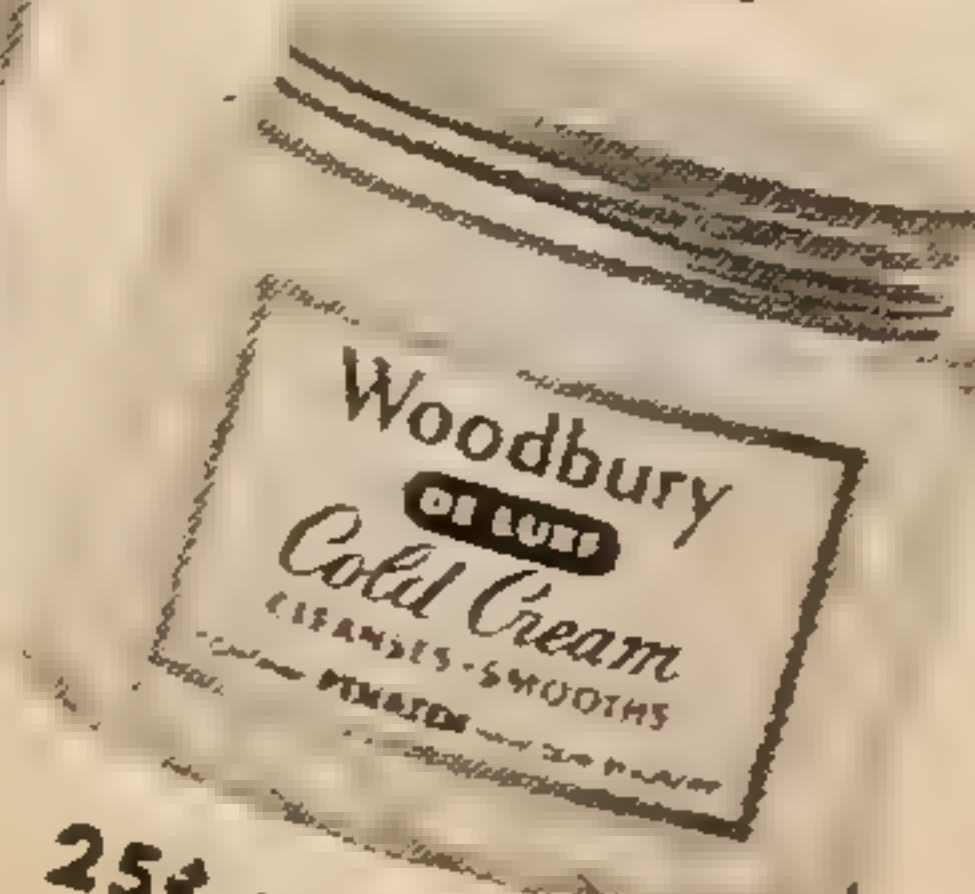
Jane  
Russell's  
advice to  
a fan

JR

Dear Rosalind,  
Just finished filming my new R.K.O. Radio Picture "Montana Belle".  
Now to answer your question: I use Woodbury Cold Cream! It has a marvelous new ingredient — Penaten! They say it penetrates deep into pore openings — loosens every trace of make-up. And I believe it does! I've used the most expensive face creams and nothing's ever made my skin so fresh and smooth as Woodbury Cold Cream! Try it!

Kindest regards,  
Jane Russell

penetrates deeper  
because it contains  
PENATEN



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## LOUELLA PARSONS' good news



Shirley Temple poses with her second child, Charles S. Black, Jr., for his first published photo.

she says "Between you and me" quite frequently and looks around quickly to see if anybody's noticed how correctly she is speaking. . . .

She was for Adlai Stevenson and cried when he lost. . . .

A pal, playing a gag on her, called after the election and said he was Adlai Stevenson. Without batting a surprised eyelash, our girl said, "I'm sorry you lost, Mr. Stevenson, real sorry". . . .

When she isn't made-up she says she "hasn't got her face on". . . .

Arlene Dahl is her idea of a beauty with or without her face on. . . .

Recently, 20th gave her a personal maid—the first she has ever had. She calls the maid "Honey" and waits on her. . . .

She's delighted that she has recently dropped 12 pounds—but her studio isn't nor her male fans. . . .

She thinks black velvet is the sexiest thing a girl can wear and has many evening gowns, cocktail dresses, hostess robes and slacks of this material. . . .

Sometimes when she is upset, she talks to herself.

print the names and addresses of servicemen who would like to correspond with movie stars and/or movie fans. There was so much response from this, both from the boys and from fans eager to write to them that I am using most of the letter-box space this month to give you a few names and addresses of GIs who are lonely:

Attention Debra Paget—Sgt. J. T. Van Swearinger, U.S. 55079282 c/o PM, 24th Ord. M.M. Co., APO 301, San Francisco, California, would love to hear from you personally.

Pvt. Kent Hurley, now in hospital in Japan and soon scheduled for return to active duty in Korea, can be reached via the following address: RA-13412723, 154th Transport Co., APO 59 c/o PM, San Francisco, California.

Also:

A/3c Robert W. Thurber AF 11232274  
581st Repro. Sq. APO-74  
c/o P.M., San Francisco, California.

A/1c Ralph Zimmerman AF 15431537  
200 1st AACS SQN, APO 729  
c/o PM, Seattle, Washington

I think this is about all we will have room for this month—but this department will carry more in the future. See you next month.

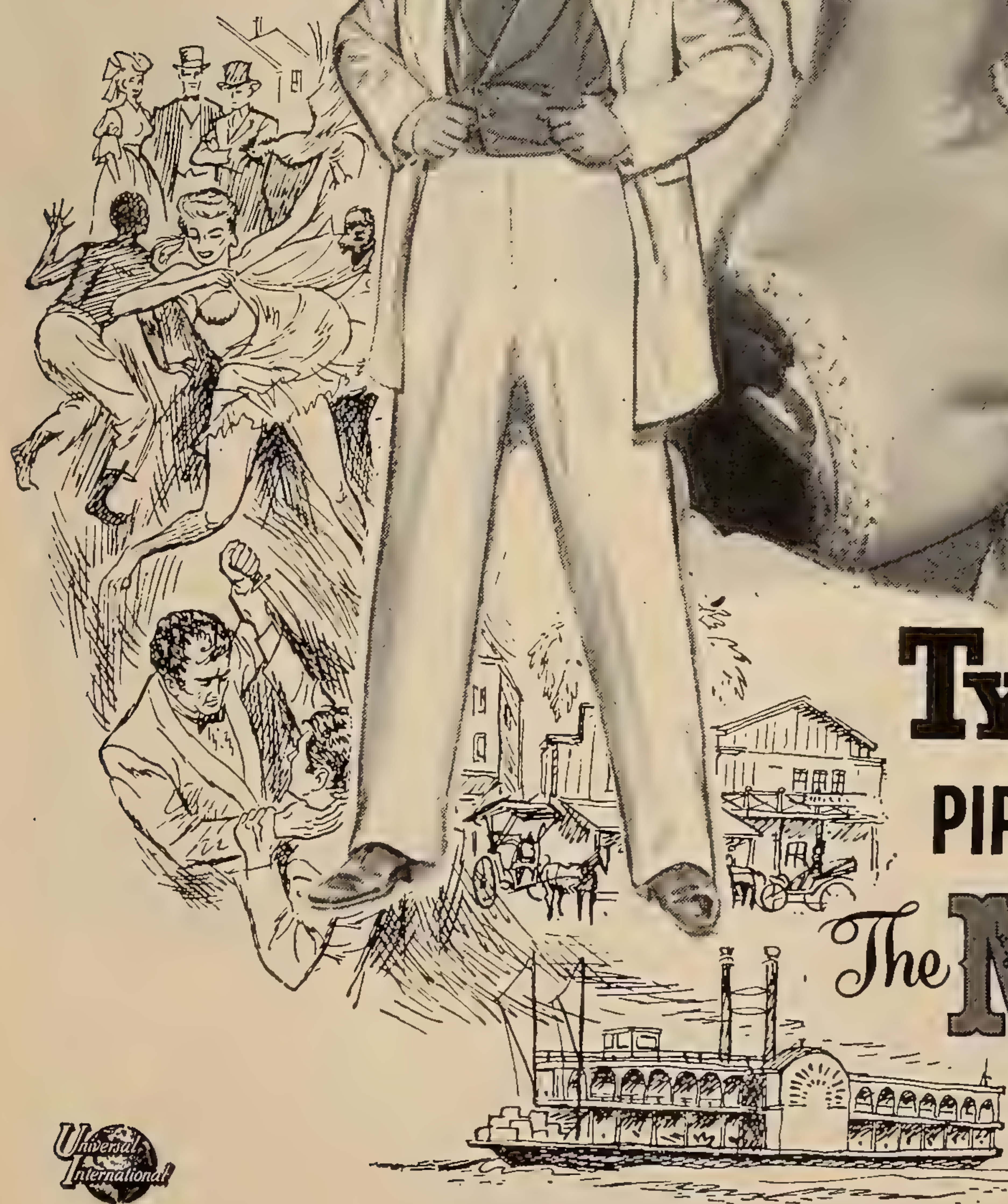
The Letter Box: A while ago I said I would



MEET THE FABULOUS MARK FALLON!

the lusty...  
loving  
gambling man!

Tempting lips whisper his name  
from St. Louis to New Orleans...  
as he rides his luck down the  
wide, rolling river...to win  
the silk-laced vixen  
who forever lures  
him on!



**TYRONE POWER**

**PIPER LAURIE · JULIA ADAMS**

in

*The* **MISSISSIPPI  
GAMBLER**

COLOR BY

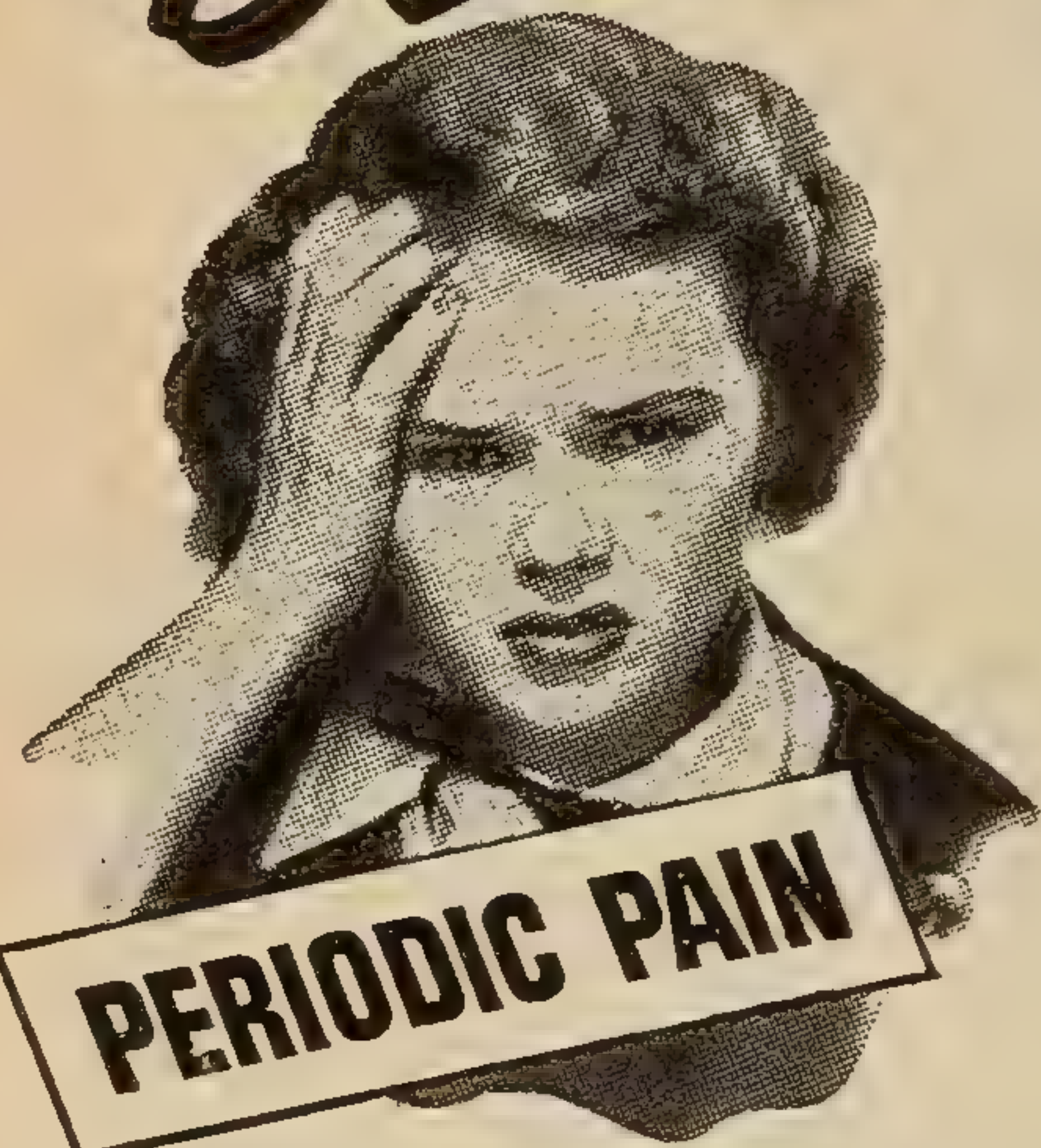
*Technicolor*



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# Bonnie's BLUE



Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Bonnie! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water...that's all. Midol brings faster relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

FREE 24-page book, "What Women Want to Know", explains menstruation. (Plain wrapper). Write Dep't. F-23, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y.

# Bonnie's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores  
have Midol



# MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn

picture of the month



Ray Bolger and Doris Day sing and dance their way into each other's hearts on the way to Paris.

## APRIL IN PARIS

■ A gay and original story idea, just the right light touch in the direction and the lightning feet and lanky frame of Ray Bolger make a fine prescription for a movie musical. Add a dash of Gallic whimsey in the person of Claude Dauphin and a part tailored to the talents of Doris Day, and you have just what the play-doctor ordered: an offbeat song-and-dance show that seldom takes itself seriously. How could it, with Bolger playing an assistant secretary to the secretary to the Under-secretary of State? The story gets off to a hilarious start when Bolger lovingly plans an international festival of the arts in Paris, a project he feels sure will spread the fame of the U. S.—and the name of Bolger—throughout the world. But he makes one frightful error. Misaddressing a letter intended to invite Ethel Barrymore to be an American representative at the fete, he sends it instead to one Ethel (Dynamite) Jackson, a Broadway chorus cutie played by Miss Day, who accepts. There is a lot of explaining to do. Dynamite naturally explodes and Bolger's problems multiply. Unexpectedly the selection of a chorus girl to represent the U. S. in Paris is hailed by press and public alike as a stroke of sheer genius. But now Dynamite is adamant in her refusal to go, and all Bolger's powers of persuasion are called upon in his efforts to make her board the ship. She falls for his sales talk, and he falls for her. The rest of the action takes place mostly on shipboard and features some comical contrasts between the entertainer's honesty and the State Department staff's stuffiness. In addition, there is a spur-of-the-moment, midnight marriage for Doris and Ray, but unbeknownst to them it is not binding (a thieving busboy, stealing liquor from the captain's cabin, assumes the latter's identity and pretends to perform the ceremony). From here on in, *April in Paris* substitutes farce for satire and loses some of its champagne sparkle, though by no means all of its punch. The sophisticated effect grows thin at the finish, but to the end the film is good fun and the singing and dancing top-notch.—Warners

(Continued on page 16)



# "I soothed my husband with sandpaper!"

"Nobody'd ever call Paul Douglas a meek husband," Jan Sterling explains, "and he was pretty irate at the 'junk' I picked up at auctions... that is, until I showed him how lovely it was underneath."



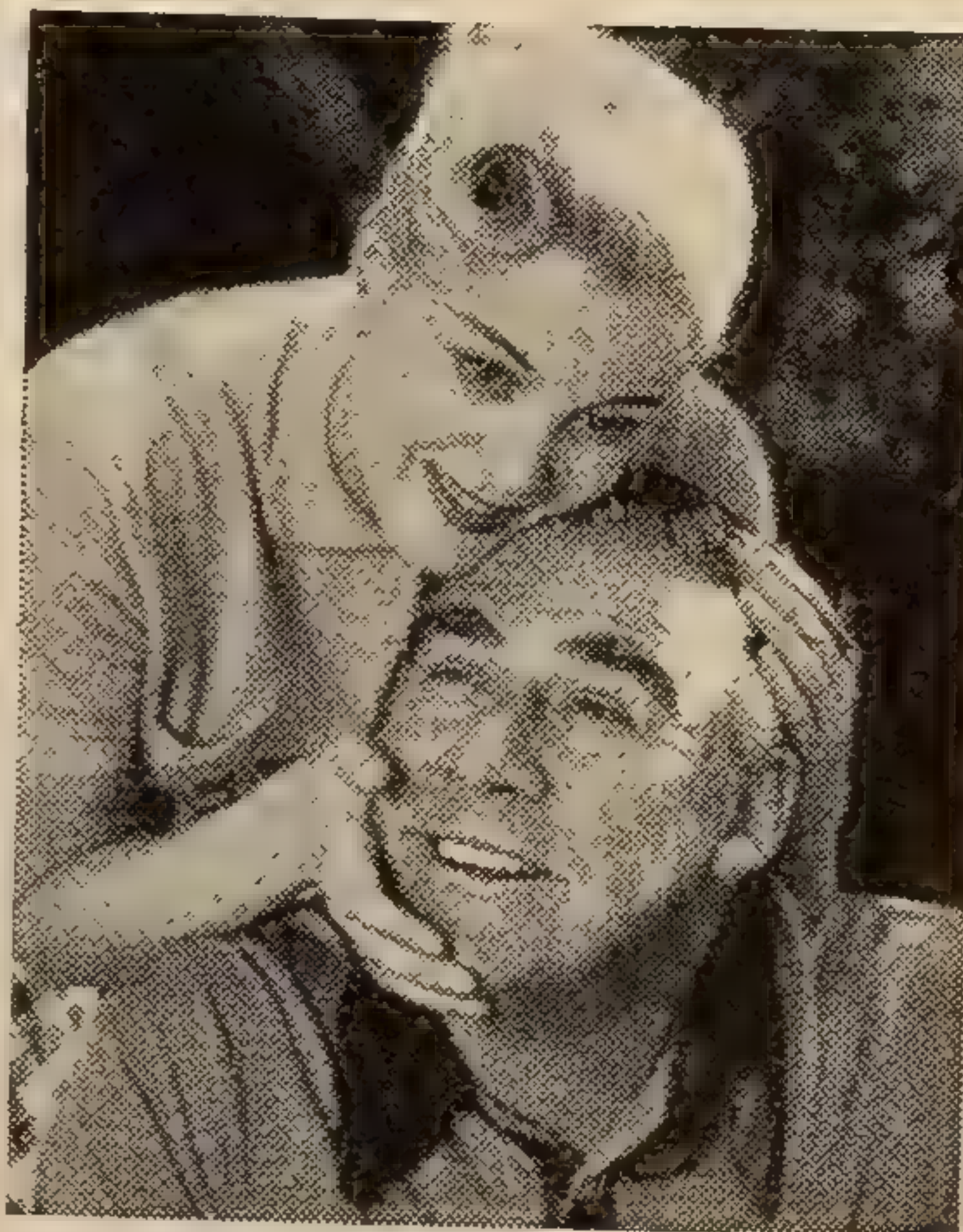
"We worked like beavers getting settled and unpacking barrels filled with scratchy excelsior. Again I blessed Jergens. It works so *fast*! See for yourself why: Smooth one hand with quickly absorbed Jergens..."



"Then he admitted all the sanding and scraping was worth while. But, oh, what it did to my hands! And what a relief it was afterwards to smooth on soothing Jergens Lotion!"



"Apply ordinary lotion or cream to the other. Wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion as it will with an oily care."



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**Remember JERGENS LOTION... because you care for your hands!**





## ANDROCLES AND THE LION

Although the story is about a group of Christian martyrs-to-be in the time of Caesar, *Androcles And The Lion* is one of George Bernard Shaw's gentlest jests. There is a lot of bite to some of its lines but little to its lion. The real violence is all off stage. Shaw purposely bypasses the legitimately tragic scenes the period would permit him, for his purpose is high comedy rather than historical drama, and the ultimate, rather than the historical truth. Androcles (Alan Young), a devoutly Christian tailor, flees to the hills from Rome to avoid being sacrificed in the Colosseum. Androcles' flight is hardly escape, for his ever-nagging wife is with him. But real freedom comes when Androcles meets a moaning lion and removes a thorn from the paw of the thankful beast—an animal he is fated to meet again. Fear frustrating her wifely disapproval, the wife disappears. That means that Androcles can be captured quietly by Roman soldiers who have been searching for him and rest secure in the Christian comradeship of his fellow runaways. This little irony helps to set the scene: a group of psalm-singing martyrs on their way to death in the arena at Rome. One of Androcles new-found friends is Ferrovius (Robert Newton), an ill-tempered giant who has discovered peace in abstinence from violence, and who tests his self-restraint by almost breaking people's backs. Another is Lavinia (Jean Simmons), a lovely, lonely aristocrat who has found in simple-hearted faith an answer to all her doubts and fears. She tests herself by almost breaking a Roman captain's heart. The captain (Victor Mature) loves Lavinia and argues with her philosophically but always seems to know he cannot win. And so it goes: Nobody can win but Shaw himself and, in this particular example of his whimsy, the most docilely humble of human creatures. All this is Shaw in his most deliciously playful mood, but *Androcles* demands delicately balanced screen adapting, playing and direction. The film version is sorely lacking in these elements. Some of Shaw's best lines have been cut, truncated or completely reshaped. Thus Shaw leads up to his points but is never allowed really to make them. Worse still, the actors make points the playwright surely never had in mind. In styles of acting they run the gamut from Young's very quiet, very American kind of comedy (so effectively shy but not sly enough for Shaw) to Evans' very posturing, very British way of throwing away some of Shaw's best lines. In between—and much more effective—are the sweet but sharp delivery of Miss Simmons and the romantic but mettlesome portrayal of Mature. But only Alan Mowbray really makes the most of his role. Playing one of those Shavian commentators that actors de-

happy in his lines, half cynical Shaw, deriding them.

Cast: Jean Simmons, Victor Mature, Robert Newton, Alan Young, Maurice Evans, Alan Mowbray.—RKO.

## MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID

Esther Williams was born to play Annette Kellerman, the famed Australian swimmer and feminist, and finally she has. In justice to Miss Kellerman, however, it is necessary to point out that this film biography doesn't quite fill the bill. This is not Miss Williams' fault. No performer and part were ever better fitted for one another, for Annette was the Esther of her day, and the latter fills the role as well as the former's famous one-piece bathing suit. But Annette's story was one of fight, fight for her rights, and in the present script no human being emerges from her suit to justify this attitude. Except in the picture's opening sequence (in which Donna Cocoran effectively acts the role of the 10-year-old Annette, whose emaciated legs are encased in iron braces but whose spirit soars above them), the swimmer is shown as a gentlewoman of charm, breeding and retiring nature, not the girl from Down Under with iron determination. According to *Million Dollar Mermaid*, financial troubles cause the Kellerman family, consisting of Annette and her music-teacher father (Walter Pidgeon), to emigrate to England. On the boat they meet a smooth promoter (Victor Mature), who promises them the sky. When things don't work out for them in the old country, they have to ask him for it. He tells them it's in America. There, Annette's single-piece bathing costume becomes the scandal of an even-then easily scandalized Boston. But notoriety skyrockets her to fame and leaves her boy friend far behind. Determined to make good on his own, he disappears. Rapidly the screen story scans the Kellermans' life: She becomes the N. Y. Hippodrome's biggest hit, her father the orchestra conductor there. But always there is the pull at the heart, the thought of the true love behind all those promotion stunts. So Annette seeks her man out and wins him back when, through a tragedy, her high-water days are ended. Fans may find *Million Dollar Mermaid* as entertaining as most Esther Williams shows. The swimming and diving are phenomenal, the film is photographically fine. Since this is, in a sense, however, Esther Williams' story as well as Miss Kellerman's, it's sad that it doesn't have more point, more portraiture. In its screening, the power behind the Australian crawl has been lost.

Cast: Esther Williams, Victor Mature, Walter Pidgeon.—MGM.



## THUNDER IN THE EAST

This exotic item features two really fine performances: by Charles Boyer as the thoughtful, Nehru-like prime minister of an Indian border state, and Deborah Kerr, as a beautiful blind British colonist. Fewer compliments can be paid the rest of the cast, and none the story. It tells how Alan Ladd, as a brash American munitions runner, arrives at the tiny mountain principality, his plane stocked with guns to sell to the government, which is threatened by a horde of savage rebels who have been sacking the countryside. Ladd finds, however, that Boyer, the state's real ruler (its weak, wealthy maharajah soon flees with his fortune), is an advocate of non-violence. Boyer impounds his guns. Infuriated, Ladd sees how he can make a few bucks after all. He proposes to fly the British colony out of the embattled city, but at a price. Enraged again when Miss Kerr, with whom he is in love, accuses him of trying to make money out of others' misery, he tries to take off by himself, but airfield guards shoot his plane down. Escaping from the flames, Ladd makes plans anew and finally arranges for another plane to arrive from Bombay and take all the women away. Miss Kerr, however, won't go, and at the final moment Ladd decides he would rather stay and die by her side than leave her to her fate. In the final scene, Boyer, Ladd and Miss Kerr, together with a little band of British diehards, attempt a last-ditch defense of the palace against the encroaching horde. It is a comment on the picture's improbability that the prime minister, who has adhered to the doctrine of non-violence all his life, finally takes up a machine-gun and starts shooting at his insurgent subjects with it.

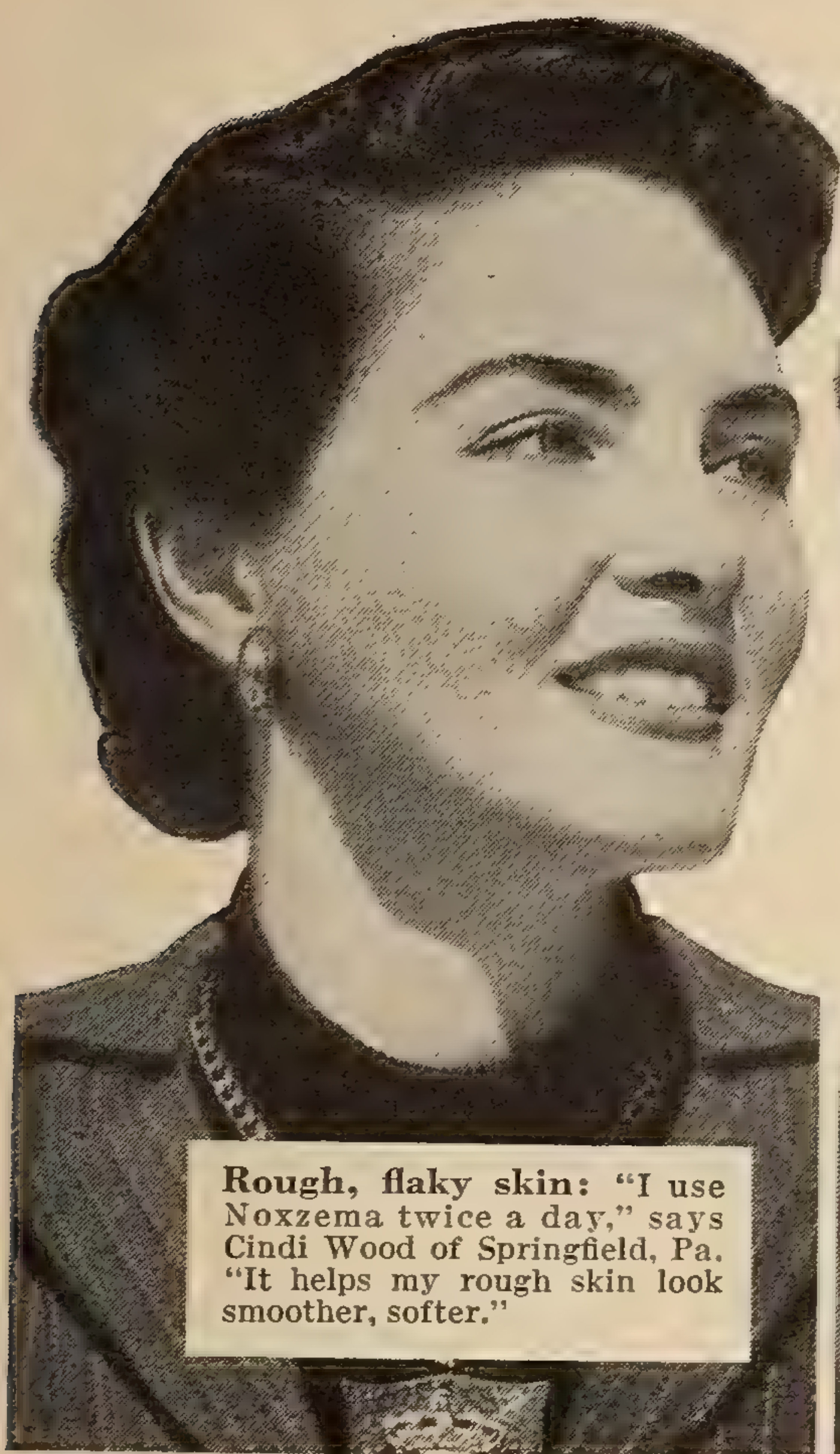
Cast: Charles Boyer, Deborah Kerr, Alan Ladd, Corinne Calvet.—Paramount.

## ABOVE AND BEYOND

The job of dropping the fateful A-Bomb on Hiroshima was, indeed, "above and beyond" the call of duty. Beyond and before this fearful task lay another, equally shattering to the individuals involved—one of long and wearying preparation and planning, of stringent training and military security necessarily so tight as to seem almost totalitarian. It is with the history of this story-behind-the-story and Col. Paul Tibbets, the man who commanded the top-secret A-Bomb unit, that *Above And Beyond* is primarily concerned. From the time he is recalled to the U.S. from the war in North Africa to embark on a mysterious mission, Col. Tibbets (Robert Taylor) finds that even his personal life is no longer his own. He can spend only a half-hour in the Washington airport with his wife (Eleanor Parker) before setting off again, for Wichita and the beginning of "Operation Silver-



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**Dry skin:** "'Cream-washing' with Noxzema refreshes my dry skin and helps it look much fresher and smoother!" says Marjorie Weir, Huntington, L.I.



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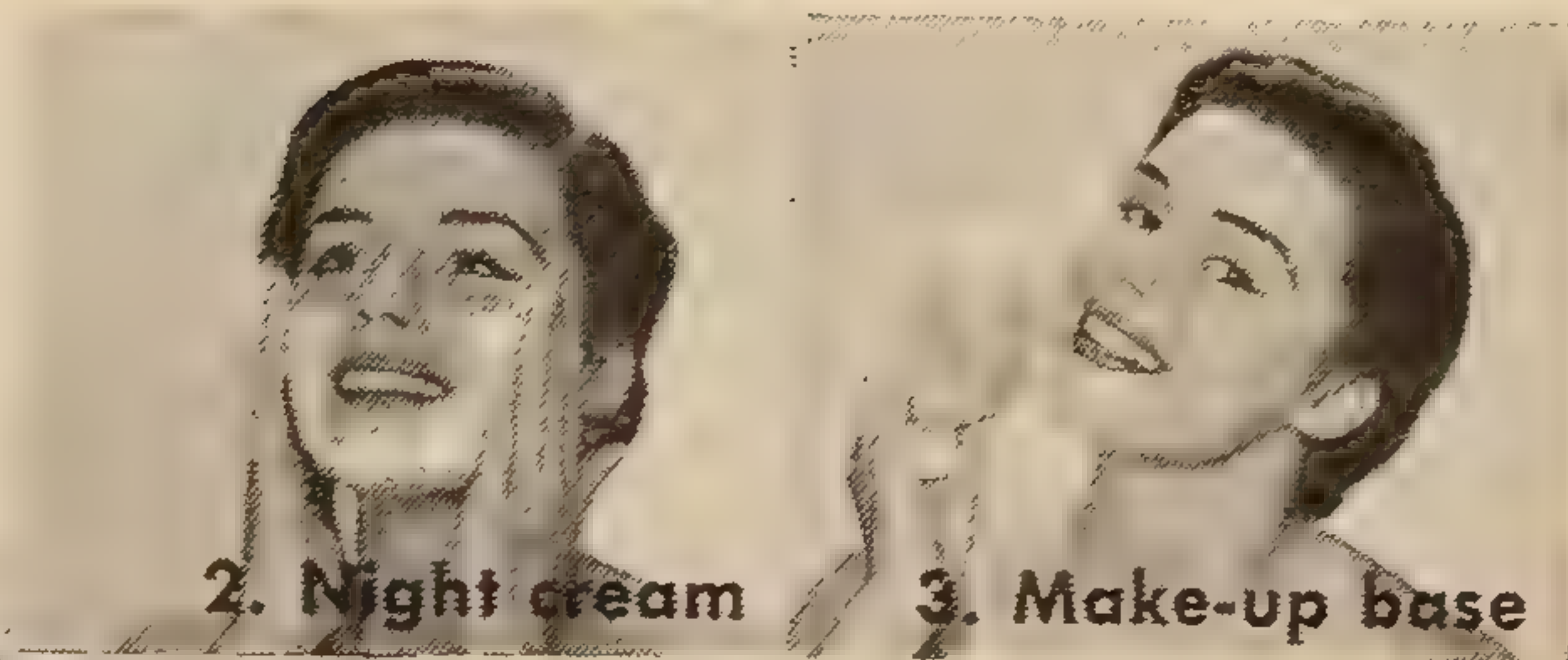
**1. Cleanse thoroughly** by 'cream-washing' with Noxzema and water. Smooth Noxzema over face and neck. Wring out a cloth in warm water and *wash* your face as if using soap. See how make-up and dirt disappear! How fresh your skin looks after 'cream-washing'! No dry, drawn feeling!

**2. Night cream.** Smooth on Noxzema so its softening, soothing ingredients can help skin look smoother, fresher, lovelier. (Always pat a bit extra over any blemishes\* to help heal them—fast!)

The film of oil-and-moisture Noxzema provides is especially beneficial to rough, dry, sensitive skin. Even in extreme cases, where the dried-out, curled-up cells of dead skin give an unattractive grayish look, you will see a big improvement as you go on faithfully using Noxzema. It's *greaseless*! No smeary face!

**3. Make-up base.** In the morning, 'cream-wash'; apply Noxzema as a powder-base.

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that's one secret of its amazing effectiveness. That's why it has helped so many women with discouraging skin problems—in actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women.

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\*externally-caused

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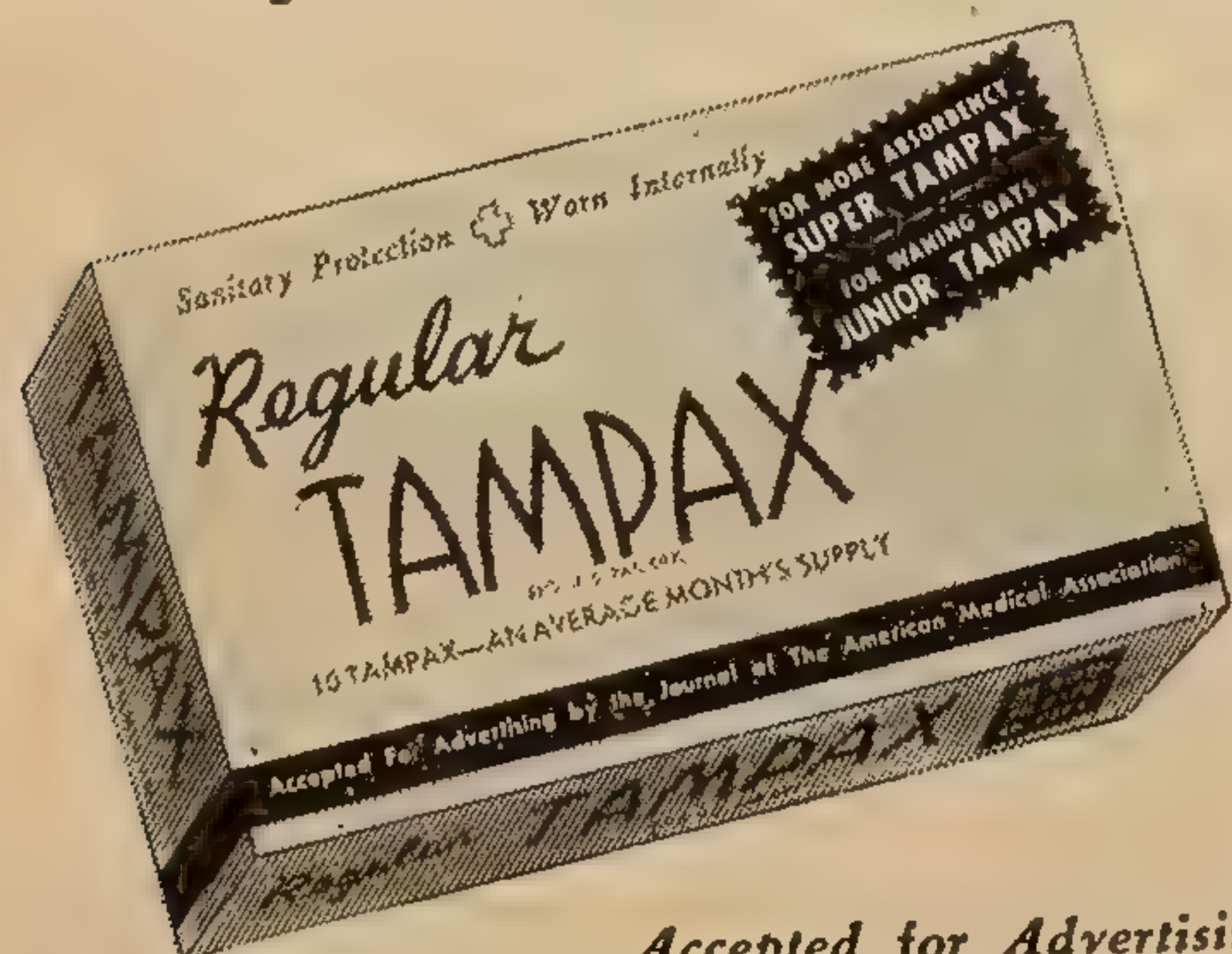
What a contrast between *Tampax* and the outside kind of sanitary protection you are accustomed to! Tampax is many times smaller and is worn internally and therefore needs no belts, pins or other supports to keep it in place. It's perfect!

**"So ingenious"** The doctor who invented Tampax certainly gave us an ingenious product. Pure surgical cotton gives reliable absorption and the Tampax comes in slender applicators for convenient insertion. You can't even feel the Tampax when in place. (And disposal is so easy.)

**"Daintiness plus"** There's no odor with Tampax because it's worn internally. And if you're a girl who is careful about her silhouette (about bulges and edge-lines "showing through" a close-fitting skirt or dress) you'd better investigate Tampax right away.

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Wearing Tampax gives me greater confidence than I've ever had, socially and at my job. I don't feel conspicuous on "those days." I know that "nobody knows" . . . Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply goes into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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plate." The enormity of his responsibility is heavy on Tibbets' shoulders, and he works day and night, a lonely man. Even when his wife at last is allowed to join him, he cannot tell her his troubles. This unhappy situation gradually develops into marital discord. Misunderstanding his stoic suffering for pomposity and ambition, his wife threatens to leave him. Finally Tibbets' security officer (James Whitmore), fearing the consequences of Mrs. Tibbets' growing hysteria, tells the colonel to force her to leave. This, the screenplay would have it, is the somber background from which Col. Tibbets went forward to pilot a B-29, the "Enola Gay," through the murky mist to Japan on that historical day now known as Hiroshima. Much of the colonel's personal tragedy—the frustration of his wife, his own nightmares—seem all too real. But the ring of the whole is wrong. Sometimes, more often than the picture shows, there must have been for the chosen colonel the thrill of a job well done, the tinkered-with plane that turned out right, the well-drilled crew that could be counted on. The exciting, over-all story of the important mission is neglected as the film focuses on the Tibbets' increasing marital discord. Thus *Above And Beyond* becomes a depressing domestic drama rather than the thrilling documentary it could have been about this incident in our country's history.

Cast: Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker, James Whitmore.—MGM.

### MY PAL GUS

The common, everyday story of parents and their children and their trouble in bringing one another up is practically never touched on in the movies, although so close to all moviegoers—in fact, to most of the human kind. Because it tackles these problems with considerable honesty and, initially at least, with shocking effect, *My Pal Gus* is an unusual film. Richard Widmark is the father—a least likely nomination for this kind of role, perhaps, but he plays it with all the restrained feeling at his command. George Winslow, that remarkable youngster with the basso voice, is his unhappy hellion of a kindergarten son. One of those self-made millionaires, Widmark is willing to pay plenty to have the neurotic kid, whose mother left the household when times and paychecks were bad, put on the right track. The progressive school of lovely Joanne Dru seems just the place, but the trouble is, neither the boy nor the principal will cooperate. He continues to raise hell, and she says his father's loving presence is necessary (her

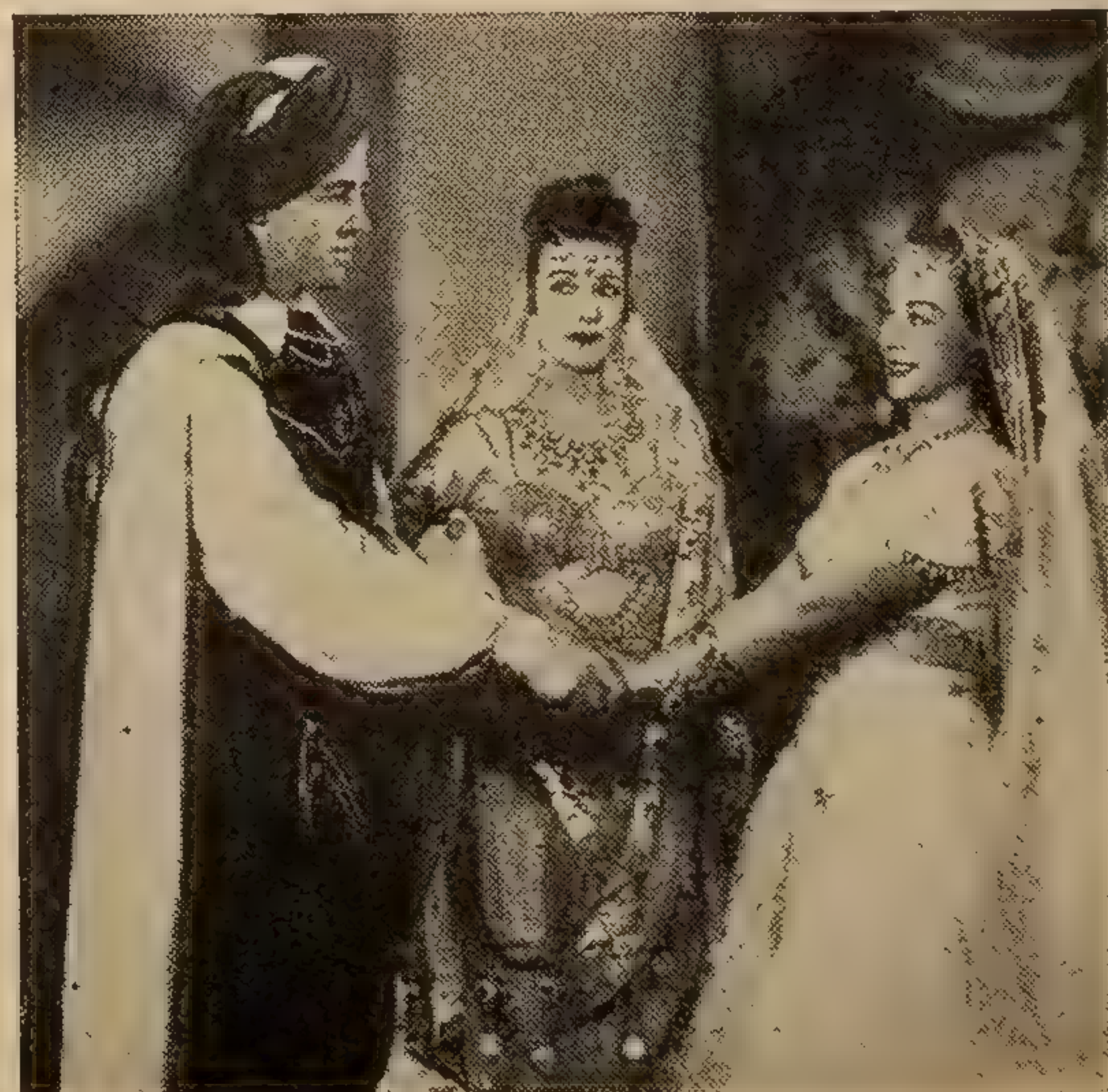
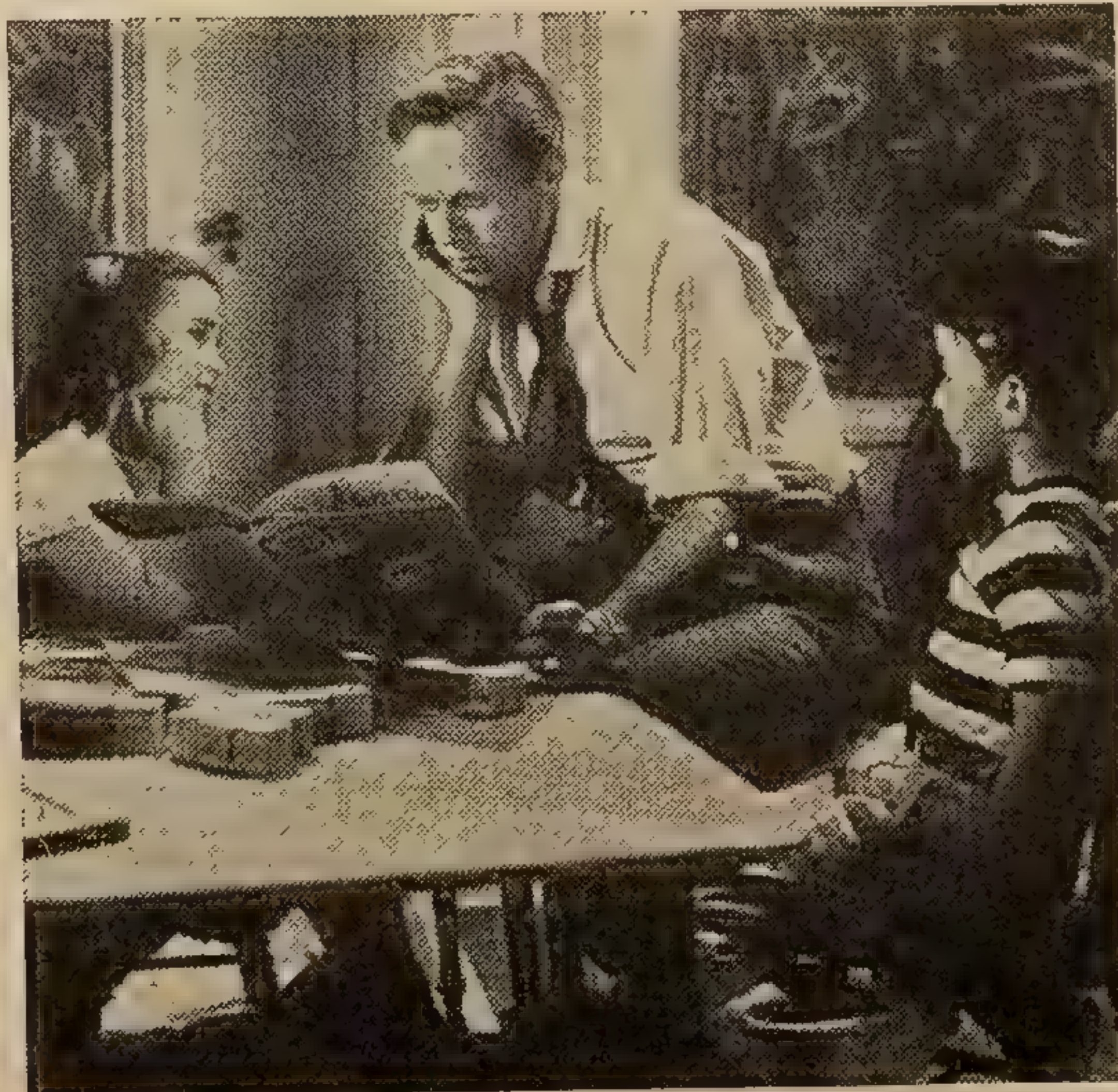
theory, not so modern after all, is that parents should have as much to do with child-rearing as the teachers). This brings a new parent-teacher association into rapid—though convincing being. Widmark, the blustering man of business, is subconsciously on the make for marital as well as parental happiness. This is when the screenplay goes astray. Suddenly, from nowhere except the dens where big-time operators have been keeping her, comes Audrey Totter, as the original wife and mother. Not malevolent but moneywise, she knows a good thing when she sees it and, when her former husband refuses to pay off, sends him into a scandalous court custody fight that almost ruins him and his hopes. None of this is overly melodramatic or unbelievable; actually, it paints a memorable portrait of that pristine American, the self-made man, with a whim of iron, the kind of man who fights to the end for the right, even if in yielding he could save something more important to him than face.

Cast: Richard Widmark, Joanne Dru, George Winslow, Audrey Totter.—20th Century-Fox.

### BABES IN BAGDAD

The magic of the Arabian nights is nowhere evident in this tale of old Bagdad. Featuring as complicated a story as was ever plotted by a team of tired scriptwriters, the film is more often off-color than colorful. In the maze of plots and counterplots, it is, however, possible to find one novel idea: In ancient times the son (Richard Ney) of a Persian caliph fought for equal rights for women. His eye caught by fiery Paulette Goddard, latest houri to be added to the harem of Bagdad's Kadi (John Boles), Ney plots with the Kadi's oldtime favorite, a fiery type too, named Gypsy Rose Lee, who wants to hold her man. Ney, on the other hand, wants to free the new girl from her forthcoming marriage vows so she can marry him. The plans that Ney and his two girl friends evolve include the tortuous tunneling of a secret passageway between his villa and the Kadi's palace by a band of blind men. But that's nothing to what follows—fights, festivities, magic potions and even a water ballet. All this seems so to confuse the old caliph that he readily admits his son is right: Women can prove the equal of men, so Paulette can have his son, the man of her choice. Practiced showgirls both, the Misses Goddard and Lee play their parts with all the dignity of the stars of an old-time burlesque revue. And in this show, that is as it should be.

Cast: Paulette Goddard, Gypsy Rose Lee, Richard Ney, John Boles.—United Artists.





# You feel it!

*With your hair Shasta-Soft  
and sweet, you're every inch a  
desirable woman!*



*Feel it on your fingertips!  
Rub it into the palms of your hands!  
You can feel that Shasta Shampoo  
is right for your hair!*



From the second you open the jar, you can *feel* that creamy-soft Shasta is going to do wonderful things for your hair.

Rich but not oily, creamy but not sticky, Shasta is the very softest of the cream shampoos...gives you billows of rich, lasting lather that cleanses your hair like no ordinary soap shampoo can do.

No other shampoo is so *femininely right* for your hair. So when it's important for you to look and feel your best, be Shasta-sure your hair is soft, sweet, feminine!

P.S. Just a little Shasta gives you a lot of lather. Don't waste it.

*New*  
**Shasta**

*the Softest of the Cream Shampoos*



# SPECIAL AT-HOME TREATMENT FOR 4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"!

Now—you don't have to let nature rob you of a nice skin. And it's so true. When a girl *needs* a pretty complexion, nature seems bent on spoiling it. Skin that only yesterday was baby-soft, suddenly begins to develop over-active oil glands. And at the same time your skin seems to get sluggish about throwing off the every-day accumulation of dead-skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings—there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

**Today** Pond's recommends a greaseless treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores, blackheads. It's quick, easy!

## Remarkable one-minute facial

clears off... softens...  
brightens  
"young skin"



Cover face, all except eyes, with a lavish 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave 1 minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action *loosens* stubborn, dead-skin cells—*dissolves them off!* Frees the tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. Now—after 60 seconds—tissue off. How tingling-fresh your skin feels. And how much smoother, clearer it looks.

### For skin that "can't take" heavy make-up:

Use a thin film of *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream for a more natural, fine-textured, smoother powder base!

SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN:

# hollywood report

by Mike Connolly

famous columnist for  
The Hollywood Reporter



## WHO'S MAD AT WHOM:

It took the annual MODERN SCREEN party—a big, beautiful, bustling blowout that proved to be the year's best brawl—to bring a lot of things out into the open. For instance—Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas showed up on one of their first dates . . . But Lana Turner, who had just broken up with Fernando and hadn't yet gotten around to dating Arlene's ex, Lex Barker, got the 'flu and couldn't make the party . . . Dale Robertson was there with his Jackie at the very time their break-up was still Page One news. "Reckon Jackie and I had just a minor misunderstanding," said Dale. "What's all the frettin' and stewin' about?" . . . Marilyn Monroe catted, "I've loved seeing Ginger Rogers in movies ever since I was a *little girl!*" . . . Johnnie Ray crashed the party, which was held in the Beverly Hills Hotel, and turned out to be a regular little old celebrity seeker. Johnnie was all over the place gawking at Arlene, Dale, Marilyn, Janie Powell, Aldo Ray, Ava Gardner—you name 'em and Mine Host, Mr. George Delacorte, had 'em at his swellegant shindig!



Turner



Brando

It was shortly after this party that Ava, Lana and Lana's business manager, Ben Cole, who were visiting the Sinatra home in Palm Springs, got tossed out on their ears by Frankie. Apparently he's as jealous of the way Ava spends her time away from him as she is of him . . . And, when you stop to think that Ava's marriages have lasted an average of a year apiece, mebbe Frank has reasons! . . . The MGM publicity boys were the happiest in town when Marlon Brando checked off the lot after finishing *Julius Caesar*. He refused to talk to press. But who knows—maybe the day will come when the lads who write for a living won't be asking questions about Marlon!

## TIME TABLES:

Bouncing Patricia Anne was welcomed five weeks prematurely by Ronnie and Nancy Reagan . . . Angela Lansbury and Peter Shaw expect *their* baby about May 1, although Pete couldn't be sure about the exact date when I called to check. Said he, "It'll probably arrive the first rainy night that the car won't start!" . . . Jeff Hunter couldn't get back to his ever-lovin' Barbara Rush and the hearthside in time for Christmas because *Sailor Of The King* ran into all sorts of production delays abroad. Poor Jeff hadn't seen his child since it was a week old!



The Reagans



Hunter

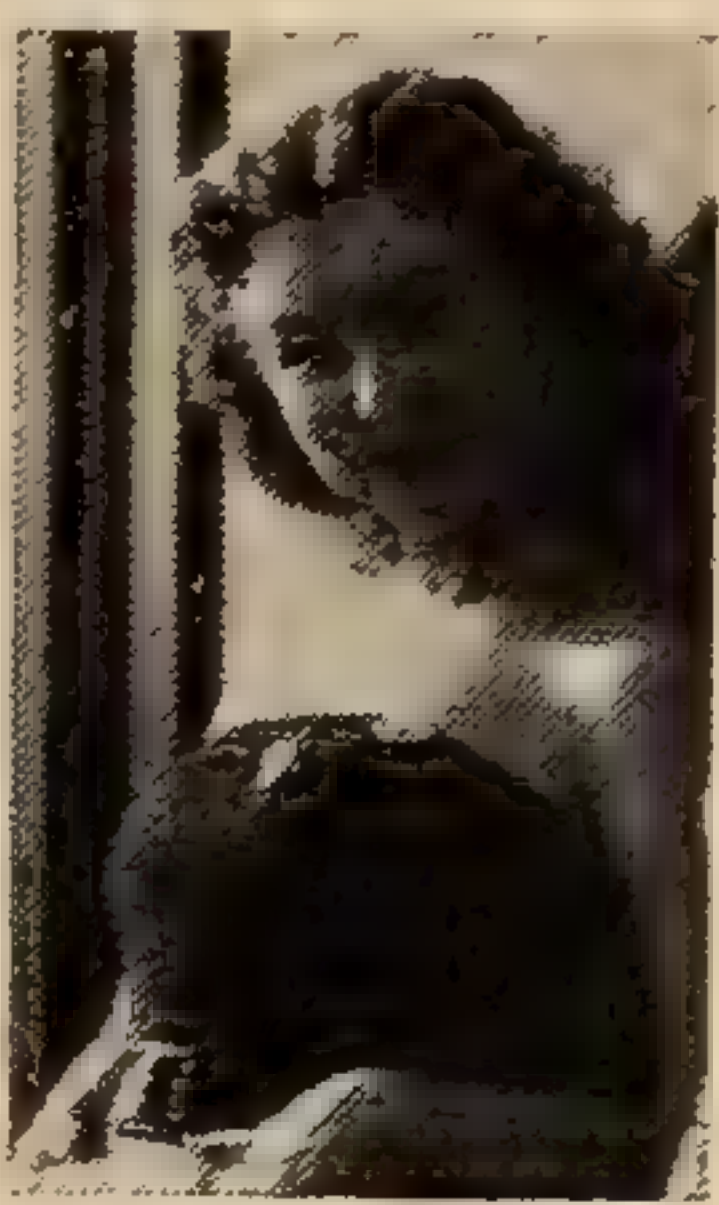
Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker broke up, whereupon she started seeing young Bobby Wagner, of all people, and Ralph resumed with an old flame, Nina Foch . . . They're calling Tab Hunter, who'll pose for a beefcake picture at the pop of a flashbulb, "the male Marilyn Monroe" . . . As a matter of fact, Tab, who was trying to ease in on Joe DiMaggio's territory and date Marilyn, finally did meet her, and this is what he said: "Believe me when I say this, you're the only girl I know who can wear Levis!" And Marilyn just smiled enigmatically . . . Clark Gable has been doing Italy with an old friend of his, the Countess Dorothy DiFrasso . . . Geary Steffen ordered a pair of baby skis for the new Powell-Steffen image a month before the child arrived. Geary believes in starting 'em young.

## LONG HUNCH DEP'T:

Celeste Holm phoned, very upset, to say that gossip columnists who have linked her romantically with Dr. Peter Lindstrom, who is, as you all know, Bergman's



ex-husband, are doing it maliciously. Celeste says it's a plot to ruin the doctor's reputation and thus get daughter Pia away from him and back to Ingrid, but I've got a strong notion it won't work . . . Funny, isn't it, how Ethel Barrymore has managed to stay at the top of her profession all these years without sensational publicity. But the younger Barrymores can't seem to become top stars even *with* it!



Mitzi Gaynor

. . . Dick Coyle, his romance with Mitzi Gaynor broken up, has started dating a new gal—a brunette whose name I didn't get—and she's much nearer Dick's own age than Mitzi . . . Wait'll you see Jennifer Jones in *Ruby Gentry*, sliding through the mud. It's the most realistic kind of acting we've seen since Bette Davis used to make herself look so ugly.

Humphrey Bogart made a bet of \$50 with his agent, Irving Lazar, that Judy Garland's baby would be a boy . . . You won't be finding two happier people than the newly-wed Joan Fontaine and Collier Young—even though sister Olivia deHavilland didn't attend the wedding!—once Joan realizes her dream of regaining custody of daughter Deborah. Both Collie and Joan love children, as witness the fact that Collie was Godfather for the Ida Lupino-Howard Duff baby, Bridget, and bought the infant's christening gown himself in Paris . . . Walter deHavilland, the 85-year-old father of Olivia and Joan, was visiting Olivia in Hollywood on his first visit here at the very moment Joan and Collie were getting married. Pop wasn't invited to the wedding either . . . Just as Liz Taylor was expecting her baby, spouse Mike Wilding got knocked off the payroll at MGM for turning down the role of a heel in *Latin Lovers*, the Turner-Montalban starrer. Can't say I blame him—but baby *does* need shoes!

#### HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

Death always seems to strike in three's in Hollywood—as witness the passing of Dixie Crosby, Hattie McDaniel and Pamela Lang, all within a few days of each other . . . Saddest, to me, was Dixie's death, because I think she knew it was coming many, many months before. Remember when she threw that birthday party for Bing last spring and invited none but their oldest, closest friends? It was as though she wanted one last look at the old



Dixie Crosby

gang together . . . The four Crosby boys sat inside the pew at the funeral Mass in Beverly Hills, while Bing sat in the aisle seat, looking wan and thin and tired, praying with his head bowed and hands folded under his chin alongside the white-gardenia-and-orchid-blanketed casket. Mostly he knelt motionless, his face drawn with grief, except that now and then his index finger came up out of the church-and-steeple formed by his folded hands and scratched the side of his nose or brushed away a tear . . . The fans behaved surprisingly well outside the church at the funeral but some of the newspaper photographers got over-excited. They kept poking their cameras into Bing's limousine, and, at the cemetery, Bing refused to alight from his car until one photog who was bound he would

ONLY with **SHADOW WAVE** patented 1-step lotion  
HOME PERMANENT

# NO NEUTRALIZER

## NO TIMING



## NEW CURLERS

FRENCH-STYLE—END PAPERS ATTACHED



The easiest, most natural-looking home permanent you ever had—  
**GUARANTEED**  
by the makers of Lux Toilet Soap—or money back.

### WAVES AND NEUTRALIZES IN ONE APPLICATION

1. Roll curls on French-style curlers—no resetting.

The only curlers that give you the hair style you want while waving. Use again and again. So soft you can sleep on them!



2. Apply lotion—no rinsing—just let dry.

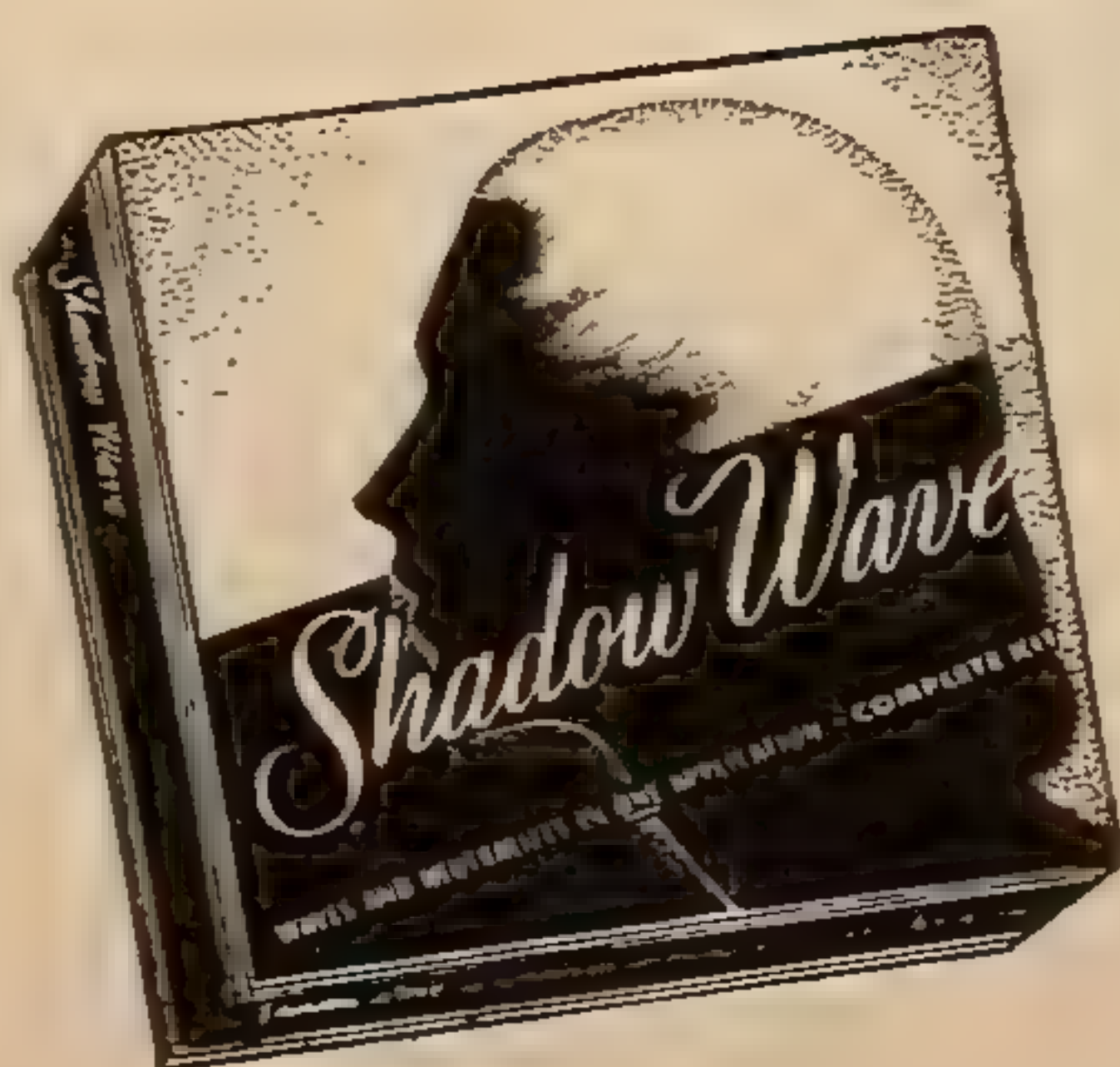


The only lotion that waves and neutralizes without timing, rinsing or resetting. One single lotion right for every type of hair.

3. Brush into springy, soft, long-lasting curls.



When dry, simply remove curlers—no resetting—just brush and the set becomes a lovely, lasting wave.



**\$2<sup>25</sup>**

Complete Kit including curlers . . . Plus Fed. Tax

**\$1<sup>50</sup>**

Refill Plus Fed. Tax

# SHADOW WAVE

HOME PERMANENT



**NO CHANGE OF BUS!  
NO TRANSFER OF BAGGAGE!  
NO CONNECTION WORRIES!**

# Same seat straight through



## when you travel by **TRAILWAYS THRU-LINER**

**TRAILWAYS PIONEERED THRU-BUSES...** buses that travel long distances over various parts of the system so there's no change en route and you can keep the same seat straight through. Today Trailways operates thru-buses to all sections of America!

**New "Limousine" Comfort.** Custom engineered spring suspension and sound-proofing give a ride as smooth and silent as in the finest motor cars. Other Trailways "plus" comfort features are reclining, foam-rubber seats scientifically designed for greater comfort, greater leg room; individual reading lights and extra large scenery-view windows with tinted "eye-ease" glass. And a separate air-conditioning system!

## Trailways the route of the Thru-Liners

**77 ALL-EXPENSE TOURS**  
Send coupon for information

TRAILWAYS, Dept. DM-23, 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.  
I am interested in a ☐ Trip ☐ Expense Paid Tour  
(check one)

FROM \_\_\_\_\_  
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NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## hollywood report continued

take a picture of the family alongside the grave, got down off a rock on which he was perching.

### ODDS BODKINS:

In Hollywood, where movie stars are a dime a dozen, it wasn't surprising that nobody lined up along the line of march for the Junior Chamber of Commerce parade in which Ann Blyth sat atop the back seat of the first open car in the parade. The citizens of Hollywood are just too blasé—and, watching the parade, I couldn't help but think how the fans back East would have rushed at this opportunity to catch a closeup of one of their favorite stars



Blyth

... Did you know that June Haver still wears her wedding ring, after all these years of separation? ... And that Errol Flynn still receives more fan mail than any other star at Warners—more than Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson, Steve Cochran or any of the other newcomers? You fans are REALLY loyal! ... Lunching with Shelley Winters at Romanoff's, I learned that her Vittorio was insisting that their baby be born in Rome and not Hollywood. But Shelley was holding out for Hollywood! ... Afterwards, out in front of Romanoff's, we ran into Cary Grant and Betsy Drake, and I introduced Shelley to them. Said she, "Gosh, after all these years I finally get to meet Cary Grant, and I'm pregnant!" ... And Cary gave me this definition of a leading man: "An actor lucky enough to keep his hair and teeth."

### FUNNIES:

Ginger Rogers and Jacques Bergerac went to the Mocambo, and sitting nearby we listened to them talking about everything except what the columnists say they talk about: politics, the weather, economic conditions in France and Germany, acting, and life in general! ... And, if this ISN'T love, the handsome Bergerac rates an Oscar for giving a great performance of a man hopelessly in love! ... Jane Russell is acting as agent and publicity gal for brothers Wally and Jamie. But, as an observer points out, while the brothers have the socko Russell personality, charm and good looks, they just CAN'T come up to Jane's measurements!



Rogers

### QUICK QUOTES:

Mike Romanoff's secret of success: "My profound mistrust of human beings has stood me in good stead throughout the years" ... Once upon a time a Beverly Hills hostess bragged to another BH hostess: "Prince Aly Khan is coming to stay at my house!" Snapped the second: "I wouldn't dream of having a Mohammedan in my house!" ... Somebody asked Tallulah Bankhead if she thought separate beds were conducive to a

happy marriage. "Separate beds?" boomed Bankhead. "You mean separate towns!" ... A guy named Stanley Balokowski called me and giggled that he'd like to marry Phyllis Kirk but—"I don't want to give her a bad name!" ... Barbara Peyton, who never seems to be able to stay out of Page One scandals, tells us: "I'd rather live in Hollywood than any place else in the world but I'm treated badly here. In London and on the Continent they treat me like a lady. And I am a lady!" ... Sign on the bulletin board of a church in Hollywood: "If you have troubles, come in and tell us about them. If not, come in and tell us how you do it."

### SEX APPEAL:

Fans who attended the *Steak For Connie* preview in Westwood were wondering just how tight Janet Leigh could wear her clothes and not faint dead away through lack of oxygen ... There are those who claim that Marilyn Monroe's success has put the nose of her fellow 20th contractee, Betty Grable, out of joint—especially after Marilyn got the starring role in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and Betty lost it. But it's not true. Betty Grable doesn't have a jealous bone in her body ...



Leigh

Joan Crawford packed 50 dresses and 36 pairs of shoes into her trunk for a weekend visit in Dallas and Fort Worth, but stayed for weeks and weeks and weeks! It's love, kids!

My eyeballs were popping out of their sockets over the lowest-cut dress I've ever seen Marie Wilson wearing—till she came over to my table at LaRue and explained, "I sent this dress to the cleaners and when it came back I couldn't get into it" ... Mike O'Shea gave Virginia Mayo a black lace nightgown with "I Love You" embroidered thereon. No special occasion. He says he just loves the gal.

### FINANCIAL PAGE:

Before she married George Sanders, Zsa Zsa Gabor summed up a certain suitor this way: "But how could I be bored by him, dolling, when he's worth \$2,000,000?" ... Zsa Zsa, by the way, went up to James Mason in the MGM commissary and pouted, "Your wife spends most of her time spreading vicious stories about people and I wish she would stop." And James snapped back, "She just repeats what you tell her!" ... Peggy Dow's baby will get a \$1,000,000 trust fund from its fond daddy, Walt Helmerich ... This is John Wayne's deal for making a picture at Warners: The studio hands him \$750,000 to make the complete picture, including salary for himself, the rest of the cast and crew, etc. Then after you fans have forked over a total of \$750,000 to pay for the actual cost of the picture at the boxoffice, Warners and Wayne split the rest of the money taken in 50/50. Quite a deal for a star, but John's just the biggest in the business so they figure he's worth it ... Irene Dunne isn't doing badly either. She got \$48,000 for three weeks' work in television's Schlitz Playhouse.



Dow



# hollywood report continued

## HE WENT THATAWAY:

If Bob Mitchum isn't hard at work knocking off the paunch he displayed so lackadaisicaly in *The Lusty Men*, he should be! The fans don't like fat heroes, Bob . . . Whip Wilson, once a big Western star, quit the movies and is now in the steel construction business here in Los Angeles . . . A fan wrote to Guy Madison as follows: "How come you've given up acting? I see you in the *Wild Bill Hickok* television shows—but why aren't you *acting* any more?" Now what do you suppose that fan meant?



Mitchum

## HOME FIRES BURNING:

Monty Clift's brother is working as a floor manager for NBC . . . Louis B. Mayer tossed a dinner party to celebrate being named chairman of the board of the new Cinarama company, and Janie Wyman sang and sang and sang for hours for the guests and her new bandleader husband, Freddie Karger. But not for Louis B., who was having trouble with his teeth and couldn't come downstairs to join the fun . . . The daily papers said that this is Jane's second wedding. Isn't it her fourth? . . .



Clift

## SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

Abigail Adams and Georgie Jessel had their umpteenth fight in the eight years they've been dating. After neighbors called the police, Abigail told me, "Georgie and I won't split up. We couldn't find anyone else who could put up with either of us, so we HAVE to stick together!" . . . But while Abigail was telling me this, Georgie was catching the first plane for New York! . . . Gene Tierney threatened to smash the camera of a Paris photographer who snapped her with Aly Khan . . . And, in *Salome*, Rita Hayworth never does get to lose that seventh veil. At the critical moment there's an interruption—the head of John the Baptist arrives on a plate!



Hayworth

Nobody thought Bette Davis would ever get her stage musical, *Two's Company*, on Broadway. While they were trying it out on the road every fight she had with other cast members was reported in the New York papers as though the brawls were happening right there on Broadway . . . Maria Riva, Marlene Dietrich's daughter, turned down a chance to make a picture—"because the role in that picture is a cheap imitation of my mother" . . . Wanna know the REAL reason Mario Lanza didn't want to make *The Student Prince*? It required him to do some real acting, for a change—starting as a silly playboy prince and developing into a noble king—and Mario didn't think he was ready for it. He was just plain SCARED!

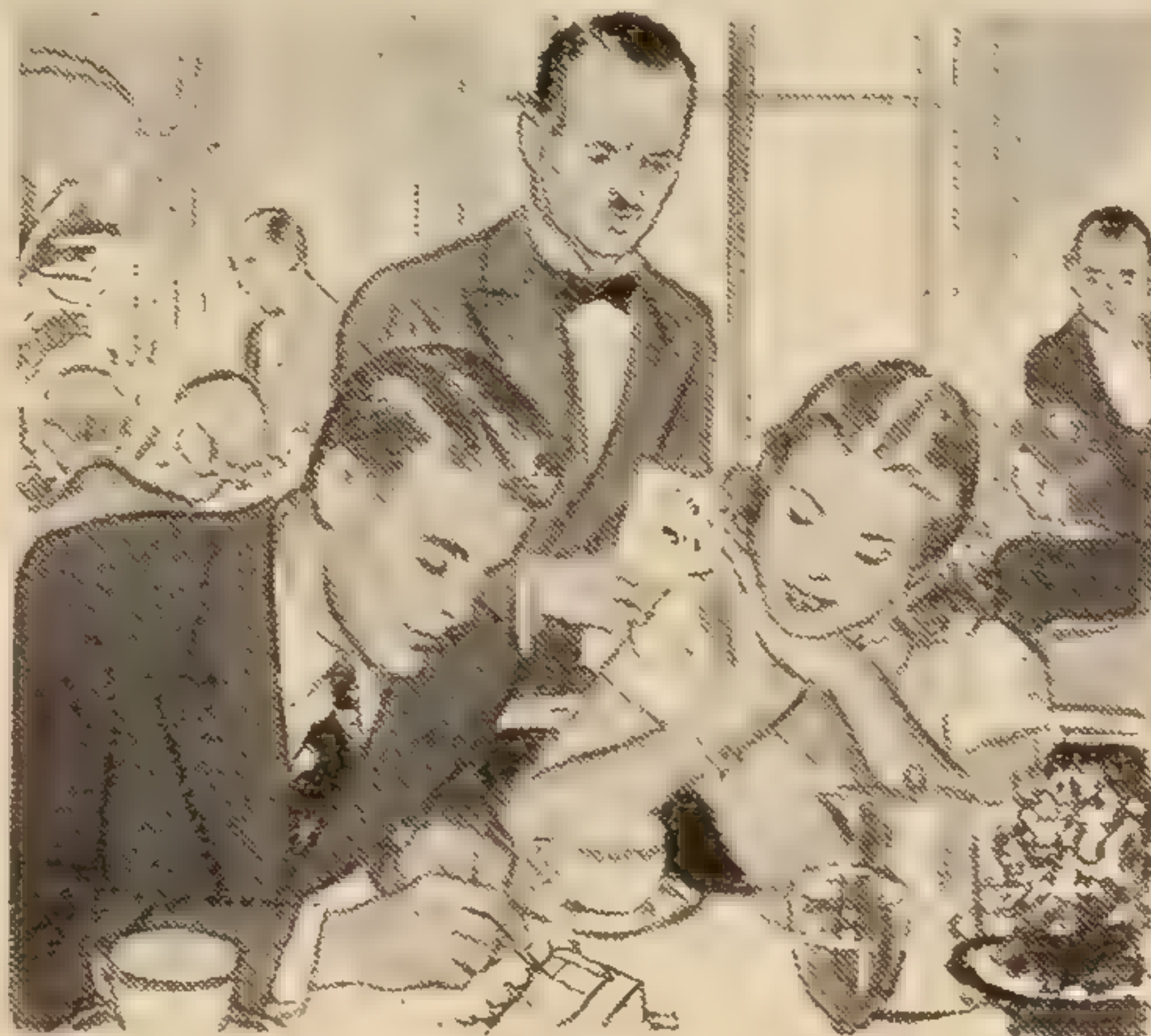


# Are you in the know?

### If he asks you to a house party—

- ☐ Get it in writing ☐ Go as his guest

All your gang's going—and Tom's heckling you to come along. Trouble is (maybe you're new in town)—you've never met the hostess! Appear at her party as a "guest's guest"? Tain't proper! A girl should have a written invitation. On problem days, Kotex invites you to be comfortable—with softness that *holds its shape*. You know, this extra-absorbent napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it; so you stay confident, whatever your plans.



### Is this doodler showing signs of—

- ☐ The Zodiac ☐ Genius ☐ Warning

"Ain't he had no fetchin' up?"—this tablecloth Michelangelo? Bruising good linen doesn't worry him a bit. Be leery of such telltale traits. They're a warning sign: show he's inconsiderate. And when you're buying sanitary protection, sidestep telltale *outlines*—with Kotex. Those *flat pressed ends* show no sign of a line! Try all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super.



### Do you think a "fascia" is—

- ☐ A lady Fascist ☐ Fine for any figure

You love the "dash" a fascia gives—but unless you're the tall, lean type this broad draped cummerbund is not for you. To flatter a plumpish midriff, get a narrower style; helps boost your height, if you're pint-sized. To hoist your *poise* (on certain days) get the extra protection Kotex gives. Remember, that special *safety center* helps prevent "accidents."



More women choose KOTEX\*  
than all other sanitary napkins

\*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



### How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ Circle your calendar ☐ Perk up your wardrobe ☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight sanitary belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries pronto!* So don't wait: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. Buy *two*—for a change!





SEND UP THE ROCKETS . . . RING THE BELLS. THERE'S A NEW BABY AT JANIE POWELL'S HOUSE. ● BY PAMELA MORGAN

*It's a Girl!*

■ The shout went ringing down the hospital corridor—bounced back as an echo from countless doorways. A woman awakened, looked at her clock with the luminous dial. It was just 20 minutes past one o'clock in the morning. She smiled. Moonlight filtered into the hospital room. It seemed so cozy and warm in her neat white bed. She yawned sleepily. Oh yes, what was that noise that had disturbed her? Now she remembered. The same thing had happened the night before. Her husband had also been excited when he had been told he was a father. That was it. The noise she had heard was a man's voice, proclaiming the arrival of another baby. She yawned once more. She was completely relaxed and happy. It was quiet once again. She fell asleep immediately.

The exultant voice belonged to a proud man—a new father. It was the voice of Geary Steffen, whose wife, Jane Powell, had just given birth to a baby girl.

Geary put his hand over his mouth after realizing that it was the wee hours of the morning and that he was in a hospital. Then he laughed at himself and started walking more sedately down the corridor to the happy people waiting for him. Thoughts tumbled through his mind. What a day this had been! He stopped. "Let me taste every moment, just as it happened."

It began quite early the day before—Thursday, November 20, 1952.

Jane Powell awakened at 7:00 A. M. A (Continued on page 96)



**sweet and hot**



by leonard feather

\*\*Highly  
Recommended  
\*Recommended  
No Stars:  
Average

## FROM THE MOVIES

**APRIL IN PARIS**—Title song by Doris Day\* (Columbia); Johnny Desmond (MGM). *Give Me Your Lips* by Alan Dean\*\* (MGM).

**EVERYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS**—title song by Bob Eberly (Capitol).

**IVANHOE and PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE**—album from sound tracks\* (MGM).

This unusual LP brings you several selections from each picture, with Miklos Rosza conducting the MGM studio orchestra and chorus in his own compositions.

The music takes in a variety of moods, with the love themes (such as *Rebecca's Love* from *Ivanhoe*) generally most impressive.

**LILI**—*Hi-Lili, Hi-Lo* by Dinah Shore\* (Victor).

**PETER PAN**—*First Star To Your Right* and *Your Mother And Mine* by Doris Day (Columbia).

**SOMEBODY LOVES ME**—album by Betty Hutton\*\* (Victor).

Betty (alias Blossom Seeley) does one of her better jobs on this collection of songs immortalized by vaudevillians of the 1920s. Even the titles have a nostalgic sound—like *That Teasin' Rag* and *Toddling The Todalo*.

**STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER**—album from sound track (MGM).

The John Philip Sousa brand of music was, of course, appropriate for the biographical movie based on the life of this famed march composer. Taken away from the exciting visual settings of the picture it loses something of its charm unless you're a rabid march fan, and I don't mean Fredric. The title song, and *Semper Fidelis*, *Turkey In The Straw*, *El Capitan* et al. are played here by the 20th Century-Fox studio orchestra and choir, ably conducted by Alfred Newman.

## POPULAR

**HARRY BELAFONTE**—*Shenandoah*\*\* (Victor).

The young balladeer who found fame, fortune and Hollywood beckoning him when he turned to folk-singing does excellently with this number and the coupling, *Scarlet Ribbons*. You'll be seeing his first movie, *See How They Run*, very soon.

**ROSEMARY CLOONEY**—*If I Had A Penny*\* (Columbia).

**PERRY COMO**—*Don't Let The Stars Get In Your Eyes*\* (Victor).

## JAZZ

**BUDDY DE FRANCO**—*King of The Clarinet* album\* (MGM).

**BENNY GOODMAN**—*1937-38 Jazz Concert No. 2*\* (Columbia).

The two greatest clarinetists of jazz in two sets of exciting performances: Buddy's recorded recently in a studio; Benny's broadcast in the 1930s and recently made into an album from recordings of his radio shows.

# “Soaping” dulls hair— HALO glorifies it!



Yes, “soaping” your hair  
with even finest liquid or cream shampoos  
hides its natural lustre with dulling soap film.

Halo—made with a special ingredient—contains no soap or sticky oils to dull your hair. Halo reveals shimmering highlights . . . leaves your hair soft, fragrant, marvelously manageable!

No special rinsing needed. Halo *does*  
*not dry . . . does not irritate!*

*Halo glorifies your hair  
with your very first shampoo!*





# Sandpaper Hands feel *Caressable* in 10 Seconds!

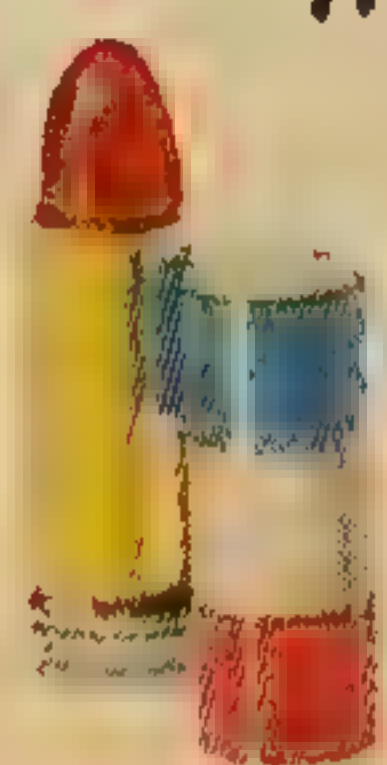


## Cashmere Bouquet *Hand Lotion*

**Absorbs Like A Lotion . . . Softens Like A Cream!**

Now—in just 10 seconds! . . . “Sandpaper Hands” are smoothed and softened to lovely “Caressable Hands” with lanolin-enriched Cashmere Bouquet Hand Lotion! Your thirsty skin seems to drink up Cashmere Bouquet—it dries without stickiness, leaves your hands so caressably smoother, softer, younger-looking! And of course, they’re romantically scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet “fragrance men love”!

**NEW! Cashmere Bouquet  
French Type Non-Smear Lipstick!**



*Stays Moist!  
Stays Bright!  
Stays On!*



**25¢ and 43¢**



continued from page 4

Lawford, is there any possibility of his marrying Rocky Cooper?

—B. B., GREAT NECK, N.Y.

**A.** *No. Rocky Cooper is still married to Gary. Lawford asked for his release.*

**Q.** How long did Jane Wyman go with Freddie Karger before they were married?

—C. R., DANBURY, CONN.

**A.** *They had half-a-dozen dates.*

**Q.** Did Olivia DeHavilland pay her husband one-third of her bank balance before he agreed to a divorce?

—H. G., SEA GIRT, N. J.

**A.** *No, but there was a settlement.*

**Q.** Is it true that 45-year-old Barbara Stanwyck has been going around with 23-year-old Robert Wagner?

—L. O., SALEM, ORE.

**A.** *It's true.*

**Q.** What is Debra Paget's salary at this moment?

—D. E., GLENDALE, CALIF.

**A.** *\$500 per week.*

**Q.** Was Fernando Lamas ever an Argentine gaucho?

—V. H., BUTTE, MONT.

**A.** *No; he was an Argentine radio announcer.*

**Q.** Why does Sam Goldwyn suspend Farley Granger so often?

—S. A., DURANGO, COL.

**A.** *Granger declines to exploit the Goldwyn product.*

**Q.** How old is Rita Hayworth? Will she marry Dominguin, the Spanish bull-fighter?

—R. L., STEVENSON, KY.

**A.** *Hayworth is 34; has no intention of marrying Dominguin.*

**Q.** I've been told that Gene Kelly and Jimmy Stewart are the two Hollywood stars who refuse to employ press agents. Is this true?

—V. N., ANNAPOLIS, MD.

**A.** *No.*

**Q.** What is the relationship between Richard Greene's ex-wife, Patricia Medina, and director John Farrow?

—F. Y., BANGOR, ME.

**A.** *Good friends.*

**Q.** Does Lana Turner hope to marry again after her sad experience with men?

—C. R., AKRON, OHIO

**A.** *Certainly.*

**Q.** Will Betty Grable divorce Harry James in order to marry jockey Ralph Neves?

—P. R., PROVIDENCE, R.I.

**A.** *No.*



Q. I'm always reading about how sick Cary Grant is. What's wrong with him, anyway? —J. U., CORNING, N. Y.

A. *Grant suffers from recurrent attacks of yellow jaundice.*

Q. Is it true that Lena Basquette, who was once married to one of the Warner Brothers, is really Marge Champion's mother? —T. R., TUGUNGA, CAL.

A. *Marge Champion and Lena Basquette are half-sisters.*

Q. Does Anne Baxter really like to smoke cigars or is this a publicity act she puts on?

—C. F., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

A. *Publicity.*

Q. Who has the larger bust measurement, Jane Russell or Marilyn Monroe? —C. W., NORFOLK, VA.

A. *Russell.*

Q. What kept Gregory Peck out of World War II? —A. D., LA JOLLA, CAL.

A. *A bad back.*

Q. Is Spencer Tracy retiring from movies? —B. C., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

A. *In another two years.*

Q. Are Lana Turner and producer Joe Pasternak dating these days? Doesn't Pasternak send Lana one rose each morning? —H. D., DANVERS, MASS.

A. *Pasternak sends a rose, but he and Lana are not a romantic item.*

Q. Why was Mike Wilding suspended by MGM when his wife is pregnant? —O. P., NEWARK, N. J.

A. *Wilding refused a role in Latin Lovers.*

Q. Is Cornel Wilde's popularity declining? Why don't we see him in more pictures? —H. H., HARRISBURG, PA.

A. *You soon will. There are big plans afoot for him.*

Q. Is June Haver still planning to become a nun, or has she found a new sweetheart? —V. V., TROY, N. Y.

A. *Has a new sweetheart.*

Q. In the history of motion pictures which movie has earned the most money, been seen by the most people? —F. J., JONESBORO, N. C.

A. *Gone With The Wind; it has grossed \$35,000,000; been seen by 100,000,000.*

Q. Does Lana Turner wear caps over her teeth when making a movie? —G. T., BOSTON, MASS.

A. *Yes.*

Q. What is Ray Milland's real name, and why does he shy away from posing with his family? —S. A., RYE, N. Y.

A. *Reginald Truscott-Jones. A Welshman, Milland doesn't particularly like to involve his family in what he considers purely professional exploitation.*



# BEAUTY

*is my business*

says stunning cover girl  
BUNNY COOPER



## and SWEETHEART

*is my Beauty Soap*

Bunny says: "Making my living as a model often requires that I pose in evening gowns; that's why I always use gentle SweetHeart Soap for my baths... it leaves my skin soft and smooth all over. And regular SweetHeart Care really helps prevent chapping!"

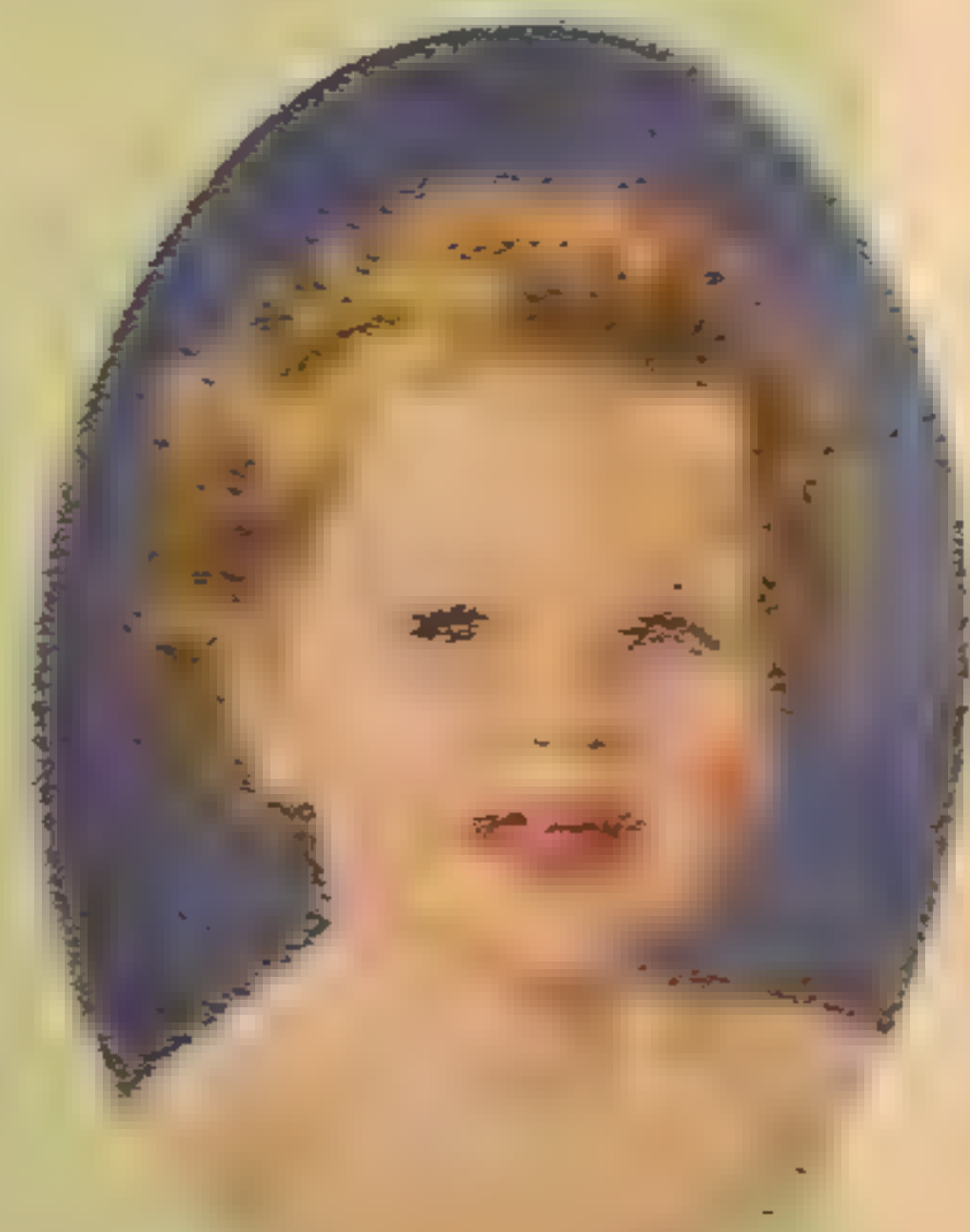
9 out of 10 leading cover girls  
use SweetHeart Soap

Help your family prevent red, chapped skin! Get SweetHeart, in the big bath size, for daily baths—and see: just one week after you change to thorough care, with SweetHeart, your skin looks softer, smoother, all over!

## Beauty is my business, too!

Dear little Susie Galvin is a model at just 13 months. Her mother guards her exquisite skin—she uses only pure, mild SweetHeart for Susie's daily baths.

Get SweetHeart  
in the big  
bath size today!



The Soap that AGREES with Your Skin



**New!** a shampoo that

# Silkens your hair!

Picture you . . . after just one shampoo . . . with hair that shimmers under even the softest light. Picture you with hair that's silky soft, silky smooth, silky bright!

## New lightning lather—milder than castile!

This silkening magic is in Drene's *new lightning lather*! No other lather is so thick, yet so quick—even in hardest water!

*Magic!* because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its *lightning lather* . . . its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. *You have a new experience coming!*

A NEW EXPERIENCE . . .  
to see your hair so silky soft,  
so silky bright . . . to feel the  
magic of this lightning lather—  
milder than castile. No other  
lather is so *quick*, yet so *thick*.

## New Lightning Lather—

*a magic new formula that silkens your hair.*

## Milder than castile—

*so mild you could use Drene every day!*



**New  
Drene**

A PRODUCT OF PROCTER & GAMBLE





Spanish count Jose Villa-Padierna (right) made Rita feel at home when she, Aly (left) and rider Cavanillas visited him in happier days.

There's been a lot of printed and unprintable gossip about Rita and Aly. But here's the absolutely last word—by someone who should know.

# Cinderella's tired

by Sheila Graham

■ It's over. Finished. Kaput. It's the End. Rita Hayworth, the Beautiful Movie Star and Aly Khan, the handsome trillionaire Moslem Prince. No more weeping. No more wooing. Just cold dollars and cents to seal for all time the Great Romance. Because it *is* over. Even Rita, the ever hopeful, knows it now. Aly knew it before she went over that last time for the Big Reconciliation that turned into the Big Flop. And right here and now I'm putting the blame—not on Mame—but fairly and squarely on Aly. Because if it takes two to make a quarrel, it certainly takes two to make up. And Aly was asleep at the switch when he should have been awake at the controls. Whether it was deliberate or not makes no difference now. And unless there is an unforeseeable last-second change of mind, Rita will complete the long-pending divorce in Nevada just as soon as *Miss Sadie Thompson* is in the can at Columbia.

Of course, they never should have tied the knot in the first place. (Continued on page 65)



Just one of those  
things, they said about  
Fernando's love for Lana.  
Is his new romance  
with Arlene so hot  
it's got to cool down, also?

BY IMOGENE COLLINS



Fernando wanted Lana badly. He divorced his wife for her, made no secret of his great amour. But now they're not even on speaking terms.



Arlene Dahl's the girl for him, at present. Since the Davies party they're seldom seen apart. But how long will this romance last, everyone's asking.

—it's

# LOVE! LOVE! LOVE!

■ There are some actors in Hollywood whose love-lives resemble nothing so much as a high-staked relay race.

For the most part, these are emotionally immature men who date a different girl each night, preferably a big-name actress, and then revel in the luxury of reading about themselves in the gossip columns next morning.

Occasionally, however, an actor comes along who refuses to use women, who dedicates himself to one female at a time with such intensity, such passion, such fidelity and concentration that he is recognized at once as The Great Lover; in fact, the greatest lover Hollywood has known in two decades: Fernando Lamas.

At 37, tapering and tall, wavy-haired and sensuous-looking, Fernando is completely, tempestuously, envelopingly in love with Arlene Dahl, a fragile, willowy stalk of auburn-tressed loveliness who is tinder that will touch any red-blooded male to flame.

Not that Senor Lamas has bought any commercial spot announcements on radio or TV to advertise his new love. In true Latin tradition, he is a lover who retains his ardor for the privacy of the boudoir. But he tips his heart so easily. His feelings are so evident in his single-minded devotion to Arlene.

Since the 15th of October last he has dated no other woman but Dahl. He dines with her each night after work. You can see them in such picturesque restaurants as Frascati's or the Villanova, in the two Hollywood night clubs, Ciro's (Continued on page 64)









*Bing, his head bowed with grief, leaves the Church of the Good Shepherd after the Requiem Mass for Dixie. His arm is around his youngest son, Lindsay. Philip is at the right, while Gary and Dennis (not pictured) walk behind.*

*This is the Palm Springs house that Dixie Lee Crosby yearned for, planned, decorated, and furnished, but never lived to see. Bing, knowing Dixie was doomed to die shortly, went ahead with plans for the house nevertheless, knowing it would make her happy.*



By Louella Parsons

# Bing Crosby's Future

Death forced on Bing  
the tragic acceptance of life  
without Dixie. An intimate  
friend tells how he is learning  
to face the future.

■ Let's get this question out of the way—right away:

*There Will Be No Second Marriage for Bing Crosby.*

I am no fortuneteller, but I feel I can say from knowledge based on a long friendship and what I believe is a real understanding of one of the best-known least-known men in the world, that he can never accept or even look for a substitute for the great love Dixie bore him.

It wouldn't be good enough.

Yes, I know that whether he wishes it or not he has fallen heir to the title of the world's most eligible marriageable man since the Duke of Windsor was a bachelor. And he will be pursued and lured and tempted by the most beautiful and talented women, and just hopeful ones, too, wherever he goes.

I still say that it all will be futile and that Bing will retire into a man's world of his four rapidly growing sons and his intimate, closed circle of men friends who have been for years his inseparable companions. One of these is his writer Bill Morrow. Another is his songwriter, Jimmy Van Heusen.

Bing is a man's man—no matter how many women swoon over his love songs—and already there are strong indications that he will slip more and more deeply into the quiet, easy, retiring solace of male companionship particularly involving the raising of his sons.

Now that Dixie is gone, many things can be told which could not be revealed while she still clung to life—never knowing that she was the victim of incurable cancer.

As a strong indication as to where the future points, let us go back to the immediate past, to just a few hours following an operation performed on Dixie last summer.

The scene is St. John's Hospital and two men are standing apart from the others talking. One is Dr. Arnold Stevens, the fine Los Angeles surgeon. The other is Bing.

Stevens' arm is around Bing's shoulder. He has just told him that Dixie is hopelessly the victim of cancer; that even he and his consultants (*Continued on page 85*)







Jane had known Columbia's Fred Karger casually for years, but fell in love after working for three happy months under his smooth musical supervision.



A surprised crew had a wedding cake ready when Jane and Fred reported to work after their weekend wedding. Music is their great love in common.





For a long time, Jane  
Wyman's been warbling  
and Fred Karger's been  
a music man. But  
Hollywood never suspected  
they'd end up making  
beautiful music together.

by Jane Wilkie

# He ran away with her heart

■ A great many movie stars, when planning to be married, have bent over backward to keep the wedding plans a secret. This is understandable, in view of the fact that their average days have the privacy of life in a zoo cage, and they strive to keep anything so personal as a wedding free of the press, curiosity seekers, and flashbulbs. Few of them have made the grade so effectively as Jane Wyman in her recent marriage to musician Fred Karger.

So tightly was the secret kept that four days before the marriage ceremony studio publicists, unaware of the romance, fluffed an opportunity for a picture of Miss Wyman and Mr. Karger together. Fred Karger, in his position as musical supervisor at Columbia Studios, rehearses those stars who have musical routines in their pictures, and in preparation for *Great While It Lasted*, had been working for weeks with Miss Wyman. The publicists decided to take a picture of Jane standing by the piano, and asked Mr. Karger to turn his face away from the camera so that they would not have to go through the complication of identifying him and his work in the picture's caption. Instead of feeling miffed about the incident, both Jane and Fred were highly amused, because it was proof positive that no one suspected their plans.

The romance had begun only a few weeks before, when Jane reported at Columbia for *Great While It Lasted*. It turned out, from the beginning, to be a real love song for Jane. Five years had gone by since her final divorce decree from Ronald Reagan, and during that time her name was continually coupled with assorted men. Columnists reported that she was in love again, with one man after another, but Jane herself denied romantic interest with any of them. Her career had shot to new heights, and while she was not averse to the idea of marrying again, there was not only no time for romance, but more important, there was no one to capture her heart . . . no one until the day she reported for rehearsal and began working with, and getting to know, Fred Karger.

A skilled musician, Karger comes from a show business family. His father, now deceased, was a Director General of the Metro Picture (Continued on page 93)





Roy and Dale sit for an informal portrait with their newly-enlarged family. Dusty and his adopted kid brother share their father's lap; Cheryl

# FULL HOUSE- FULL HEARTS

by Susan Trent



"I'm a real cowboy now," grins Sandy, who loves to dress in full Western regalia, just like Roy and Dusty. The Rogers' adopted Sandy practically on sight.





holds Little Doe while Dale and Linda (back to camera) watch.

Roy Rogers' and Dale Evans'  
two new adopted babies have  
flooded their hearts,  
as well as their home,  
with sunshine and love.

**D**usty Rogers was getting a little worried about things. Here it was his sixth birthday at last, but the day of days was slipping fast away and Daddy and Mommy still weren't home. For understandable reasons and certain unforgotten promises, Dusty gazed anxiously at the setting sun in one direction and more anxiously at the purple mountains in the other, as he pressed his nose into a shapeless bump against the airport gate. Back of him his big sisters, Cheryl and Linda, stood on one foot and then the other.

But at last the sky speck appeared and grew and the loud speaker blared, "Flight Number 14 arriving from Dallas." Dusty clamped his fingers on the wire and tugged excitedly as the plane swooped down like a big, silver stork, taxied and rolled to a stop. He was shouting "Hey, Dad—Hey!" long before the steps were fastened and the belly door swung open. Sure enough, there was the familiar cream colored stetson and the round, grinning face he was waiting for. Roy Rogers waved to his waiting brood and (Continued on page 58)

Since the arrival of Sandy and Little Doe, life has taken on new meaning for Dale and Roy. The two newcomers are the answer to their anguished prayers after their beloved daughter, Robin Elizabeth, died.



The Rogers' children met their newly adopted sister and brother for the first time at the airport when parents Roy and Dale returned from their Eastern tour.







she floored Greg Bautzer...



and sent Tony Martin spinning



Lawford lost his heart...



and Turhan Bey, his wallet!

With a roving eye  
and a fickle heart,  
Lana's no shrinking  
violet when it comes  
to picking the  
man she wants!



he married Crane, briefly...



and Topping, too...



but even Lamas couldn't keep her!

**BY  
HEDDA  
HOPPER**

Lana takes one look  
at a man . . . and he's  
hers! But she's as  
quick to leave him flat  
as she is to pick him  
up! says this outstanding  
Hollywood reporter.

## WHAT LANA DOES TO MEN

■ The year was 1947. A newspaper headline read: "Ty Gives Up Lana For Fight On Reds." A wag commented: "That's logical enough. How could one expect a guy to have enough energy to fight Communism all day and pay court to Lana Turner every night?" The fellow in question was, of course, Tyrone Power. Just a little over three months before, he and Lana had parted lovers. They had tossed a tender farewell dinner at which the goblets bore the etchings of their names entwined with hearts and flowers. With dry-eyed grief, Lana had gone to the airport to see her current lover fly off into the wild blue yonder on another "goodwill tour" of Africa and Europe.

There were plans to meet in Casablanca; but they never came off. Ty cabled briefly that the rendezvous was impractical. He failed to explain that he had met a bewitching woman in Rome named Linda Christian. When he returned here, he expressed his alarm over the rising tides of Communism abroad and admitted that his romance with Lana was over. Hence the misleading headline. The two subjects had nothing to do with each other. Frankly I was among the befooled. I had known Ty since his youth, and his father before him. He (Continued on page 81)







"I don't give a hang  
what a writer says  
about me . . . as  
long as it's the truth."  
That's Jane Russell  
talking, and she  
means what she says.  
Here's the proof.

# MAKE

# ME

# HONEST

BY JIM HENAGHAN

■ Dear Jane:

You got me in a peck of trouble. You and that smile and that laugh. The trouble with you is that you put your feet up on a chair and whenever anybody asks you a straight-forward question, you laugh and give them a straight-forward answer. Movie stars are not supposed to do this.

I was sitting up in the MODERN SCREEN Hollywood office and the editor was pacing up and down chewing his finger nails and dripping executive ability all over the rug. Every once in a while he would stop and look at me with what I suspect was an expression of loathing.

"You've got to get on the ball, Henaghan," he kept saying. "Younger men are getting into this business, you know, and none of us (meaning me, of course) are too secure these days."

"I do my level best, sir," I said. "I try very hard."

"Sometimes that's not enough, old man" (meaning me), he said. "Sometimes we have to extend ourselves. Get the old noodle to grinding."

"I've got the old noodle grinding this very minute," I said. "I'm right on the old ball this morning."

"And what have we come up with that will please our readers?" he said.

Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Russell, the old noodle was grinding all right, but it wasn't coming up with anything, if you please. Then I (Continued on page 94)









On location in the Fiji Islands, Burt and Horst Graff suggested Norma pose for "leq art." Here, she laughingly obliges!



Norma loves to dance, so Burt occasionally twirled around the floor with her while they were on Fiji. Norma and the kids loved "roughing it" on location.



Surrounded by bushy-haired Fiji Islanders, extras in *His Majesty O'Keefe*, little Jimmy and his pop strum a ukulele.



Norma and Susabet wear authentic mother-and-daughter Island costumes, while Billy is clad Tarzan style. Burt's proud of his handsome, healthy family.



THE LANCASTER MARRIAGE IS A FAIRY TALE THAT WILL

# LOVE STORY -

*Nine years young*





**NEVER END. IT GETS YOUNGER AS THEY GROW OLDER, SAY BURT AND WIFE NORMA • BY RUTH WATERBURY**

■ He's tall and he's moody and he moves like a leopard—and you really can't understand Burt Lancaster fully, unless you know four very special things about him.

The names of those four extra special things are Jimmy and Billy and Susan Elizabeth and Joanna Lancaster, all blond, all beautiful. Jimmy's just six-and-a-half. Joanna won't be two until next July. Billy and Susabet are neatly spaced in between. Up until now Burt has always

refused to talk about them, or let them be photographed for publication. His general attitude has been that his domestic life was one thing, his career another. He never has intended to let anything upset either.

Along about the time that Burt clicked big in his first picture, *The Killers*, a certain glamor girl found this out subtly, as you find out all things about him. You might not expect that a big, strong guy

who has been a professional athlete and circus acrobat would be subtle, but Burt is.

Nobody knew him when Miss Glamorpuss took out after him. He'd come to Hollywood, an ex-G.I. with one Broadway flop behind him, and no dough. But even then he had those broad shoulders, slim hips, penetrating eyes and the habit he still has, of talking like crazy about everything under (Continued on page 87)



# modern screen's party of the year



Mrs. Lydia Lamas (Fernando's ex) came to Modern Screen's annual popularity poll party with Ricardo Montalban and his wife, Georgiana Young.



Fernando showed up with his latest flame, Arlene Dahl, in tow. Lana Turner, for whom he divorced his wife, didn't come to the party.



G. T. Delacorte presents a beautiful silver tray to fancy-steppers Marge and Gower Champion, who were dubbed 1952's top co-starring discoveries.



Modern Screen editor Charles Saxon entrusted Jeff Hunter's award to Jeff's wife Barbara Rush. Jeff was away in Europe.



Jane Powell beams happily as she accepts the silver trophy Mr. Delacorte hands her while Geary Steffan and Louella Parsons look on. Jane copped the "Most Popular Female Star" award this year.



John Wayne, voted the "Most Popular Male Star" of 1952 by Modern Screen readers, accepts his award from editor Saxon, while Sheilah Graham gets all ready to congratulate the bashful winner.





Mrs. Bryce Holland and her father, Modern Screen's publisher, George T. Delacorte greet Jeanne and Paul Brinkman.



Mr. and Mrs. Rex Allen and Dell man Dave Irwin discuss Dell's new Rex Allen comic book, one of the thousands of Dell's magazines and books displayed.



Award winner Ursula Thiess signs the guest book at the gala party held in the Rodeo Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel.



Mr. and Mrs. John Agar were among the hundreds of guests; as were Celeste Holm, Tony Dexter, Buddy Baer, Jimmy McHugh, Sidney Skolsky, Edith Gwynn.

## MODERN SCREEN'S POPULARITY AWARD WINNERS FOR 1952

### THE TOP TEN

JANE POWELL  
Most Popular Female Star

JUNE ALLYSON

BETTY GRABLE

LANA TURNER

LIZ TAYLOR

AVA GARDNER

DORIS DAY

JANET LEIGH

RITA HAYWORTH

JANE WYMAN

JOHN WAYNE  
Most Popular Male Star

DALE ROBERTSON

ALAN LADD

MARIO LANZA

CLARK GABLE

TONY CURTIS

BILL HOLDEN

JEFF CHANDLER

FARLEY GRANGER

GREGORY PECK

### SPECIAL AWARDS

LANA TURNER  
All Time 10-Year  
Popularity Champion

DEAN MARTIN AND  
JERRY LEWIS  
Hollywood's All Time  
Champion Comedy Team

ALAN LADD  
All Time 10-Year  
Popularity Champion

MARGE AND GOWER  
CHAMPION  
1952's Co-Starring  
Discoveries

### MOST PROMISING STARS OF 1952

ANNE FRANCIS

LESLIE CARON

DEBRA PAGET

MARILYN MONROE

URSULA THIESS

BOB WAGNER

JEFF HUNTER

ALDO RAY

CARLETON CARPENTER

FERNANDO LAMAS

## HERE'S THE PARTY THAT LASTS ALL YEAR—MODERN SCREEN'S TRIBUTE TO HOLLYWOOD'S TOP STARS

■ "Having a baby doesn't guarantee a girl that she'll win MODERN SCREEN's annual popularity award, but it certainly helps!"

The author of that statement is Jane Powell, the Hollywood Glamor Mother of the Year. Janie, who arrived at our elegant shindig at the Beverly Hills Hotel in an off-the-shoulder white taffeta maternity evening gown with jeweled unattached collar, had this to add: "Any resemblance between my statement and the truth is strictly *not* coincidental, because it was just a year ago that I watched June Allyson accept her award. Filled to the brim with envy, I asked, 'How did you manage it?' And Junie, who was expecting at the time, retorted, 'Just become an expectant mother and your popularity will go zooming.'

"Well, I laughed at the time, but that's exactly what happened! And it goes without saying that winning MODERN SCREEN's beautiful cup is the high point of my career!"

Janie's "bubbling over" established the exciting keynote for the annual awards party. Her enthusiasm seemed to light up the entire Rodeo Room to provide a fitting entrance for Mr. John Wayne, her co-winner as the most popular male star for the second straight year. It is no secret that John Wayne seldom goes to parties. Matter of fact, he shied like a wild colt when the editors told him he'd won the silver cup.

"Golly," he exclaimed, "does that mean that I have to go and have speeches made at me?"

Assured that this was not the case; that anyone making a big fat speech at a MODERN SCREEN party is certain to get the old heave-ho, "The Duke" arrived early and stayed late, towering over the other males at the party and having the time of his life.

When Publisher George T. Delacorte presented him with his award over a nationwide radio broadcast, John spent two-and-a-half minutes giving credit (*Continued on page 67*)







# modern screen's party of the year

continued



John Wayne and Modern Screen's Western Manager, Carl Schroeder go over the agenda before the broadcast.

1. Publisher George T. Delacorte congratulates Aldo Ray on winning a "most promising star" award.
2. Ann Blyth came to the party with Palmer Lee, a new acting discovery. A new romance, also?
3. Diana Lynn and John Lindsay, who recently patched up their serious rift, came to the party together.
4. Denise Dardel and Bryon Palmer wouldn't share their private joke with anyone. Must've been very funny.
5. Jean MacDonald (Peter Lawford's old flame), who's now an MGM press aide, came with Bob Horton.
6. Charlton Heston (left) ribs Paul Douglas while Mrs. Heston and Mrs. Douglas (lovely Jan Sterling) look on.
7. Katie Robinson, MODERN SCREEN's West Coast Editor, chats with Virginia Gibson and her escort.
8. Bob Mitchum and George Delacorte renew acquaintance. They met at last year's Popularity Poll party.
9. Lucy Knoch, who's on Red Skelton's television show, and her husband. Lucy's a promising MODERN SCREEN Golden Key girl.
10. Old-timer Johnny Mack Brown, and Rex Allen, both top cowboy stars, say hello to Piper Laurie.
11. MODERN SCREEN editor Charles Saxon and award winner Bob Wagner joke with Johnnie Ray about his crashing the party.
12. Golden Key Girl Joan Taylor and her husband, writer Leonard Freeman. Joan resembles Ava Gardner.
13. David Wayne signs the guest book. More than 400 top personalities signed the book that night.
14. Jane Russell came alone to the party. Here she signs the guest register while Chuck Saxon steadies the book for her.
15. Pete Lawford and MODERN SCREEN columnist Mike Connolly plunk themselves down in a quiet corner.
16. Mrs. Bryce Holland and Marilyn Monroe find another quiet corner for a girl-to-girl talk.
17. Tony and Janet sign in, with Patti Lewis sandwiched between them. Jerry and Dean couldn't come.
18. When Jerry and Dean got back from their p.a. tour, Bill Holden presented them with their awards.
19. Mr. and Mrs. Gene Nelson, Marge and Gower Champion, and Joyce McKensie, had fun at the party.
20. Ricardo Montalban shakes hands with Eileen Christie's husband. Eileen is another Golden Key Girl.



Marilyn Monroe, chosen as one of 1953's most promising stars, was thrilled with the loving cup (a miniature of the top stars' trophies) George Delacorte presented to her.



Anne Francis and Bam Price leaf through Dell's Screen Stories. Dell is largest newsstand publisher in the world.



Columnist Sheilah Graham congratulates Dale Robertson on his award. The party was the first time Dale and his wife were seen in public since their reconciliation.



Jim McCulla, KMPC radio commentator, cues Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh for radio spots.





Betty was worried before opening at the Palladium. But her mother was there to make light of her fears and cheer her on as usual.



Singing, dancing, and a heart-stopping finale on the trapeze were exhausting. Betty, only briefly recovered from surgery, collapsed once.



Dear Mr. Saxon:

I first met Betty Hutton back in her dressing room at the London Palladium. She was wringing wet, clutching one of the many bouquets that surrounded her, and sobbing with joy and relief. She looked like a newly-crowned Olympic swimming champion, even to the traditional terry-cloth bathrobe and damp curly locks clinging to her shiny forehead.

Calming down a little and breathing more or less evenly after the "walking out" Charlie O'Curran had just given her, she submitted to a rub down as her husband muttered, "Mustn't let my filly catch cold." To complete the sportslike atmosphere in the greasepaint scented room, he draped a towel over her head, boxer fashion.

"This sure is a better way to recuperate fast," said Betty, "than floppin' down on the floor like some dancer as soon as the curtain's down. This way you get your wind back naturally. Right, Porkchop?"

"I said so, didn't I?"

"Then that's enough for me!" and Hutton popped up to hug O'Curran.

"Save your energy. You're on again in an hour and a half," her man said as he disentangled himself.

"What's two little shows (*Continued on page 75*)



Catching herself in a mistake, Betty turns to husband Charles O'Curran for help, comfort, correction and advice. Ever since their marriage in the spring of 1952, he has been her coach and manager.

*Letter from London*





# DAILY DOUBLE

With a high-flyin' filly  
like Hutton, and a running-mate  
like O'Curran, it's a  
sucker bet that doesn't say  
they'll win in a walk.

BY BRENDA HELSER



by Marva Peterson



June, Dick Powell, Pam and Ricky at home.

## June Allyson goes Country

June and Dick are a couple of hicks who live in the sticks and love it! The Powell family's rambling fieldstone farmhouse is something they've been yearning for a long time.

■ In the Powell household this was one of those rare, incredible, delightful days.

June Allyson had a day off before she was scheduled to start *Remains To Be Seen*, her eighth picture with Van Johnson. Dick Powell had just finished what he considers his best acting role in films, the portrayal of the writer in *The Bad And The Beautiful*. The children were nowhere about, and the afternoon stretched before June and Dick like some glorious private holiday.

After lunch they strolled around their Bel-Air gardens. First they examined the peach trees June had planted three years ago. Then they got down on all fours to measure the bulb sprouts. From time to time they talked busily about nothing in particular.

Presently, Dick said, "Where are the kids, darling?" He never can keep quite up to date on Ricky and Pam's schedule. (Continued on page 52)



Ever since Dick Powell came to Hollywood, he's had his eye on this fieldstone house. He promised himself long ago he'd own it one day; finally bought it from singer John Charles Thomas for about \$170,000.



The three oak tables and the breakfront fit perfectly into the new dining room. June didn't buy one new piece of furniture. The rugs and the English chintz from their other home were perfect, too.





A room within a room is this fireplace alcove. Its low-beamed ceiling is scaled for family enjoyment. The half-way point in a tremendous 40-foot living room, when just the Powells gather on the hearth, it's a cozy, intimate place.



The roomy farm kitchen is the sort that lingers in your memory as the old Grandmother had. Its brick oven, pine cabinets, and beamed ceiling will provide many happy memories for the Powell children.



Modern and traditional mix happily in the new house as modern plate glass frames an old Colonial door.



The original owners installed a \$40,000 theater-sized projection booth behind this living room wall.





Guests roll up to the back door of the Mandeville Canyon house to see June and Dick. "Yoo-hoo. Anybody home?"



"Hi, there. Grand to see you. Come on out back. Got my chores to do, but I can always use a hand," grins cordial Farmerette Allyson



"Look at me! No cops, no traffic . . . no license." But she's really only holding the wheel till Richard the tractor-man comes.



"Maybe you pull it instead." Cute as a button making a molehill out of a mountain, she'll never replace the old fashioned bulldozer.



"First you mow it down (above); then you rake it up (below). This farm work just never stops . . . but, gee, it's fun."



"Eggs-actly the way I've always wanted it," sighs happy Mrs. Powell, who has a home, a farm, a private lake, and a world full of love.



## June Allyson goes Country

continued

"Taking a nap," Junie answered. "Richard, don't you think this poodle cut of mine is simply awful? I didn't want to do it, you know. The studio made me, for this picture. Really, I . . ."

"Stop worrying about your old poodle cut," Dick joshed. "Why don't we ride around a little and look at houses?"

"I'd love to," Junie said. At this point house-hunting had become a fascinating new interest with her. She and Dick had both decided that they would build a house altogether different than the Tudor mansion they were currently occupying.

They piled into June's powder-blue Hillman Minx, Dick's last birthday present to her, and with the top down, leisurely drove out along Sunset Boulevard. At the juncture of Sunset and Mandeville Canyon, Dick turned right, up past the homes of Esther Williams, Don DeFore, Richard Widmark, Diana Lynn and many of the other film celebrities who prefer the quiet rural life.

Junie tossed her head back and breathed a whiff of canyon air. "Gosh! It smells good, Richard."

Richard grinned and continued driving, humming the first eight bars of a tune called, "Wish You Were Here." They drove for several miles beyond the last house in the canyon before June spoke up. "We might as well turn around at the next wide place in the road," she said. "I don't think there's anything beyond this."

"Let's see where this lane leads," Dick suggested, turning off onto a side road. Deftly he maneuvered the little car between a couple of fence posts and up a steep, winding incline to the hills above the canyon.

Junie was impressed. "Gosh!" she muttered. "What a view, Richard! A lake, too!"

And sure enough, as the car turned a bend in the road, a small tree-fringed lake appeared at their right. The car rattled over a wooden bridge, and Dick turned off the ignition in front of a. (Continued on page 62)



"Never get me in pictures," chuckled  
Rosemary Clooney. "I'm an Ugly Duckling."  
But Hollywood had other  
plans for the heppiest chick ever.

BY JIM BURTON

# She Came a LONG way!

■ One cheerless, smog-stricken morning about a year-and-a-half ago, a giant silver bird (that's what travelogue narrators call an air-liner) settled down a runway at the Los Angeles International Airport and lumbered over to an awkward stop before one of the unloading enclosures. The motors whimpered to a stop, steps were pushed to the side of the plane, the doors were opened and the passengers, quickly emptied from the ship, were swallowed up by the usual crowd that welcomes all public carriers.

Several moments later a lone girl appeared in the doorway of the plane and stepped gingerly on to the platform at the top of the steps. Her eyelids were heavy with recent sleep. Her suit, natty in cut, was wrinkled and her hat seemed to be fiddling with the idea of falling off. She wrinkled her nose and smelled of the fume-laden air and her brow furrowed into an expression that seemed to cry: "How did we wind up in Pittsburgh?" She squinted her eyes and surveyed the charging trucks and luggage dollies scuttling about below her, and she swung about from right to left checking the buildings and flat, barren fields that flanked the runways.

Her expression changed to one that said: "This is (Continued on page 91)"

Rosie was a top-flight  
record star when she started  
*The Stars Are Singing*.





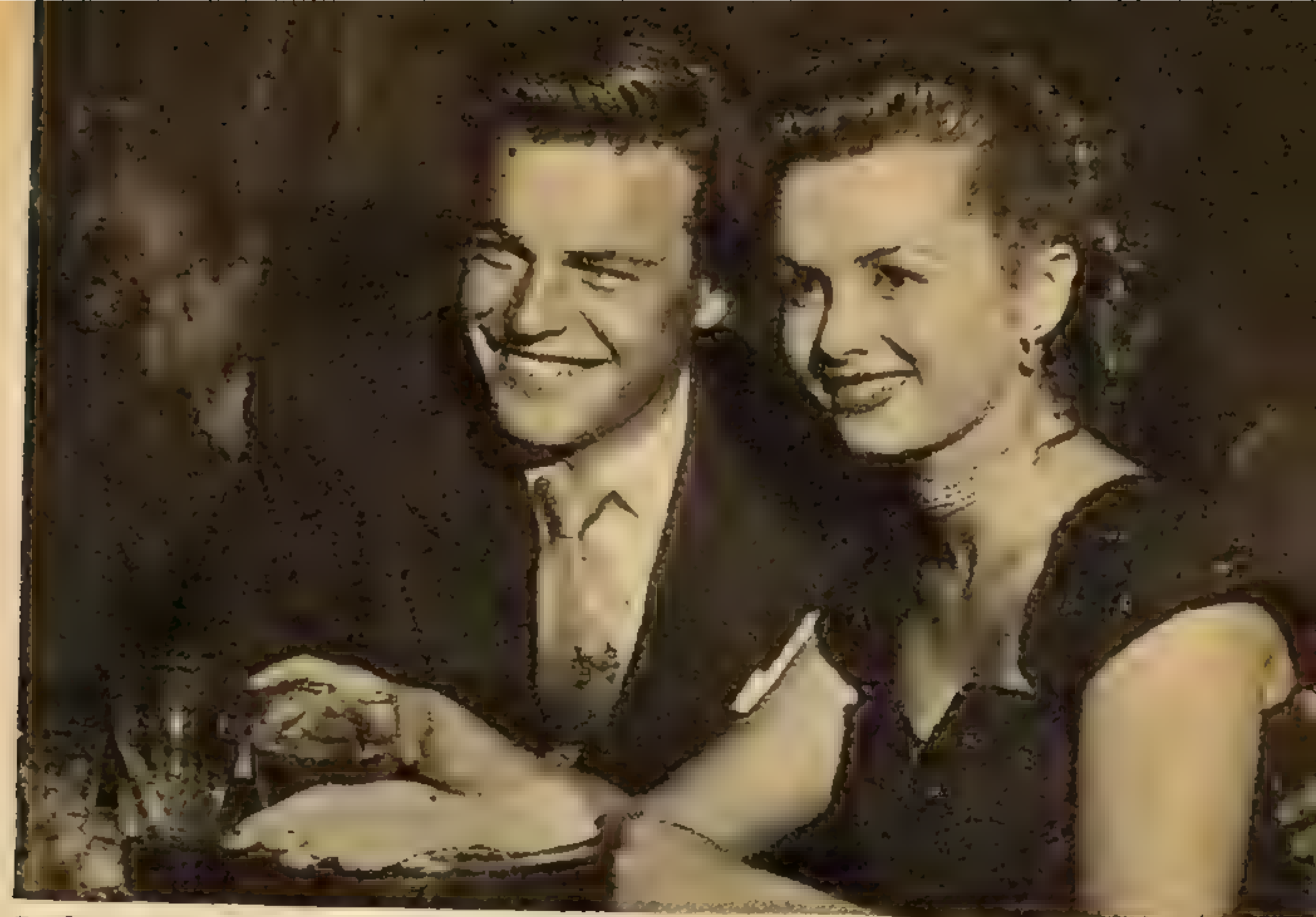




"She's goner than I am,  
and I went two years ago,"  
says Bob Wagner  
about Debbie Reynolds.

For the lowdown on  
the other up-beats  
in his life, read on . . .

BY JOHN MAYNARD



Bob and Debbie Reynolds used to be snuggler than two bugs in a rug . . . but no more. She got mad when he started dating Barbara Stanwyck.



One of the many girls Bob dates is Melinda Markey, Joan Bennett's daughter. "But," he says, "I'm in no hurry to get married, honest!"

# REAL GONE AND STRAIGHT UP!

■ There were three of us at lunch in the 20th Century-Fox commissary, a barn of a place featuring murals having to do with the motion picture industry. The other two were a publicist named Julian and Robert Wagner, Fox's 22-year-old *wunderkind*. Wagner, who had spent the morning vaulting into a lifeboat from the deck of a reasonable facsimile of the ill-fated Titanic, was late and making efforts to catch up on the scoffing. In the Wagner vocabulary, somewhat inflected with bop, scoffing is eating.

"Look," he said to the waitress, "may I see the executives' menu?"

She handed him a small slip with four entrees listed on it; no more, but each a trifle fancier than what was being offered the proletariat. He settled for corned beef and cabbage.

"Some days," he said, "that menu's real gone. They got real crazy items on it. Shrimp newburg. Lord, I hate shrimp newburg."

"Bob," said Julian, "you know what this is about?"

"What what's about?"

"This story."

"No. What's it about?"

"Your romances. The girls you date. Are you in a hurry to get married? Stuff like that." Julian tossed it off as if I weren't holding my breath.

(Continued on page 89)



Pop Wilding, all set to learn how to rock baby to sleep, practices his lap-holding technique on lovely wife Liz.



# is for DADDY

It's as simple as  
A B C . . . Liz, the prettiest  
mother, and Mike, the  
handsomest father, of the  
year will just naturally  
have the cutest baby of 1953

BY ARTHUR L. CHARLES

■ High above the hills of Beverly, much higher than any other hill in the area, there stands a house that is in the process of being made into a home. It is not a very large house, although it rambles about a bit and therefore takes up most of the space on the small mesa on which it stands. In the main living quarters there is a combination living and dining room, sort of L-shaped, that at this time is furnished only with a dining table and a curving sofa beside a flagstone fireplace. Beyond this is a kitchen with gleaming white new equipment.

Through a door in an ash-panelled wall that runs the length of the house there are two bedrooms and two baths. One of the bedrooms is occupied by the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding, and it is furnished with a huge, low bed, a pair of dressers and a television set. The other room is empty, except for a large, canopied baby's bed. The walls of this room are bright yellow and the floor is as yet uncarpeted. This room is unoccupied at the moment, but it is about this chamber that the rest of the house is being planned, for it is here that the first child of Michael and Elizabeth Wilding will spend his or her first years.

At the time of this writing, the preparations for the coming of the infant are lumbering along. From early in the morning until the sun sinks into the sea beyond the last distant mountain, Michael and Elizabeth putter about the place hanging drapes, matching wood, stretching carpet and coaxing green things into life on the grounds outside. And when darkness has fallen they knock off. Sometimes they just collapse and have their dinner lounging on the huge bed while (Continued on page 74)



M is for Mommy, who's more thrilled over her first baby than over any thing that ever happened in her fairy-tale life before.







(Continued from page 37) then helped a little boy down the steps, a boy who tottered uncomfortably in shiny new cowboy boots. Hey—who was that kid?

Then Dusty saw his mom, Dale Evans, step out. She too waved with one arm, but in the other—Dusty really puckered his brow—what was she holding—a baby? Dale started down the steps carefully, gingerly, as if she were carrying the most precious package in all the world.

"Okay," grunted the guard, sliding open the gate. In a sec Dusty Rogers had tackled his Daddy's skin tight pants and was shinnying up his leg. Roy grabbed him and swung him up with one arm—and with the other hoisted the little stranger on his shoulder, too.

"Told you we'd be home for your birthday," he chuckled. "And here we are!"

"Bring me a present?" Dusty wanted to know pronto.

"Sure did," grinned Roy happily. "Here's your birthday present, Son. A brand new brother! Dusty, this is Sandy. He's come to our house to stay."

There was an awkward moment of silence as the two tow-heads sized up each other. Then Sandy cracked his shy face in a wide grin. He stuck out a small hand tentatively. "Hiyah, podner!" he said.

"Howdy," said Dusty slowly, cocking his thumbs. "Reach for the sky, Stranger!"

Roy eased his two boys to the ground and watched them race away. Then he looked across at Dale. Already her precious bundle was the center of a loving melee. "Our baby! Our baby!—Let me hold her!" Linda shrieked.

"No—me, me! I'm older. I know how!" cried Cheryl.

"Careful, careful," warned their mother. "She's just a little girl, just seven months old. Our Little Doe. There, gently now. . . ."

Roy Rogers caught the eyes of his wife. They were full, just like her heart. He took her hand and pressed it softly. He couldn't see so well himself just then. But he cleared his throat and addressed the bobbing, excited heads below him—all five of them. "Git along, little dogies," he laughed. "We're goin' home now. And we're gonna have the best birthday party there ever was tonight—with all the ice cream and cake everybody can eat!"

ORDINARILY, you wouldn't associate a blessed event with an airport. But that happy Hollywood homecoming of Roy and Dale Rogers with their new children, Sandy and Little Doe, on an afternoon last fall was a blessed event in all that that overworked phrase implies. For Roy and Dale it was even more than that. It was a miracle, because only six weeks before Roy and Dale had flown away from that very airport with hearts heavy enough to weight down the wings of the DC-6. They had left because they had to carry on in their demanding show business lives; because they had engagements in the East that couldn't be cancelled. But it was a heart-wrenching take-off, a desolate, painful time for Roy and Dale to leave their home and children. Only a few days before, the one baby of their marriage, their little girl, Robin Elizabeth, had sickened suddenly and died, two days before her second birthday. On that birthday, they had buried her.

Roy and Dale's grief was no less consuming and their loss no less poignant because that tragedy had long threatened. From her birth on August 26, 1950, little Robin had lived in the shadow of the dark angel's wings, because she was born with a con-

genital heart defect that could not be repaired.

Such handicapped babies, Dale Evans now firmly believes, are messengers from God, and she has written a book on that theme, in little Robin's words, reporting to her Maker about her stay on earth and His message which she delivered to the Rogers family. Although she had written nothing before in her life, it came in easily flowing text. She finished it in three weeks, even while travelling. It's called "Angel Unawares" from the text of Hebrews 13:2—"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares. . . ." It will be published this Easter. Dale started writing it the day after Robin was laid to rest.

Roy watched the girl he loves anxiously in the days after little Robin was laid to rest. He saw her plunge industri-

### I SAW IT HAPPEN

*I was watching John Derek at a personal appearance sign autographs in a Philadelphia theater lobby. Suddenly a tiny girl with golden curls ran up and kissed him on the cheek.*

*He was terribly surprised, but then recovered himself, broke into a wonderful smile, and taking up her little hand he kissed it in return.*

*It was one of the sweetest gestures I've ever seen.*

Marie Joan Grabias  
Philadelphia, Pa.



ously into tidying up the house, getting the children's clothes ready for the approaching school term, hovering over them and doing myriad things he knew they could do for themselves. He watched her sit at her desk and write furiously on the book that would receive Robin's message and send it on to those who need it, to other handicapped children and to sorrowing parents. He knew she was seeking release for her own pent up sorrow, and while those things were indeed an emotional escape hatch he knew they were not enough. He put his arms around her one day in the week after Robin died.

"Honey," he said, "why don't we get that little boy we've been planning to get? Now's the time, isn't it?"

Dale knew that what Roy meant was the playmate for Dusty they had planned for over a year to adopt, ever since Dusty's teacher at pre-school had pointed out to them the obvious psychological signs of a need. Dusty wasn't getting along right with the other boys. He was acting up in telltale ways that bespoke female domination. "Dusty needs a brother," she suggested, and both Roy and Dale agreed. Roy remembered his own lonely boyhood on the farm in Duck Run, Ohio, with three sisters, but no brother. His kids come first in his heart as they do Dale's, and have ever since she married widowed Roy and took over his children to mother in a warm, loving way that makes "step-mother" a cold and inaccurate word.

SO WHILE they had talked about the family addition, they had not yet discovered the boy they wanted. But now, in her anguish, Roy mentioned it. Dale shook her head. "No," she said, "nobody can take the place of Robin." Dale thought she meant what she said and in a way she did. Nobody can take the place of any child a

mother loses. But there must be a place for that thwarted mother love to find a home. Roy knew that, but he didn't press the issue. He tried another tack.

"Maybe," he mentioned, "you'd kind of like to see your own folks right now."

"Yes," Dale said, "I would."

"Fine!" he took her right up. "We'll leave right away, before we're due at the Garden. We'll go by Texas and see your mom and dad, then on to Mississippi and visit your brother. Think it'll do us a lot of good."

So they were aboard the plane and neither saying much, both with thoughts too deep for words, but none about filling the gap in their family. Planwise, they were as up in the air as the droning craft that bore them. Then suddenly Dale found herself saying, "I wonder if that little Indian girl is still at the Home."

"Bet she is," brightened Roy.

"She was so cute," Dale thought out loud, "so full of life, I held her. And she laughed. She seemed to like me. I could feel her heart beat right against mine. Her little body was ivory brown. She was part Choctaw."

"So'm I," Roy carried the ball. "My great-great-grandma was a full-blooded Choctaw. Now, that's a coincidence, isn't it?"

"She had the brightest black eyes, but soft. Like a little doe's," Dale went on. "Little Doe"—wouldn't that make a cute name?"

"Little Doe—yeah—Little Doe Rogers. . . ." Roy gave a cautious glance at his wife.

IT was just last spring that she had visited the children's adoption home in Dallas. She had taken Cheryl, the daughter Roy and his first wife, Arlene, had adopted from there 12 years before. They visited the ward for babies under three months. There were 42 there, she remembered now, thinking back, but for her there had been just one star of the group. That was this little Indian baby, a dusky little gem with hypnotic attraction. Her bright eyes flashed like black diamonds, and she felt them following her around the room. When she looked back she saw the tiny mite raise up on her elbows and peer. She heard her chortle and squeal with eagerness, and saw her bob her black shock of hair up and down.

"We call her Mary," the nurse smiled.

Dale remembered being drawn back irresistibly time and again to that crib and that entrancing little Indian papoose. The nurse had lifted her up at last and Dale had reached out her arms.

"It's against the rules to hold them."

"Pooh to the rules!" Dale had said. And she'd held her, very close, thinking, at the time, of her own little girl at home.

When she left that day she had breathed, "Goodbye little Pocahontas. Bye-bye little deer." The eyes followed her to the door, and seemingly for a long time past it. "I hope she finds the right home," she'd told the nurse earnestly. "I'll pray that little Mary does." And she had.

All this Dale Evans recalled as she sped toward Texas, and all of it seemed to her now like a vision. But she didn't say anything to Roy about it, not then. She wanted to be sure; she didn't want to ask for disappointment. She couldn't take another disappointment, not right now.

They were walking up the stairs of the children's adoption home together when fear clutched her breast and she gripped Roy's arm. "Do you suppose she's still here?" Dale voiced her anxiety out loud. He smiled, because he knew what she was after then, although she still hadn't told him. "She's here," he said. Roy knew she had to be there. And she was.

"Yes," affirmed the receiving nurse. "We've still got Mary. She's had all her tests and she's ready to go out for adoption,



any minute now." Dale quickened her steps; she couldn't walk fast enough. She knew, now, that it was the hand of God which had guided her there—in time.

And there Mary was, the little doe, with the same sparkling black eyes, the same hair sticking up like a tiny, feathered war bonnet, with two shiny new teeth below, five months old by now and making the crib rattle. When she spied Dale, she gave out a shrill, gurgling cry. "War whoop," grinned Roy.

They held her again, both of them, and she almost bounced out of Roy's arms to the floor. She was life, she was resurrection. "I want her," Dale told the nurse suddenly. "I love her. I need her. Can I have her?"

"We'll see what we can do," she was promised, "but, of course, this is very sudden. . . . The superintendent's away on vacation. We couldn't do anything about it today. And you say you're leaving tomorrow. Why don't you keep in touch with us?"

Then followed the days of suspense. Roy and Dale went on to Jackson, Mississippi, to visit her brother, Hillman, and his family. She called the adoption home the night they got in. The superintendent was still away. "Please," Dale begged, "keep Mary for me. I asked first." She wired the same plea almost every night from New York.

But for long days there was no answer. And in those days Dale felt the reins on her emotions fraying thin. She went on with the show—the rodeo at Madison Square Garden, even though each night, walking from her dressing room to the chutes, she clenched her fists until her nails cut the palms, trying to control herself. The trouble she had been through was telling on her at last; she felt the dam was about to burst.

Then one night the phone call came from the Home. "The baby's yours," the superintendent said. "Won't you pick her up on your way home from the tour?"

Dale jumped from the phone and landed in Roy's arms. The King of the Cowboys let out a "Ki-yippee" that pierced Broadway's roar, and from then on Dale knew she would sleep like a baby. But there was another sign soon to come, too. In fact, it was that very night that Roy, in his happiness at Dale's recovery and the news about their new daughter, came out with it: "Now," he said, "let's find our boy, too!"

It seemed a rash, impossible project. But after all, to find a new girl for the nursery that little Robin had left, in hardly more than a month after she went away, was some kind of a miracle. Miracles, they knew now, could happen. The first already had and before many days had passed the second arrived.

IT WAS in Cincinnati, the last city of their one night stands, that a telephone call came. A woman who kept orphans for the county was on the wire from Covington, Kentucky, across the Ohio River. Her own laughter, Penny, a little girl stricken with cerebral palsy, had read about Roy's arrival. Television was about Penny's only fun, and on television her hero was Roy Rogers. She wondered if she could bring her over to meet him. It would mean so much.

"I'll say you can," Roy assured her. "You're my guests at the show today, and after that I'll have a big pow-wow in my dressing room." Then, he had a sudden inspiration. "You don't happen to have a five-year-old boy at your place, do you?" he asked.

Yes, she answered, she did. She had Larry, a little orphan from a Kentucky farm. But he had suffered from malnutrition as a baby, he'd had rickets, he didn't

walk too well. "Can you bring him along too?" asked Roy.

They were in the dressing room when Penny was rolled in, and beside her wheel chair walked a shy little tow-head, undersized in body but with oversized blue eyes and a double measure grin. It must have been an overpowering sight for the two little handicapped waifs to see Roy Rogers there in full cowboy trappings, butterfly boots and spurs, holsters, guns, and fancy Hollywood rig—and Dale Evans the same. It must have been like a visitation straight from fairyland. But the little guy, dazzled as he was, didn't lose control.

"Hiyah, podner!" he said.

Roy grinned, "Well, I'll be doggoned—a real cowhand! Say—what's my horse's name, know that?"

"Trigger," answered Harry.

Roy lifted the frail little fellow up on his knee, chatted with him, encouraging him. To most people little Harry wouldn't have seemed a prize personality boy. When Dale took off his shoes and had him run around the room in his stocking feet, he was awkward, with the legs that had got such a poor start. He had a cold. After his first greeting he didn't talk much—cat got his tongue. He wasn't a little boy beautiful, he was just boy. But those were the very things that lodged him in Dale and Roy Rogers' hearts.

"You know," said Roy, after they'd left, "that little guy reminds me of myself when I was a shy, awkward farm kid, too. He kind of gets next to me."

It was a serious decision they had to make—and a fast one. They would be doubling their new responsibility. They already had their new baby daughter wait-

**June Haver has been in the movies for seven years, yet has never been seen in a black-and-white film. Eight of her 12 shows have been musicals.**

*Life Magazine*

ing for them in Dallas. And if they wanted this little undersized, underprivileged boy too, they would have to make up their minds that night. They were leaving at ten o'clock in the morning.

Roy and Dale skipped dinner. They went to their hotel and ordered up warm milk, cheese and crackers. They talked it all over, and there was a lot to talk about. True, there was much they didn't know about this little waif on such short acquaintance. But still there was enough. After all, he was a child of the Lord, just like their own. If he had needs, they would supply them. If he was weak, they would make him strong. That would be the joy of it, that was what clinched the decision in Roy's mind. It was past midnight when he spoke his mind.

"Let's take him. Anybody in the world would take a strong, healthy boy. But if we can help a little fellow without a chance get a decent start in life—then we're doing something important. I just wouldn't feel right now about going on and leaving him."

It was one o'clock when they called the welfare officer and got him out of bed to make the hurry-up arrangements. Next morning at eight they drove across the river and—in one short hour—had completed the papers, picked up Sandy—their new name for him—rolled back and packed. By ten they were off on their bus, and Sandy Rogers was so excited he couldn't hold the lunch he ate, was sick all the miles to Muncie, where they stopped the night. But Sandy said he'd make up for that, "I can chop weeds," he told Roy eagerly. "I can feed the chickens. I can lock the gate so the cow won't get out on your ranch."

"You're hired," grinned Roy. "The min-

ute we get home you can show your stuff."

By now Sandy and Dodie Rogers are as at home on the Bar-Double-R as if they had been born there. By now "Mommy" and "Dad" come as easy to Sandy's lips as if they'd been the first words he learned. By now Dusty Rogers has taken over his kid brother and revealed the wonders of the ranch. They've climbed the big oak tree, played Indians in the cornfield, snatched the grapes, figs and the brown walnuts, learned the names of all the coon hounds. Because, on his six acres of San Fernando soil, Roy Rogers has packed about everything that a real ranch should have, and it's a wonderland for a boy, especially a boy who has a brother to explore it with. There isn't a cow to keep inside the gate—but there are sheep, with new lambs to pet, and chickens, geese, ducks, 17 dogs, uncounted cats and a corral full of real cow horses. Why, even "Trigger" comes when Sandy calls him, and the day his dad, Roy Rogers, lifted him right up into the silvered saddle—how close to Paradise can a boy get?

Already Sandy has sprouted up like a jimson weed, filled out and toughened up with the affection, food and fun in his new home. Dale took him to her pediatrician the first thing. "Nothing wrong with this boy that good care and family love won't cure," he announced. Well, that the Rogers' have in abundance. As for Little Doe, the doc pronounced both a rave and a warning. "You picked a real prize this time," he told Dale. "But don't put her in a picture. You won't have a chance."

Since the arrival of Sandy and Little Doe, whom they call "Little Princess" most of the time, life has taken on a new meaningful tempo for Roy and Dale with a hum that unmistakably announces busy happiness. "I always wanted at least five children," says Dale, who comes from a small two-child family herself. "And now, look—I have seven!" When Dale counts them, of course, she counts not only all her living brood (her son, Tom Fox, is now 22), but little Robin, too, who though gone, will always be with her in the way, she is now sure, she was intended to be from the start.

For to Roy and Dale Rogers, there is no essential difference between heaven and earth, life and the spirit—and especially do they feel this way since their sudden sadness has been translated into sudden joy. Their religion is an inseparable part of their lives, as the crowded car with Roy at the wheel and the four Rogers kids behind him rolling off to Sunday School each week plainly reveals. As Roy and Dale's earnest participation in the Hollywood Christian Group also testifies and as, daily, their unselfish actions prove.

But it is not entirely for the future good of their souls that Dale and Roy Rogers want their house to ring with the shouts and happy laughter of children. Paradoxically, there is a selfish reason, too. "Both Roy and I have found that we're happiest when we're crowded with responsibilities," Dale will tell you. "We don't have time to think of ourselves then, and people who never think of themselves never worry, never have fears."

In Hollywood, which is notably ridden with both worries and fears, Roy and Dale seem to have found the best prescription for happiness—and it's an open prescription that requires no doctor's order to fill.

But to use it successfully, you need a heart that is strong in faith and with many welcoming chambers. There are houses in Hollywood far greater in size than the one which Dale and Roy Rogers occupy. But there are mighty few hearts that hold as much room. Right now Dale and Roy's house is full to bursting—and so are their hearts. And that, they both know, is their miracle.





It is not only like  
a religion, this house  
which I love but am  
not in; it is like my  
religion, my own  
church which I love  
but am not in.

# The House I Love

by DEAN MARTIN

■ After dinner evenings you can always find me sitting on the front steps of the house. I have always liked to do it—now more so than ever. I was brought up in Steubenville, Ohio. Like a lot of kids from that part of the country, I used to tell myself that someday I would own a white-pillared, Colonial mansion like the kind the rich folks in town lived in. But when a time came, years later, to buy a home in Hollywood, things didn't work out so I could get such a place. Not to live in. But the reason I bought the home I did, which cost a young fortune, was because right across the street from it stood my dream-mansion, handsome and stately with its white pillars and green gables, which cost nothing to look at.

Night after night I sat and looked at it, and one night my wife said, "You know, it's like a religion with you . . . that house." And she didn't know how symbolically right she was. (Continued on page 98)



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# FATIMA QUALITY



## june allyson goes country

(Continued from page 52) large, rambling, fieldstone farmhouse.

"You suppose we could look inside?" June asked cautiously.

"I think so," Dick said. "Some real estate agent told me it's up for sale."

THEY entered the pleasant old farmhouse, and what June saw made her feel good and warm and pleasant. The golden tones of the pine-paneled living room, for example, "made me feel," she explained later, "as relaxed and happy as a kitten." She liked the unpretentiousness of the simple stone fireplace, the big square windows, the plank floors. Junie is a very emotional young woman and as she walked from room to room eyeing the grandmotherly kitchen, the bedroom fireplace, and the glass-enclosed porch, tears of delight began to well up in her eyes. Everything about this house was warmer, more intimate, more home-like than the rather austere environment of the English manor house they'd been living in for five years.

"Oh! Richard! If we could only buy this house, we'd never have to build another one—ever."

Dick cocked his head to one side. "You really like it that much?"

"Yes, Richard. I think it's just fine."

"I'm glad, darling, because we own it." He threw the line away, underplaying the scene deliberately.

June couldn't believe it, wouldn't believe it. Dick had to show her the bill of sale and explain that, "I traded our old house and quite a lot of dough for this farm and 56 acres of land."

That evening, June insisted that Dick go over the purchasing of "The Farm" step by step. "I was like a little girl," she says, "wanting to hear her favorite story over and over again."

ACCORDING to Dick, his interest in the property had its origin back in the late 1920's. In those days he was a farmboy from Mountain View, Arkansas, who'd been brought west by Warner Brothers, that is, after he'd pulled several years on the road as a singer and emcee.

"Those were the days," he recalls, "when the stars and the movie moguls really used to live it up out here. And boy! How I was impressed. I was doing fairly well in some of those early Warner musicals, and because screen success and social success usually go hand in hand, I was invited to a number of parties and social functions."

"Of all the homes I saw, the one that left a lasting impression was a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse owned by Bernie Hyman. He was Irving Thalberg's assistant, and I don't know how much dough he spent on the house. But it was plenty. Back then the hills in the Mandeville section were wild and undeveloped, and the 56 acres were stocked with chickens, horses, cows, not to mention the deer and jack rabbits."

"Bernie had plenty of money at the time, and he didn't mind spending it on the house. For example, the movie projection system in the living room cost him \$40,000. His kitchen had a walk-in refrigerator as large as a butcher shop, and there was a dumb-waiter that ran to the second floor. There was also a separate guest house for relatives and friends."

"I remember saying to myself first time I went through the house, 'If you ever get any dough, this is the house you must buy.' But I knew I'd have to wait."

Eventually the house and land were purchased by John Charles Thomas, the well-known concert singer. When June and Dick were married seven years ago, Dick

made another attempt to buy "The Farm." It failed. "In a way," he says, "it's a good thing, because what could a pair of newlyweds do with a 12-room house and 56 acres of land?"

In the years they've been married, Junie has learned how to run a large household with adequate competence. She is no longer the frightened, bewildered little city girl who came to Hollywood with a great big inferiority complex. Success, marriage, money and fame have all contributed to a bolstering of her ego. And Dick has recognized this fact.

"A couple of weeks ago," he told his wife, "I heard that the Thomas place was on the market. I acted on a hunch. I offered them our house in trade, because you know yourself how people hate to give up one home before they've found another. Thomas liked my offer, but I was afraid to talk to you about it, because there were a lot of hitches, and I thought that maybe the deal would fall through."

June edged her way into Dick's arms to kiss him. "I'm glad you kept it a secret. It's the most beautiful surprise since Ricky."

AS THIS article goes to press, the Powells have been living in their new home only five weeks. They plan to make many changes and improvements, but to forge ahead slowly. The proof of a good house is in the living, and living on "The Farm" is a better life than the one Dick and Junie ever dreamed of.

In June's own words, "Our farm is an improvement over the Bel-Air house in every way. Specifically, it's better for the children, better environment for their growing up. The tempo is slower and safer than in a traffic-jammed district. Richard and I both feel that it's a good thing for children to develop in the com-

---

I didn't like you, even when I liked you.

Mike Curtiz to an actor

---

pany of other growing things. Pam and Ricky are going to share their growing up with chickens and sheep and dogs and horses and maybe a calf or two."

June Allyson is most at peace with the world when her children are happy, but right now the new house has given her an abundance of peace in her own right. She was never particularly happy competing in the fashionable suburban life of Bel-Air. She was always a little on edge, a bit nervous, and frightened, but in her new surroundings, the tension has disappeared. She can be herself, completely relaxed in blue jeans.

"Another thing—" she adds, "you ought to see the way friends just drop in on us out here. In our old place we used to give parties, expensively catered deals with all the trimmings. Lots of times they were very stiff, very dull. No one relaxed. But you know something? The first Sunday we moved here, 15 friends drove out to see us and practically all of them stayed for a pick-up supper. I raided some spare bricks from the front yard, and Richard rigged up a makeshift grill in the living room fireplace. We cooked hot dogs, and it was more fun than a circus. It's been that way every weekend since we got here."

From Dick's viewpoint, "The Farm" is not only the fulfillment of a long-term desire, it is also a project for the future. "I hope to keep maybe half-a-dozen acres," he says. "The rest of it I'll subdivide. With a little luck I figure we can sell the lots for as much as we paid for the whole deal (approximately \$200,000). I want to sell the lots to friends with families, so that Pam and Ricky can have other chil-

dren nearby. I'm also going to start a plant nursery and get some sheep to eat back the weeds. We should have more than 1,000 chickens in a week or two and they should be worth a few bucks."

POWELL, who is one of the shrewdest money-managers in Hollywood, has all the future details worked out except one. He can't decide whether to stock his lake with fish or keep it as a swimming hole.

"Whatever Powell touches," one of his friends points out, "it's sure to turn to gold. This guy has more financial brains than any other actor in the business. I've been out to his new farm. I've seen all the chickens and land, and it looks very nice to me. But the only thing I'm sure of is that Dick will make a great profit on it."

"It sure is funny, the difference between him and June. She knows nothing about money. Maybe you won't believe this, but Junie doesn't even know her own salary. Dick makes all the big decisions, all the big investments for their family, and pretty darn good ones, too. Junie doesn't know about it, but some of her money has been invested in oil leases in Texas, Oklahoma, California, and Nebraska. Dick has also organized a television company, 'The Four-Star Playhouse' with Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman, Joel McCrea and himself. That's one of the company's programs. They've already sold it to the Singer Sewing Machine people. Another is the 'My Hero' series, starring Bob Cummings."

"I'm telling you, Powell is a frustrated businessman, and I think Junie recognizes that fact, too. That's why she was so happy when he finally landed his first job as a director. He's directing *Split Second* for RKO, you know, with Steve McNally and Jan Sterling, and Dore Schary is willing to give him a chance to direct at Metro. Maybe I should say that Dick Powell is a frustrated creative businessman, because "creative" is certainly the key word in his makeup."

If "creative" best describes Dick Powell, then "adaptive" is probably the key adjective pertaining to his wife.

When Junie looked at the farmhouse Dick had bought for their family, she said very quickly, "I don't think we'll have to buy any new furniture at all. I think everything we have will fit. What doesn't, we'll adapt."

June was right. Outside of a few gifts, the grandfather clock in the hall given to them by decorator Paul Granard, and a coffee samovar in its own niche near the fireplace, June as yet hasn't had to buy one new stick of furniture.

"Positively amazing," says Granard. "We took the furnishings from their two previous homes, and they look better in this background than they've ever looked before. The heavy oak tables, the braided rugs, the English chintz, they all go beautifully with the stone and natural wood finishes of the rooms downstairs."

There are changes to come, of course, but like most good wives, June hopes to bring them in unobtrusively. "Some time this year," she says, "I'm going to change my pink bedroom to all green and white. I think I've kind of outgrown that little-girl pink."

JUNE has outgrown many other things, too—her desire to retire from movies, her fear of large crowds, her basic insecurity, all her self-doubts as to her efficiency as a wife, mother, and actress. And all this is relatively new.

"I believe," says a middle-aged lady who once worked as her housekeeper, "that in buying that old Thomas farmhouse, Dick Powell has done one of the smartest things in his life. He's given Junie a place where she really feels at home."

END



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## it's love! love! love!

(Continued from page 30) and Mocambo, at the social functions of friends. Always they are together, oblivious to the world.

Not too long ago, for example, they came to the Mocambo for Gloria De Haven's opening. Gloria has the kind of figure that gives many other women inferiority complexes and leaves men too breathless to whistle. But did Lamas focus on this gorgeous eyeful? He was politely attentive, casting Gloria a sideward glance or two, but his eyes feasted on Arlene with unsated hunger; his strong, thin fingers curled themselves around her arm. Here was a study of a man who saw what he wanted and wanted what he saw.

A few nights later at Chuck Walters' party, Lamas was again in action. The living room was filled with beautiful, provocative, gorgeously-gowned females. But for the son of Maria and Emilio Lamas that night, all the women in the world were non-existent except for Arlene. "Each time I look at you," he whispered into her hair, "I see you with my heart."

Arlene turned and smiled. Her hand entwined itself in his in an unspoken echo.

**D**OLORES del Rio, one of the world's most beautiful women, who played opposite Lamas in the Argentine version of *Lady Windemere's Fan*, in 1948, was once asked about the young actor in Buenos Aires. "Fernando," she said, "has the most soulful eyes I have ever seen. When he is playing a tender love scene, you cannot help believing him. He has the kind of eyes that are irresistible to most women."

Lamas is the type of lover who is always playing love scenes with or without the benefit of a motion picture camera.

"He makes me feel," Arlene Dahl says, "as if the whole world was bathed in sunshine and goodness."

Elizabeth Taylor, who only recently finished a picture with Fernando, when told of Arlene's statement, said, "I agree with her completely. Fernando is really wonderful."

Even Esther Williams, whose entire interest in men revolves about the colossal proportions of her husband, Ben Gage, has been impressed by the Lamas charm. "We did *Dangerous When Wet* a few weeks ago," Esther recalls, "and Lamas is dangerous wet or dry."

Similarly enthusiastic about the Latin lover is Denise Darcel. "How can you describe Fernando?" she asks. "He has the heart of Casanova, the eyes of Don Juan, the profile of John Barrymore. I know the words in French, but in English it is very difficult for me to express. He is all jammed up with what you would call it—sex appeal."

Chroniclers of the Hollywood scene may consider the sources of such quotations surprising. After all, only a few short months ago, Fernando had been staked out, surveyed, and mortgaged to Lana Turner. "There is only one man in my life that counts," Lana said at that point, "and that man is Fernando Lamas."

You remember, I'm sure, how rumors of their imminent marriage abounded in every screenland salon and saloon. It was just a question of a few legal difficulties before Lana divorced Bob Topping and took unto her self this troubador tenor.

Although more circumspect than usual, Lana made no secret of the fact that she had given her heart to Fernando, that she regarded him as the one great love in her life, that here at last was the end-fulfillment of all her hopes and dreams.

As for Lamas, he, too, made no secret of his love for Lana. "I cannot discuss marriage," he truthfully told reporters, "when I am not yet divorced from my wife; so

please don't ask me when I am going to marry Miss Turner." But, then, Lydia Lamas, the beautiful and intelligent Scotch-Italian girl, who had married Fernando in Montevideo in 1946, went to Las Vegas and returned with a divorce. This time the reporters descended on Fernando again and said, "Okay, you're free now. When are you and Lana gonna make it legal?"

Lamas, who is liked very much by the Hollywood press corps, merely grinned and shrugged his shoulders. "I am free—yes," he agreed, "only Miss Turner is not."

**W**HAT Fernando did not say at that particular time, however, was that the great love he and Lana had kindled between them was no longer blazing brightly. In fact its intensity had begun to diminish even before the celebrated quarrel at the Marion Davies party.

There are many stories in circulation as to what caused the rupture in the Lana-Fernando relationship. One would have you believe that Lamas grew insane with jealousy when he saw his lovely sweetheart dancing with Lex Barker. Another canard is that Lamas, for many years one of the great amateur boxers in Argentina, so lost his temper that night that he not only swung at Lex, but also jabbed Lana with a fast left.

All of this is ridiculous, of course. There is no doubt but what Fernando and Lana quarreled during and after the Marion Davies party. I was there and I heard them. But let's face it—it takes more than one quarrel, no matter how violent, to dissolve a year-long love affair.

The simple truth is that the love affair was dying. Had Lana Turner agreed to divorce Bop Topping immediately after he

**For my dough, Ava Gardner is one of the nicest gals in town. Also a very top actress. Don't ever sell her short; she's long on talent.**

Clark Gable

strayed from the true and narrow path; had she secured her freedom quickly instead of trying to wrangle a fair and equitable financial settlement, she might be Mrs. Fernando Lamas today. For make no mistake about it, this past summer Lana had her Latin boy groggy with love.

When she flew up to Zephyr Cove, Nevada, with her daughter, Cheryl, for a vacation, Fernando, despite the fact that he was working six days a week, would fly up on the seventh just to be near her.

It was at this time, as a matter of fact, that he entered into divorce discussions with his estranged Lydia.

He wanted Lana badly. Each night after he finished work on the set, he would phone her, tell her all that he did that day, exchange small endearments—nothing important was said, but the phone calls always left him spiritually at peace . . . temporarily, at least.

**I**t is a sad truth, but as regards Fernando Lamas and marriage, Lana Turner missed the boat. She should have struck while the iron was hot, passion was seething, desire knew no reason.

Instead, for the first time in her life she let love come last. She relegated it to a subsidiary position, placing it after her daughter's welfare, her career, and money—and, in the process of relegation, it died.

Of all the women Lamas has known in his life, Lana is the only one who, at this juncture, is not his friend. His two former wives, for example, speak of him glowingly. Azuzena Mus, his first, once told a *La Prensa* reporter, "Fernando is a young man of character and integrity, and mark my word, he will make a place for himself in the world one day. He has talent and

will-power. He was a good husband to me."

Lydia Babacci Lamas, who lives in Beverly Hills and has custody of their daughter, Alexandra, a six-year-old beauty with large, luminous brown eyes, has said time and again, "Although we are divorced, Fernando and I are very great friends. He is not to blame that our marriage did not work. We were separated by circumstances, and I grew very nervous. It is all over with now, but any woman will look long and far before she finds someone as thoughtful and considerate as Fernando. He is of Spanish descent, you know; and he has all the fire of those people."

**W**ITH Lana Turner irrevocably lost—although there is a large school of Hollywood masterminds which believes that if he were to knock on Turner's front door today, she would gladly let him in—Fernando, last October, began to wonder about whom he would take to the MODERN SCREEN party. This is one of the outstanding social functions of the year in Hollywood during which the most popular actors and actresses are awarded sterling silver platters, bowls, cups, scrolls, certificates and other tributes and acknowledgments of their popularity.

When Fernando was told that he was scheduled to receive an award as one of the year's most up-and-coming players, he phoned Arlene Dahl and asked if she would accompany him.

Why Arlene Dahl?

The vicious gossips say it was because he wanted to wreak his vengeance on Lex Barker from whom Arlene had just secured a divorce. But that's only gossip.

"Why did I call Arlene?" Lamas asks. "Very simple. A few years ago when first reported to MGM, I could hardly speak any English. The studio gave me marvelous instructress, Gertrude Fogle. In a few months I was ready to make screen test in English. To play opposite me in this test, George Sidney, the great director—he asked Arlene Dahl. Now, Arlene did not have to do it. After all, I was a nobody and making tests is not much fun. But you know what Arlene said? She said 'I would love to do it.' She was so gracious, so feminine; she was so helpful to me, perfect stranger, that my heart went out to her in gratitude.

"She was so kind during the test. She saw that I had the benefit of her wisdom and experience. And she is such a beauty—not only in the face but in the soul as well—that I remember saying to myself 'Fernando, here is one girl you will never forget.' And I didn't.

"When I phoned and asked her if she like to go with me to the MODERN SCREEN party, she accepted. I have been going with her ever since. I do not want to speak of love or affection or anything like that—but to me Arlene Dahl is a woman in every sense of the word. She is what one might call classically feminine."

What does Arlene Dahl think of her new lovelight? "I'm extremely fond of Fernando," she says. "We've seen each other quite frequently. As a matter of fact, he's practically the only one I've seen. Don't get any wrong impressions. I've been working on *Here Come The Girls*. It's got a ten-week shooting schedule. I don't think I have a day off; so that I don't really have too much time for a hectic social life."

"I'm not denying, however, that I've seen Fernando a good many times. What will come of it I don't know. My divorce won't be final until next year. In the meanwhile he's a lot of fun to be with, much more versatile than you'd think. He's got a good mind; he's a great athlete; he sings beautifully; he's very handsome; and he dances divinely."

There are some cynics who say that Fernando and Arlene are using each other



that they both came along at the right time, that one needed a man and the other a woman. Others claim that this is merely a case in point of a double rebound, Fernando from Lana, and Arlene from Lex.

This isn't particularly true. If it were just a question of needing someone of the opposite sex, Fernando and Arlene might easily have their pick. Arlene, after her divorce, began dating Greg Bautzer, the world's champion escort of beautiful women, but that lasted for only two dates. Once Lamas came into the picture, Bautzer was shunted to the showers.

Lamas admits that he needs someone like Arlene Dahl. The reason for this is essentially psychological and has its roots in his background. His father died of pneumonia when he was one; and his mother of peri-

tonitis when he was four. As a youngster he was raised by two 70-year-old grandmothers who shared his custody. He has no brothers, no sisters, and in his youth there was a conspicuous lack of young feminine beauty. There is a possibility that his single-minded devotion to one beautiful woman at a time is to compensate for his motherless childhood.

Whatever the reason, whatever the motivation, the fact remains that Fernando Lamas is one of the truly great lovers in the world today. A make-up man at MGM, when he heard recently that Lamas had been replaced by Ricardo Montalban to star opposite Lana Turner in *Latin Lovers*, said sadly, "Montalban's a good performer—he'll do fine in the picture—but not so well by Lana personally. Just imagine

Lana Turner in a film with that Lamas. Maybe she hates his guts; maybe she can't stand the sight of him, but the scene calls for them to make passionate love. He takes her in his arms, her antagonism melts away, gradually they melt into a kiss. I'm telling you they'd be back together in a minute and the picture would gross ten million bucks. Lana has a great earthy quality. She belongs to a guy like Lamas. Not that I have anything against his new girl friend, Arlene Dahl. It's just that somehow to me she doesn't seem capable of real, downright passion. She should be going with some Greek god like Apollo. But who knows? Maybe Lamas can warm her up—he's a walking generator." **END**

(Fernando Lamas will soon be seen in MGM's *The Girl Who Had Everything*.)

## cinderella's tired

(Continued from page 29) I don't know another man and woman with less in common. Aly the playboy, Rita the retiring. One the extrovert. The other tongue-tied and shy. Aly loves horses, gambling and women, in that order. He's a spendthrift, a night-clubber, cannot bear to be alone.

Rita is none of these things. But it was cruel to call her a peasant, because, to quote her third husband—"At eight o'clock at night the only thing she's interested in is putting on her slippers and sitting by the fire. She ignores night life and is not interested in social life. She's a homebody."

Since when is it wrong to want to live quietly with the man you love, to build understanding and companionship away from the glitter of the phoney and the frivolous, to build a home for children in which the parents stay? This was Rita's long-standing dream. And to make it materialize with Aly, she was willing to toss aside a million-dollar movie career, to live in his country, to put him first in all her plans. And for this she's called a peasant and immature. At 33 she's more mature than the 40-plus Aly will ever be. I tip my hat to her. She tried.

If she'd been 29—and done the slippers-by-the-fire routine, that would have been different. At 20 she didn't. She loved nightclubs then. And a long string of beaux took her dancing—from Tony Martin to Vic Mature. In fact, one reason she paid alimony to Ed Judson was reportedly because he presented a long list of dancing partners to Rita's lawyer and threatened to splash 'em on the front pages. Now Rita and Ed are friends again, but I don't think she'll ever forgive him. And I don't think she'll forgive Aly for the present humiliation.

THERE are so many conflicting stories. His friends tell me he was very generous with Rita. But hers say the reverse. Let's study His and Hers. His: He gave her an engagement ring that cost between \$50,000 and \$100,000. And a diamond bracelet and earrings to match. Bought her racehorses. Opened charge accounts with world-famous Parisian coutouriers. And when he was in Hollywood that last time, he gave her the cash to buy the most expensive make of Cadillac.

Hers: When Rita first left Aly, I asked her, "Did you bring back a lot of jewelry?" "Nothing that I didn't have before," she replied—"except this." And she showed me a gold St. Christopher medal with half a dozen very small diamonds on the edge. "But what happened to the flawless engagement ring?" I wanted to know. "She had to sell the ring to help pay Aly's debts," I was told.

This is for sure. When she returned to her movie career she was too broke to buy

a house, and her agent had to advance cash for everyday living. And one of these days I'll ask Rita what happened to the \$55,000 that Aly's business associate here collected for the sale of her Brentwood home. Her pals insist she gave it to Aly. And she corroborated it in October when she complained—"He's a playboy who spends his time and my money at race-tracks and casinos while I slave making pictures."

They call Rita money-mad because she held out for a huge settlement for Yasmin. She isn't mercenary, she's obstinate. And you don't need an X-ray to see the workings of her mind. If Aly's two sons by his previous marriage can get a three-million-dollar trust fund each from him, then their daughter is surely worth just as much. Okay, so Moslems don't think a daughter's so hot. Rita's American, and girls in this country rate as much as boys.

It's a secret how much mother and lawyer were able to shake lose for the little girl, but you can bet your bottom dollar that the check was signed by Aly's aged father, who wanted the divorce settled and done with, just as much as he wanted the marriage in the first place. Then, to kill the scandal of their world wide wanderings. Now, to keep their marital shenanigans from continuing to shock his Moslem followers who pay to keep him in the style in which he couldn't live without.

THERE are also two schools of thought as to exactly how much money Aly can call his own. Her friends insist he hasn't a dime except the expense account he gets from Pop, that he is always broke, that he owed \$100,000 to the little Casino in Monte Carlo for a year and that's why he has to gamble in the big Casino!

But Aly's buddies reveal that in the horse department alone, in which the Prince is in 50-50 with the Aga Khan, he could get \$10,000,000 tomorrow for his share, and that recently he bought a huge tract of property worth trillions, between Cannes and Monte Carlo. Also that he owns five huge homes in his own right. That he has a yacht, an airplane, servants by the score, and simply fabulous inheritance prospects.

Well, even unlimited coffers or credit can scrape bottom if you take out all the time, without putting anything back. It happens with mother nature and it can happen with father spendthrift. And, perish the thought, what if the toiling, moiling peoples who supply the income for Aly's wonder way of life were to turn off the golden flow suddenly? I guess the pampered playboy would have to work. Even as Rita has worked since she was 12 years old to reach her present pinnacle of success.

It's a mystery to me why she ever wanted this man. She needs him like a hole in her check book. But she wanted him all right. And it's true she wanted the reconcilia-

tion, whereas Aly merely didn't want a divorce. He prefers his dishes piping hot, and Rita was just a warmed over meal. But you'd think that in the few brief days that he allotted his wife in Hollywood—not more than a week—that he would play ball, at least try to please her.

But the quiet life Rita loves is an impossible dreariness for Aly. After three days he was guest of honor at the Charles Vidor party, without Rita. She was invited too, but obstinately refused to accompany him. And she stayed home when Cole Porter threw a whingding on the fourth night. On the fifth day, Aly flew to the Del Mar racetrack without her. And on the sixth he drove to Long Beach to visit a former friend—feminine gender.

So it's obvious that Rita was in love with her Prince, and you can see how much she wanted the marriage to work when she took off for his home in Paris. He was supposed to meet her boat at Cherbourg, but he wasn't there when she arrived. He was somewhere in the South of France having a barrel of fun. She proceeded to the Paris house alone. A few days later he leisurely turned up and made a big thing of the reunion, calling in all the photographers to witness the loving poses "with my wife."

I WAS critical of Rita when she didn't take their daughter to Europe to be with her father. Now I see why. It's one thing for Rita to take a chance with Aly; but until she was certain in her own mind it could work out, she wouldn't drag a couple of kids back and forth across the Atlantic in winter. She did that once, and had to leave them in France while she flew to Africa with her lord, who could never be her master.

That's another thing Rita will never fathom. How can Aly don a mantle of piety with the ease of pressing a button, when all he lives for in Europe is fun, Fun, FUN? So, in faraway Africa, she accused him of hypocrisy. She could be right, although an intimate of Aly's tells me he had a lunch date with Aly at the Ritz not long ago, but Aly cancelled at the last hour, explaining he had to fly to London to see the Swedish Ambassador. When asked "Why?" he replied, "I'm trying to get Swedish steel for my followers in Africa."

Even steel loses its strength when you put it through fire. And even if Rita's flame for Aly ever glows again, which could happen but I doubt it, it'll be a flicker, not a blaze. As I told you previously, Rita can never revolutionize her outlook to where she could live on champagne for breakfast—for Aly, water is something you wash in only—and heartbreak for supper. And that brings us to the women in his life.

This last time, even while he was telephoning Rita with the news he was on his way to her in Hollywood, he was also writing letters to Yvonne De Carlo making a



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With Bobby Driscoll as the voice of Peter Pan

date for a whirling weekend in New York! And while supposedly shattered with grief when Rita took off, without notice, to America, while he was hymn-singing in Nairobi, he drowned his disappointment in the fascinating company of pert Greek star Irene Pappas. He even found time between tears to introduce her to Mack Sennett, because she thought he was still a big wheel in the picture business and could bring her to Hollywood.

Those Katharine Dunham rumors just about the time Rita was expecting their baby? His Deauville dates with Joan Fontaine? They might have meant something, they probably meant nothing. Let us never forget that in Moslem tradition a woman counts for nothing except to bear sons for the glory of Allah. You can bet that Rita will rear Yasmin for the glory of the little girl's happiness whatever the religion. She's a good mother in spite of her frenzied and pathetic non-stop search for the perfect romance, which has in the past taken her away from her children very frequently when she'd rather be with them.

WHEN Glenn Ford, who has worked so much with Rita, talks about her, which he only rarely does, there's a great sympathy and a touch of tragedy in his voice. He seems apprehensive for her happiness. And actually, with the shedding of her once Prince Charming, what does the future promise for Rita?

She won't lack money—although she asked none for herself from Aly. She's expected to collect at least half-a-million dollars from her last two pictures—*Affair In Trinidad*, and *Salome*—capital gains too—for her own Beckwith Corporation. And I don't see how she can miss with *Miss Sadie Thompson*, the Somerset Maugham play, *Rain*, that has brought fame and acclaim to everyone who plays the leading lady.

Rita isn't careful or particularly clever with money. She lives quietly, doesn't spend money on parties or pretties, and she can stash enough away to retire one day on her own terms.

Money could never spell happiness for Rita. I'm not sure anything can. But a reasonable facsimile will have to look like a Man. She'll fall in love again—and again and again. The woods are full of men willing to leap on the Hayworth love wagon. Publicity seekers like Bob Savage, who trumpeted about some kisses and called a columnist with the world-shaking news that he was off to Spain to marry her—and she didn't know who he was from Hades.

Rita, the girl without formal education, has an innate instinct for the right thing to do. She's always a lady when she busts up with her beaux, even when she marries them—and except for explaining that she couldn't live with a genius—Orson Wells—invariably says, "No comment," before and after the romance of the moment.

She said, "No comment," when asked if she planned to marry Spanish Count José Maria Villa-Padierna when she divorces Aly. Although she was seen everywhere with the Count in Madrid when she left Aly's mansion in Paris—the Spaniard's a horse breeder, too, and I'll bet she won't play second fiddle to the nags again. (Rita's unpredictable so I won't bet too much!)

Casting a cold eye over the Hollywood product, your favorite guess is as good as mine. Dick Greene was a favorite when she left. But she might be married to someone else when you read this. She raised her sights when she raised her hairline, 15, 16 years ago. Now Rita wants to revert to the kind of life that was possible when she answered to Marguerite Cansino. Cinderella is tired. The glass shoe pinched. We can only hope her fairy godmother has another trick up her wand. P. S. It's pumpkins to Princes the old gal has.

END



# modern screen's party of the year

(Continued from page 46) to everybody but himself. Then he leaned back and said, "That's the longest speech in my life. Let me out of here!"

"Me, too," Mr. Delacorte agreed. So they went back to the party which shifted suddenly into high gear as the doors opened wide to admit the year's greatest gathering of stars.

It's almost impossible to report all the excitement that goes on at a party like this one. Who escorts whom and who goes home with the one that didn't bring 'em.

For instance there was the case of Lana Turner and her erstwhile gentleman friend, Fernando Lamas. Lana, who won the All-Time Ten-Year Popularity Award, a handful of votes ahead of Betty Grable, was taken with a sudden attack of flu the day before the party and couldn't attend. This on the heels of a mild adventure in Palm Springs, during which Lana and Ava Gardner had a spat with Frank Sinatra over nobody knows what. Meantime, the news was out that Lana and Fernando were no longer making such beautiful music together, and everyone wondered who the Metro Latin Lover would escort to the party.

Fernando didn't let romance down. He showed up with Arlene Dahl, recently detached from Lex Barker. Arlene's beauty was at its cameo-like perfection and those who knew Lana said that Fernando couldn't have brought anyone who would make Lana more jealous. (That's what *they* said. We're not saying, nor is Lana.)

You never can tell what's going to be the big scoop at a party. In Hollywood, if some of the guests come with the people they are supposed to, *that's* news. For example, Diana Lynn and her architect husband, if you believe some columns, are not getting along too well with their reconciliation. But at the MODERN SCREEN party they looked like they had just discovered each other yesterday, and it wasn't acting.

But what really started the whispering was the sudden appearance of Mr. and Mrs. Dale Robertson. This was shortly on the heels of the announcement that they had separated. No one expected that they'd show up together. They did, though, and every time an unattached male whispered to another, "Who's that luscious *doll*," he got the answer, "That's Mrs. Dale Robertson—better try to date somebody else!"

It seems that Mr. Robertson is not a man to be fooled with. He had a wonderful time at the party, particularly when he cornered Chuck Saxon, the editor, and told him right out in a public corner that he was sore about something or other. When they were through with their brief argument, Chuck was heard to exclaim, "I got to hand it to that guy. I never knew an actor who had courage to tell an editor off in person. But (P. S.) that doesn't mean that I agree with him."

**F**UNNY about Hollywood parties. It takes more than a small fight, verbal or otherwise, to make one a success, and all hands agreed that this, indeed, was the "party that lasts all year," for the reporters and photographers had a field day from the time Louella Parsons showed up, escorted by the distinguished song writer, Jimmy McHugh, until Marilyn Monroe made a climactic solo entrance, causing all males present to gravitate across the room until it looked top-heavy. Then Jane Russell came in the opposite door, and balance was somewhat restored.

Yup, there's a fever about a successful party. There were a lot of gate-crashers, including Johnnie Ray, who for some reason or other never received an invitation. But he was there, laughing, not crying.

"You know what I think, Mr. Delacorte?" Bob Mitchum asked, answering the question himself. "I think you ought to sell tickets to this party every year for producers who are searching for new talent." He arched a famous eyebrow at an unknown blonde who practically swooned in her tracks. "There are enough stars of tomorrow here to cast every picture for the next two years."

Mr. Mitchum never said it better, and he's said many a mouthful in his time, for

**Cannes Film Festival prize awards are not statuettes, a la Oscar, but paintings and rare books.**

Irving Hoffman in  
The Hollywood Reporter

among those present were Karen Sharpe, the TV lovely who shares MODERN SCREEN Golden Key honors with the darkly beautiful Ursula (RKO) Thiess, Paramount's Joan Taylor, Red Skelton's exciting blonde comedy sparring partner, Lucy Knoch, Anne Francis and other MS discoveries.

When guests could take their eyes off such enticing creatures as Piper Laurie and the buxom Denise Darcel, they chorused one of the most repeated questions of the evening, namely, "Who is that striking brunette in the gingham dress—the one with the *eyes*?"

Naturally it was obvious that all the girls at the party had eyes, but this child was something else again. She wasn't and isn't more than 19 years old. And the hit she made at the party was big enough, although a mere atom compared to a hydrogen explosion that followed later that same night when she took the spotlight at Mocambo and sang her way into a big time Paramount contract. The girl's name is Joanne Gilbert. She's the daughter of famous song writer, Ray Gilbert, and what she has in voice and figure is welcome to movie-goers as well as Paramount stockholders. If you don't believe it, wait until you see her in the big musical, *Away We Go*, in which she is co-starred (in her very first picture, yet) with Donald O'Connor.

On the male side, there were the discoveries of the last couple of years—the darkly handsome Tony Dexter, Bob Wagner, who arrived stag to claim his cup because Debbie Reynolds had to work that night, Ricardo Montalban, Bob Stack, Ken Tobey, Dick Anderson and Gene Nelson.

And then (draw a long breath, gals), there was that six-foot, four-inch male who is being groomed to take John Wayne's place at Republic, now that John has gone free lance. It just happens that his name is John, too. John Russell. And you can get a load of him, even if you weren't at the party, in *Fair Wind To Java*.

**Y**OU'VE probably pondered on the problems of being a movie star. Consider the problem of being a reporter and trying to tell about a gala party in which almost all of the famous guests should be in the first paragraph of your story. Particularly when you have personal favorites, such as Marge and Gower Champion, who won the award for being 1952's Co-starring Discoveries. There are no greater people than these, nor for that matter than Paul Douglas and his wife, Jan Sterling.

We came upon Jan and Paul as they were telling Louella Parsons and George Delacorte about the plans for their second trip to Korea (which has just taken place.) They were about to take off by plane with Carleton Carpenter, Barbara Ruick, Peggy King, Rory Calhoun and a host of others to make the G.I. Christmas a little happier.

If you don't think actors are rugged, genuine people, try looking Paul Douglas in the eye sometime. Or risk a handshake with Buddy Baer.

That's if you like actors. We happen to like the endless gang who were at the party. Like David Wayne, who spills over with talent. Like Charlton Heston, who is a cinch to land on the Ten Most Popular list in 1953. (Our authority: the editors' wives.) Like the cowboy contingent, long popular Johnny Mack Brown and Rex Allen. Like Pete Lawford and John Agar. Now there's a MODERN SCREEN favorite, just beginning to get his big breaks so long deserved. John's lovely wife told us that his new picture for RKO is going to be *My Dad, J. R.*, Edward Arnold's son.

"This joint—beg pardon—this place—is like Grand Central Station," Academy Award winner Celeste Holm exclaimed. "Every time I come to a MODERN SCREEN party I don't believe it—there are so many new stars. I figure a girl's got to keep busy to keep working." Her modesty is becoming but not necessary, for Celeste, after wowing them on Broadway and in TV for a year, is back to make competition even tougher in Hollywood.

Speaking of competition, two stars really scored in the fashion and beauty department. There was our particular pet, Ann Blyth, who arrived with one arm linked to new acting discovery, Palmer Lee, who could be a new romance. The other arm carried her magnificent new mink cape, and her delightful face was framed in a hat that just wouldn't stop. (Hedda Hopper will pay her plenty for that chapeau when Ann is through with it.) Then, Jeanne Crain, in a white beaded dress with a feathered picture hat. She stopped the party cold for at least a minute and a half, and caused Don Taylor to take his eyes away from the ever-charming Mrs. T. long enough to exclaim, "I don't believe it!" (If we misquote you, Don, see you next year and we'll straighten it out.)

**S**o the band played on, flowing like champagne, right up to the several wonderful climaxes of the evening, one of which occurred when Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, both among the Ten Most Popular Favorites of the year, showed up to accept the All-Time Comedy Favorites Award for Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, who were keeping the public hysterical on a personal appearance tour.

"Aha!" Janet exclaimed into the radio microphone, "this is a great opportunity. We can lose those guys right now."

"Sure thing," Tony agreed. "This is as good a time as any to grab a few minutes to tell the world about our co-starring picture, *Houdini*." But they didn't do that. Instead, they said so many good things about America's favorite idiots that there isn't room to print them here. (And speaking of idiots, Tony was limping from an accident received on the set. Some columnist reported that Janet had kicked him under the table. No truth to this, though.)

Well, that's rumor for you. Rumor usually starts with beautiful women. Perhaps that's why, because Marilyn appeared alone at the party, people got the idea that she and Joe DiMaggio had busted up. The truth was that Joe wasn't ready yet to make his first big public splash with Marilyn.

Marilyn, however, made plenty of splash on her own. When she was interviewed on the air by Jim McCulla, she matched him quip for quip as she accepted her Most Popular New Star Award. And because a party has to end somewhere, we conclude this report with Jim asking Marilyn, "Do gentlemen prefer blondes?"

Marilyn staggered the commentator with her famous look and replied, lazily, "Gosh, Jim, I HOPE SO!"





*Anne Baxter*

co-starring in "I CONFESS"  
A Warner Bros. Production

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# modern screen fashions



■ The *enchanted silhouette*—dream of all, a reality for movie stars, yours within reach! Above right, Anne Baxter, star of *My Wife's Best Friend* for 20th and right, beautiful Janice Rule, young film star and ballerina pose in clothes from their personal wardrobes—their costumes the more glamorous because of the enchanted silhouette! On the left, the Playtex fabric lined girdle—like a second skin, without a single seam, stitch or bone. Playtex girdles are perforated so that they breathe like the pores of the skin, they wash and pat dry in seconds. Playtex—glamor foundation for all types of clothes!





## YOUR HEART'S DESIRE

■ Beauty, glamor, practicality—a complete bra wardrobe—all for \$4! Above, nylon wonder bra with circle-stitched cups lined in the under-sections—peek-a-boo front for sharper accentuation. About \$1. Above right, deep-plunging bra of acetate satin edged with embroidered nylon-sheer—full elasticized bottom band. About \$1. Right, alluring strapless bra. Circle-stitched acetate satin and embroidered nylon-sheer cups, wired around sides and top for perfect fit—low-cut lastex back. About \$2. All three bras in white (strapless in black also)—all three by Lovable. Jewelry by Richelieu.



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## PRETTY AS A PICTURE

■ Nancy Olson, appearing in the Wayne-Fellows production *Big Jim McLain* released by Warner Brothers, co-starring John Wayne, poses in a lovely all-nylon Luxite nitie of tricot, net and lace. Luxite makes a matching slip petticoat and pantie—all are available in white or pink—nitie also available in blue. Nitie, 32 to 42, about \$7. Slip, 32 to 42, about \$5. Petticoat, small, medium or large, about \$3.50. Pantie, 4 to 7, about \$1.75



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## “STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT...”

■ Brilliant star Joanne Dru—co-starring with Richard Widmark in 20th's *My Pal Gus* and next to be seen in U-I's *Thunder Bay* co-starring with Jimmy Stewart—in a Stardust gown of plissé cotton crepe, dramatically styled and trimmed with embroidered nylon sheer and nylon net. Gown (and shortie gown, not shown) in pink, maize, blue or white. Gown, sizes 32 to 40 (shortie gown, S.M.L.). About \$2.98 each. Companion Stardust slip, camisole and petticoat (not shown)—in white only. Slip, sizes 32 to 44. Camisole and petticoat, S.M.L. About \$1.98 each. Stardust lingerie guaranteed for one year—no ironing necessary.

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## modern screen's fashions

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If there is no store listed near you, write to the Fashion Dept., c/o Modern Screen, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

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### STARDUST LINGERIE—Pg. 72

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Dallas, Texas—Titcher Goettinger Co.  
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Little Rock, Ark.—Gus Blass Co.  
Minneapolis, Minn.—L. S. Donaldson  
Nashville, Tenn.—Harvey's  
New York, N. Y.—Saks 34th Street  
Oklahoma City, Okla.—Halliburton's  
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Seattle, Wash.—Bon Marche  
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Comfort plus glamour is the big news in casual footwear! Above, Ah-Footsie slippers with thick puffy foamex rubber soles, made of corduroy with contrast trim—hand washable. Red, yellow, blue, white or green. Sizes: S. M. L. or XL. About \$1.98. Available at leading department stores throughout the country.

# the dress of the month

February is Aquarius  
Sign of Love



Love that silken look?

Love that blush of soft pastels?

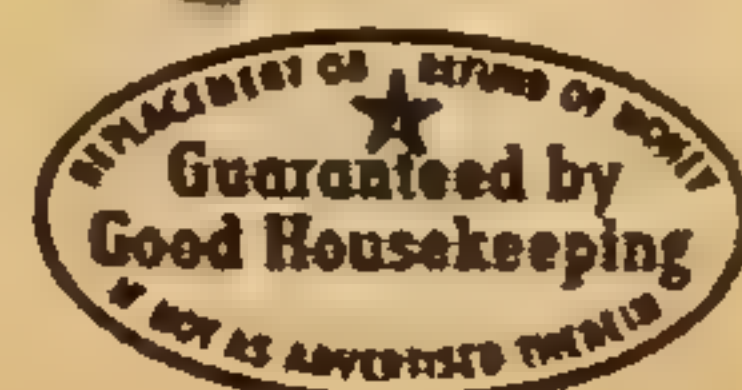
Love that dress which does wonders for your figure, your wardrobe, your morale? Then you'll love your RITE-FIT Dress of the Month selections for February. As always RITE-FIT reaches for the stars to give you the remarkable value, the most outstanding fashions for the lovely-to-look-at price of each dress, about \$9



Above — Shimmering watercolor print of acetate and nylon has a lovely silken touch. Collar stands up with a flip of the hand. Rhinestone buttons gleam like sunlight on water. Aqua/pink, rose/blue, grey/violet. Sizes: 14½ to 22½.

Bur-mil Fabric Printed by United Piece Dye Works.

Right — Day and night elegance in designer-inspired dress, deeply collared and softly bowed with ripple scallops circling the wide skirt. Silk faced rayon and acetate shantung. Colors: Aqua, dream blue, orchid, grey. Sizes: 14½ to 22½.



MAX WIESEN & SONS CO., INC. 463 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 18



## D is for daddy

(Continued from page 56) they stare glassy-eyed at the TV. But at other times, in the grip of the enthusiasm that energizes all new home owners, they stalk about their property and marvel at their accomplishments and fall in love with the place all over again. It is then that they stand at the huge window—that is two glass walls of the living room—and look down at the million lights of the city far beneath, and with arms about one another grin at their handiwork and frustrations alike and contemplate happily the certain joys of the future there on their mountain top.

There is no doorbell. Attention is gained by knuckling the heavy front door. Michael Wilding greeted me dressed in a pair of faded blue jeans, moccasins and a casual sport shirt. He ushered me to the lone sofa and handed me a tall cool glass of iced tea. Elizabeth Taylor Wilding came in a moment later and she was a sight to behold. I have no talent for describing fashions, but she wore a pair of clinging corduroy trousers and a short jacket of the same material, trimmed and lined with checkered satin. She carried herself with the regal poise of all young mothers. Pregnancy has not altered her beauty. Her full mouth was as mobile as ever and as quick to smile. Her huge violet eyes were as bright, her exquisite complexion as fair as when I had seen her last. She wore her hair cut like an urchin, with wispy strands caressing her forehead and the back of her neck. As she strutted about the room she looked like an expensive doll that might be seen in a Fifth Avenue shop window.

The purpose of the call was, of course, to talk about the coming baby, but, as we sat there talking, it suddenly developed into a briefing session. I observed that to Michael Wilding the birth of his child was an event bristling with possibilities of disaster. Not tragedy, but minor disaster that added up could muddle things intolerably.

**T**HERE is an old joke, still cackled over in country territory, that goes something like this: A gentleman, calling on a lady who lived in a fourth floor apartment, melted a few too many ice cubes. As he was leaving, he mistook a pair of French doors for the main entrance—and seconds later was picking himself off the sidewalk below. There he encountered an acquaintance who confessed that he, too, was about to call on the same young lady. "Then I am in a position to give you some advice," said the near-casualty. "When you leave, watch that first step. It's a Lulu!"

Someone, somewhere at sometime must have convinced Michael Wilding that the first step in the raising of a family is a Lulu, for he approaches the date with extreme anxiety. As a matter of fact, he prepares for it very much in the manner of the classic caricature of a moving picture father-to-be. He doesn't actually spoon-feed Elizabeth or help her in and out of chairs, but he views her every unexpected move with alarm. And her oft-said, "Now really, Michael, I'm all right!" is taken with a grain of salt.

It has been a smug practice for ages for other people to smile slyly at a man's concern at the time of birth. He has been depicted in cartoons and on film trembling like a thief at a convention of detectives. He has been lampooned as a dolt who, in time of stress, pulls his trousers on over his pajamas and races to the hospital alone, unaware that his wife is still casually packing at home. He has been pictured as a fool with an active passion for pulling

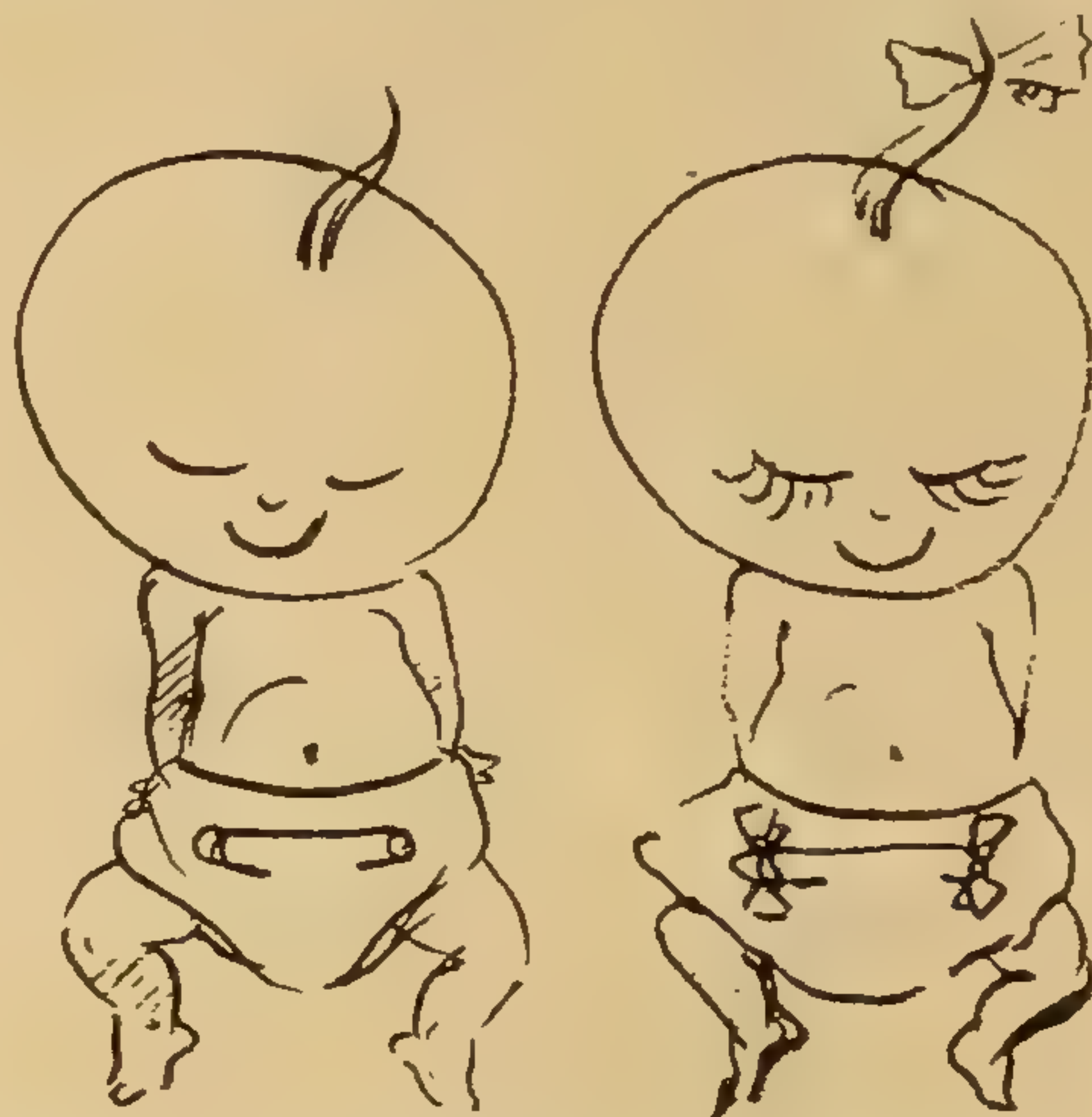
on the lapels of obstetrical physicians while he pleads for assurance that the little lady is going to pull through. The mildest canard is that he is a nimble idiot who can smoke an entire package of cigarettes at one time in the narrow area of that comedy institution, the Fathers' Room.

Well, none of these caricatures will fit Michael Wilding on The Day. He has seen to all eventualities. Not like a floundering simpleton, but like a man quite aware of what can happen if even the smallest detail is left to chance.

There is a hazardous distance of some ten miles between the Wilding home and the hospital in Santa Monica where the child is to be born. It has been thoroughly reconnoitered. Trial runs have been made in both the Wilding cars, Elizabeth's Cadillac and Michael's Jaguar. At the present time Elizabeth makes it more quickly and with less effort in her car.

According to the plan I listened to, at the first sign of a suspect pang, the obstetrician—who has been requested to keep in touch during the last month—will be calmly called and the nature, extent and area of the discomfort will be described to him in a matter-of-fact tone. No hysteria. If, as is to be expected, the doctor considers it nothing more than a bit of dinner salmon, the Wildings will return to bed and to sleep.

Upon the occasion of the real thing—and



Exclusive to Modern Screen: Artist Michael Wilding's conception of his future son or daughter. Mother-to-be Liz had "no comment."

the Wildings plan to trust to the obstetrician's instincts on this—there will be an orderly but speedy preparation for departure. A bag, containing the needs of the mother in the hospital, will, of course, be packed and placed near the front door well in advance of The Day. Michael and Elizabeth figure it will attract no more attention than an occasional "What's that?" There will be no getting into the wrong things. Although Michael has never been in a fire house, his clothing will be arranged so that he can slip into his most important garments with no waste of time or energy—much like a fire-fighter, who can leap from a sound sleep in his shorts to a fully-dressed thud at the bottom of a brass pole in 60 seconds.

**A**LTHOUGH completely inexperienced in the business of fatherhood, Michael Wilding is, of course, fully aware that a long-legged bird is not going to flap onto his chimney some night and drop his heir into his waiting arms. He knows that getting his wife to the proper place of arrival is his responsibility, and that transportation over that hazardous ten miles must be arranged with the closest attention to detail. Altogether too many children mix their first angry cry with the unmusical click of a taxi meter; and policemen are delivering as many babies in some localities as doctors.

The Beverly Hills Police Department has been alerted and has agreed to provide an escort, complete with sirens to terrify all non-expecting motorists out of the way, to the hospital. With this assistance Michael figures he can get Elizabeth into the maternity quarters almost as fast as if he lived next door. The method of summoning the coppers will probably have to be by telephone, although there is the hazard there of wrong numbers, fingers stuck in dials and operators who, in emergencies, can't speak English. A flare might do the trick, but then the men on the desk watch at the Beverly Hills Police station would be required to keep their eyes peeled to the north sky all during the month of January. Too risky.

Elizabeth made a suggestion during the briefing that they drive sanely down the mountain and pick up the escort at the Beverly Hills Hotel. This may be adopted.

Another thing that Michael Wilding is cognizant of is that babies born in hospitals sometimes get mixed up. He remembers reading somewhere that it happened right in Los Angeles about 1936. "A man takes an awful chance," he said. "They put a lot of them in back of that glassed-in pen in little cribs, and the Lord knows how they keep track of who they belong to. No sense in taking a chance on that, is there?"

In order to avoid this possibility, the Wildings have already engaged two rooms at the hospital with a door between, so that either Michael or Elizabeth can keep an eye on the tot from the time it is delivered until they take it home. He has been assured by his wife's doctor, the hospital staff and most of his friends that the babies are footprinted immediately after birth, tagged with identification beads and never out of the sight of a wary nurse until they have been settled in their own marked crib. But he doesn't trust the system. And he and Elizabeth both excuse the other room and the special nurses required on the grounds that in this way they will be able to see their first born at any time, and that Michael will not have to observe regular visiting hours and press his nose against a pane of glass to get a peek at his offspring.

**B**EYOND ushering Elizabeth through the hospital doors and into a room where she will be in competent hands, Michael has no definite plans. He feels that when this has been done his duties as a pre-father will have been discharged. His only obligation from that point forward will be to see that the doctor is kept awake and aware of the importance of the occasion, and that the nurses remember they are disciples of Florence Nightingale and spare Elizabeth all possible discomfort.

No one has had the heart, apparently, to tell him about the hours of waiting. He has not been briefed on the Fathers' Room. Well, having been there, I can tell him about that.

When Elizabeth has been taken beyond the one-way door that leads to the alien area of the maternity ward—a place which no male without an MD tacked on his name may enter—his usefulness in the matter at hand will have ended. He will be treated like an old lover, abandoned and forgotten. He will be ignored by all members of the hospital staff, who will brush past him in the halls as though he didn't exist.

After a few hours of pacing a rubber-tiled floor like a wraith, he will be drawn, as though by a magnet, to the Fathers' Room. Here he will find his own kind, wan, skeptical, harried men to whom the sound of each footfall is the tread of approach-



ing doom. Among these poor creatures, who generally assemble in coveys of half-a-dozen or so, he will find a cross-section of life, although they are gauged differently than men on the "outside." There will be silent, pale-faced men, crying men, fainting men and occasionally stony-faced, unconcerned men. These latter are known in the Fathers' Room vernacular as "repeaters."

Normal social contact is never seen in the Fathers' Room. A man will shout a vital question at another—and then turn away and be deep in another dismal dream before the answer is given. A continual contest is in progress. "Eighteen hours!" one will cry in triumph. "I've been here 36!" another will chortle in pitiful victory. Watches are consulted every few minutes. And each time anything white passes the door, there are exclamations of "Nurse! . . . Nurse! . . . Doctor! . . . Orderly! . . . Nurse! . . . Doctor! . . ." etc. But no one on the other side ever pays any attention.

Whenever the activities in the Fathers' Room die down and the waiting occupants, faces hidden in clouds of tobacco smoke, settle down and it looks as though the men might get some rest, a coldly-officious nurse appears in the doorway. "Mr Abernathy?" she asks. When Abernathy staggers to his feet, she says matter-of-factly, "Your wife has just given birth to a fine baby boy (girl) and they're both doing well." When Abernathy has been revived and removed the panic settles on the room again until the next announcement is made.

Michael Wilding has made all the proper preparations, but no man can steel him-

self for the ordeal of waiting, nor plan his activities during the fretful last hours of his wife's confinement.

THE best calculations at the moment place the time of the birth of Elizabeth Taylor Wilding's baby in January, but Nature, that shifty one, has been known to cross up even fathers and magazine writers, so there is a possibility that when this piece is read the child will have been born, and already happily at home in its large, canary-colored room, with lots of no-draft windows. It will sleep in a crib fit for a prince or princess and spend its waking hours absorbing the warmth and the love and the fun that fills the Wilding home. There will be nothing but the best in the way of accoutrements, for although an infant's wants are few, they require creature comforts like the rest of us—and respond with even tempers and good health to the care they are given.

There is already quite a stock of necessities about, such as diapers and small gowns and rattles. Some of them were brought home by Michael who, along with Geary Steffen, was given a shower by his friend Spike Jones some time ago. The presents were to be gags but they included, as well as diapers galore, a high chair and other bits of child furniture. Michael was quite proud of his take that night when Elizabeth came to pick him up, as did the other wives of the husbands attending. He glowed like a man who had won a raffle.

Over in a corner of Michael and Elizabeth's room there is a growing stack of books which give advice on the care and growth of babies. They are rather dog-

eared already, and the reading of them has resulted in some really important discussions between the parents.

"Now you take walking," said Michael one night. "That's a bit of a problem, isn't it?"

"All babies do it eventually," said Liz.

"I suppose you're right," said Michael turning a page.

There is nothing facetious in all these things written here. It is a dead serious time in a father's life. A man doesn't have a baby every day—and Michael Wilding, for all his wit and humor, for all his inexperienced preparations, is a man who takes serious things seriously. If his plotting seems strange to you, it is just because, like the rest of us, you find comedy in fatherhood and a joke in such situations because you already know—and he doesn't—that everything is going to be all right.

NEXT year will tell the tale. I'd like to drive up that mountain again and get a look at the three of them. Maybe the house will be finished by then. They'll be standing at dusk before the big glass window. The beautiful mother, the handsome father, and the son—or daughter—looking down upon the city as the lights blink on and fill the child's eyes with magic. The three of them, holding hands together—the terror of the birth of the first child well behind them—surrounded by the warmth that is the word Family. Yes, I'd like to ride up there and see that.

END

(Elizabeth Taylor can be seen in MGM's *The Girl Who Had Everything*.)

## Daily double

(Continued from page 48) a day. We did live in New York!"

"Not five like this, we didn't," he glowered at her. "So eat that steak, drink that orange juice and glucose, and as soon as it's all down you lie down and get some rest, or. . ."

Betty did as she was told.

Further down the street, in a pub near the Palladium, two casually tweeded gentlemen of the press decided to have another pint of bitter each, and have another go at it.

"Whatever can we say, old man?" asked the deadline sprinter of the other.

"That she was wonderful, of course."

"Can't say that, it's meaningless. We've said it about 'Star Turns' before. They were wonderful, but Betty Hutton is superb."

"Superb is no good; sounds as if we were reviewing Dame Sybil Thorndyke."

"But what can we write? She thrilled me, you know, but no one will ever believe that we actually mean to say 'thrilling.' One must see Miss Hutton's performance to believe that a variety turn can be so emotional an experience."

The first newsman reluctantly put down his mug. "Well, I've got to hop it back to the office. I shall just have to give the young lady one of our ratings. Our top is three stars, so I'll give her four. But it still won't tell people how wonderful, terrific, superb and thrilling she was tonight."

That's pretty strong talk for a reserved Britisher, but it was pretty strong stuff that brought it on, for they'd just witnessed a show that went like this:

After more than an hour of singing sweet and hot, dancing straight and for laughs, Betty took to her trapeze and moved once and for all that it's all true

about her having done her own high flying for *The Greatest Show On Earth*. This part was her finale, an exhibition that literally took the curl out of her hair, and figuratively that of everyone who saw it.

The audience had been extremely well impressed by the typical Hutton antics that had gone on before; they'd had their money's worth, and were more than satisfied as Betty swung, looped, and hung upside down and inside out over their heads. Their palms were ready to tear the house down with applause, when Betty suddenly plunged down, and with a snap that looked like a bone-cracker, was stopped from falling into their midst by a small rope around her ankle.

The audience gasped with horror. Not believing that such a famous star would take unnecessary risks to top an untopable show, they believed they were eyewitnesses to a terrible accident. Then she smiled, and slipped down to the stage.

They exploded with thunderous cheers. Betty gulped for air, almost choking on her involuntary sobs as she bowed and threw kisses. Only "God Save The Queen" quieted the scene. Then with the curtain down, hiding her from view, Betty Hutton walked rigidly offstage, her knees locked with every step until the tension in her muscles relaxed.

SMALL wonder that the press exploded the next morning with quotes like: "What a display of courage!" "Miss Hutton has put an end to 'best since Danny Kaye.'" A third read, "She's a nice girl, clean, and wholesome. Definitely no red hot mama. A real darling!"

Everyone agreed that the human jet was much improved over her 1948 appearance. She was a sensation then, if one happened to like "Bang, Boom and Bounce," but this time, with her fresh poise and assurance, it's a different story. All London has raised its derby to a trouser with talent,

high gloss of professionalism, guts, pathos, humor and beauty.

What this means is that Betty, by succeeding in vaudeville, which she considers the prime barometer of show business, has finally won her spurs. From now on she is a star in its fullest meaning. Before the big leap, neither she nor Charlie O'Curran were sure of what would happen, but they had the courage to make a try.

If you remember, the stakes were for all or nothing. Happily the decision is in, and all on their side. They won hands down.

"It wasn't so hard with Genius at my side," says the blonde, hugging her groom.

There's no need now to worry about losing the one thing in the world she really owned, her house. No need for Charlie to wonder if he did right in giving up his contract at Paramount. No sir. No need to worry about anything but their health.

This last point is, however, one to consider seriously. Having had one breakdown since her opening, it is no wonder that Charlie watches Betty like a combination doctor, coach, and mother hen.

They arrived in England scarcely two months after her last throat operation, and she was not, needless to say, at her very strongest. She actually looked a bit peaked, but since time is money now that they're free-lancers, they had to get the show on the road. And a tough, exciting, demanding show it is.

Even a completely healthy girl might understandably feel dizzy from such physical effort, so it was almost to be expected that one so recently under the surgeon's knife would reel and sway and nearly fall.

This is exactly what happened one performance. Seeing all was not as it should have been, Betty's mother screamed. The crowd, knowing then about the stunt fall, thought it was part of the act, and took it



as such until Betty was helped down and stepped forward to apologize in a weak little voice.

The doctor called it flu and ordered her to bed where she stayed for only one day. She'd missed the first performance of her life and she didn't like it. Frankie Laine, who had bought tickets to see her, filled in for her instead.

"He was swell, and I'm grateful to him, but the people expect to see me, don't they," she croaked from her bed. So back she went, still pretty wobbly. "And they're going to see it all."

In addition to orders from her doctor, pleadings from her husband, her mother and even her manager, she received 50 telegrams, all to the same effect. "Cut the trapeze. It isn't worth the risk," they said. As the head of an official delegation, the president of her Paddington fan club went around and told her the show was good enough; and that the members did not want to lose their star, so please stick to singing and dancing. Betty's answer was typically Hutton. "Well, that's very sweet, and I appreciate it. But I'm not promisin' anything except that I'm rarin' to go."

THE day she returned to the act, no one, possibly not even Betty herself, knew what she intended doing about the finale. It was a real-life enactment of the crucial scene from any number of the pictures she's made. In her own direct way she stepped to the edge of the blazing stage.

"I have an apology to make to you people," she said, peering out into the blackness. "I haven't been feelin' so hot. I might have to take a flyin' run into the wings . . . and if that happens I hope you will forgive me. I want to give you a great show, but I might make mistakes. So . . . Well, bear with me, will you?"

And then, making the atom bomb look like the convalescent, she proceeded to give them the best show yet. At one point, she put her foot through the piano, and sure enough, finished with the trapeze.

A new set of reviews blossomed next day. Her "return" was greeted with the enthusiasm usually reserved for the Royal Navy after an especially difficult bout with the enemy. Betty and her trapeze had become nearly as important as the changing of the guards.

So much had her courage impressed the British that when ex-Prime Minister Clement Atlee pulled an unusually daring political feat a few days later, the headlines referred to it as "A Betty Hutton." A new expression for something brave and risky has passed into the Queen's English.

Two things favored a reception warmer than her last. Firstly, Londoners, no matter how eager for a star's visit, are cautious the first time. Not only that—in 1948 Betty was a pretty strange pill for them to swallow. "An acquired taste, like mushrooms," someone had said then. She impressed them, but she failed to touch their hearts as had, for instance, Danny Kaye.

But this year, she didn't just "come" to London. She "came back" . . . a vast difference. Even better, she was greatly subdued and infinitely more charming and appealing. Also there is that love light in her eyes, and he who says an Englishman can't appreciate that sort of thing as well as any Latin just doesn't know England.

Soon after their fabulous opening the O'Curran's invited a few people up to celebrate. Someone asked Charlie if he found living with a girl who daily breaks through the sound barrier more than somewhat nervewracking.

"Oh no, 'cause when I tell her to pipe down, she pipes down!" He pounded the

arm of the chair he was sitting in, with his bride on his lap. "No, sir. Life with the Lamb Chop isn't all slam, bang, scream, and yell. The operation gave me a spell of peace. Only thing is that now she can holler twice as effectively."

Betty nodded, then added, "But I won't unless absolutely necessary. We must conserve our professional resources, so you do the hollering for me." She squeezed his arm and snuggled deeper into his lap. "You know, this guy is awfully active. I can hardly keep up with him." Her eyes drooped sleepily and Charlie had to prop her to her feet so she could say good night like a little lady.

Mr. O'Curran rates high with Lindsay and Candice, too. At least such would be the case judging by what they said to their father recently when he asked if they loved him. "Yes, Daddy, we love you; but we love Charlie, too."

BETTY was supposed to have been pretty bossy in her previous marriage. She is supposed to have refused to let Ted Briskin have even a small part of the say that Charlie gets. A friend explains it this way: "Briskin wasn't the least interested in show business. He just wanted to boss, with no special aim in view. So rather than let him get everything hopelessly balled up, Betty put her foot down in the beginning. She'll tell you that it means everything to her to be able to have someone constantly around with

**Overheard in the Mocambo powder room: "How do I know she writes her own fan mail? Didja' ever notice the spelling?"**

Mike Connolly

whom she can talk show business. She loves it and she has to have a husband who loves it, too."

Betty agrees very willingly with this diagnosis. "Ted was a nice guy, all right, but he made cameras, and since I don't know anything about cameras we used to be pretty stuck for conversation."

So it wasn't true that Betty had to run things for the sake of being boss. Nor is it true that love is currently blinding her reason. Unless all this present success is only a happy blunder.

The new Mrs. O'C. had long talked up Charlie's abilities as a producer, but no one in Hollywood would take her very seriously, if at all. When she told Paramount she'd stay with them only if they made him a full director, they thought him so inadequate they decided to lose her rather than risk him. But now, merely on the basis of the team's first ventures, even a Paramount executive has to admit that O'Curran has what it takes.

Right after New York handed them its favorable verdict Betty screamed to all the world, "What'd I tell you? My man! My boss!" From her point of view, the entire credit is due him, that is, unless someone else says so. Then maybe a tiny touch of ham in her shows with a pink flush around the hairline and a small pucker between the brows.

Strictly from a production point of view, the slide-rule perfect show is his all right. For example, there is one place in it where Betty uses black face. Burnt cork takes a long time to apply, and a longer time to remove. Since she has to make seven costume changes in full view of the audience, a lesser idea man would have decided to sacrifice the number. But not our Charles. He up and invented a chocolate colored gelatine slide and his wife is lighted into black face and out of it with the flick of a switch.

Telling of their courtship Betty inadvertently admits that solid respect is at

the base of her love for her husband; and in interrupting the telling, he reveals the same thing lies at the bottom of his love for her.

"Yeah," she chuckles, "I guess you could call me smug. Look what I got. He's not higher up than me, but he weighs 168, and that's not petite. Another thing, he's not prepared to take a walk, and he'll never take second billing."

She was harking back to her famous remark made in the hopeless despair of ever finding a man who could handle her, cope with her, love her, and look down on her a little.

"I never would have guessed he was for me when I first met him on the set. For a week or so I just sort of noticed him around, and then after a routine I casually asked, 'How'm I doin'?' 'Pretty bad, dreamboat,' he said. Now, nobody jokes with me when I'm concentratin' on a picture. So I went straight to the bosses and said, 'Fire this dance director, and fire him quick!' They calmed me down and I shut up for a while."

"Then a few weeks later, something was wrong with one of my exits, and he kept buttin' in, sayin', 'Miss Hutton, if you would just try startin' off with your right foot.' I hated him deeply, and I kept bawlin' him out with words you can't print, and I guess I tried that exit a hundred times. Then I accidentally started off with the right foot, like he said, and it clicked!"

"After which," injects O'Curran, "Betty stepped forward in front of about 200 people on the lot and said, 'Folks, O'Curran has been right since nine this morning, and I want to apologize to him and to you.' Whereupon, as you will understand, I realized she was 100% woman, and I loved her very much."

That's how they started dating.

"He would try to smooch in the car," she recalls with a giggle, "and I would say, 'Please, Mr. O'Curran, please. Our relationship is strictly business, and in any case, I insist you get rid of that mustache!'" (O'Curran is still sporting the mustache.) "So," she goes on, "I went to Korea and missed him something awful. There were a lot of guys out there. Handsome guys with medals even, and I asked myself what O'Curran had that was so special and then it hit me. O'Curran was the only man with sex appeal who could make me laugh. They just didn't come together before, and then I knew it didn't make so much difference if I didn't have a million bucks in the bank after all. Which is a thought that never entered my head before. So I came home and proposed to him."

"And I turned her down," her groom continues. "The poor girl wasn't at all well, and I thought she was delirious."

"He never did accept me, I had to kidnap him," says Mrs. O'Curran, wearing her smug pirate look. "First I called up my secretary and told her to get two tickets to Nevada. We were having dinner at Lucy's across from the studio. Well, she called back and said there weren't any tickets that night for anywhere in Nevada. So I told her to charter a plane, and off we went and got married."

"Amen," says Charlie, looking like a mighty happy kidnap victim.

SOMEWHERE about that time the steady change, or steady progress of Betty's personality began. It came to full flower with the overwhelming confirmation of the rightness of the marriage, her change, their flight from previous commitments the opening night at the Palladium. Starting when she made her decision about Charlie out there in Korea, she has grown daily greater as a woman, and as a per-



former. This leads only to the conclusion that O'Curran is the best thing that has ever happened to Hutton.

Most of the changes in her life are directly or indirectly due to him. While she had long felt the studio was increasingly dictatorial, and didn't know what to do about it, he gave her the courage and moral support to break away, and something to fall back on if she failed. Neither claims ownership of the notion to cut the tie, but they say they came to the conclusion together, and it suddenly seemed so ridiculously simple. Just up and leave. They still wonder why it hadn't occurred to them before.

Those who have loved Betty Hutton for years needn't worry, though. She hasn't really changed, but rather seems to have grown to her best advantage. It was all there before, it's just been developed. For instance, Betty has always had excellent clothes sense, but she didn't stand still long enough for anyone to notice. Now they do. London particularly has noted with approval Betty's good tweed suits worn with simple accessories for morning appearances; her dignified but beautiful afternoon clothes; and the downright gracious evening costumes she wears so charmingly. She launched a fad there for fake pearls all over everything, and quite in spite of herself has become a rival with Princess Margaret for pace-setting hats. A London lady must now choose between a head-hugging Princess hat, or an about-to-fall-off Betty sort of thing.

Although years of mistreating her voice made what she calls "an operation for corns on the vocal chords" necessary, it may well have been Charlie's common sense that led her to take the first singing lessons in her life. Or it may have been a good scare too.

"Okay, my voice wasn't right for the Met," she smiles, "but it was my bread and butter, and for a while after the operation there wasn't any voice at all. I don't mind tellin' you I was scared. People thought I was savin' it, but I tell you that for a few days it didn't even exist. Then it started to come back, like a little baby's at first, but it was there. I was so grateful I got down on my knees, and promised to take care of it always."

In typical Hutton fashion she had been dramatizing every phase of the telling, down to the Jolson finish. Then brightly, she added her epilogue, "It's a better voice, already. I can sing a little higher and a little lower . . . sorta sexier."

"She means she used to be a whisky tenor, and now she's a pink gin soprano," laughed her husband.

THAT'S how things looked in London. And they kept on looking rosy. They took off for a "provincial tour," Betty bundled up in a pair of pink fur slippers Charlie had bought her for a present. "Pink for a girl and fur because it's going to be cold."

When last heard from her press agent reported something like this:

"The tour is wonderful. They're as big a success out of town as here in London. Her health is better every day. Work is just a tonic to her. The marriage is perfect, a sock hit. After the tour they'll head for America and the biggest Hutton-O'Curran production . . . the baby. Betty's scheduled to do the Sophie Tucker story, but figures she can make it come out fine. . . . She has to be padded to play Sophie in the last scenes anyway. . . ."

Which should answer once and for all the question of marriage versus career. At least for Betty Hutton O'Curran, they're practically one and the very same thing.

Best Wishes,

Brenda

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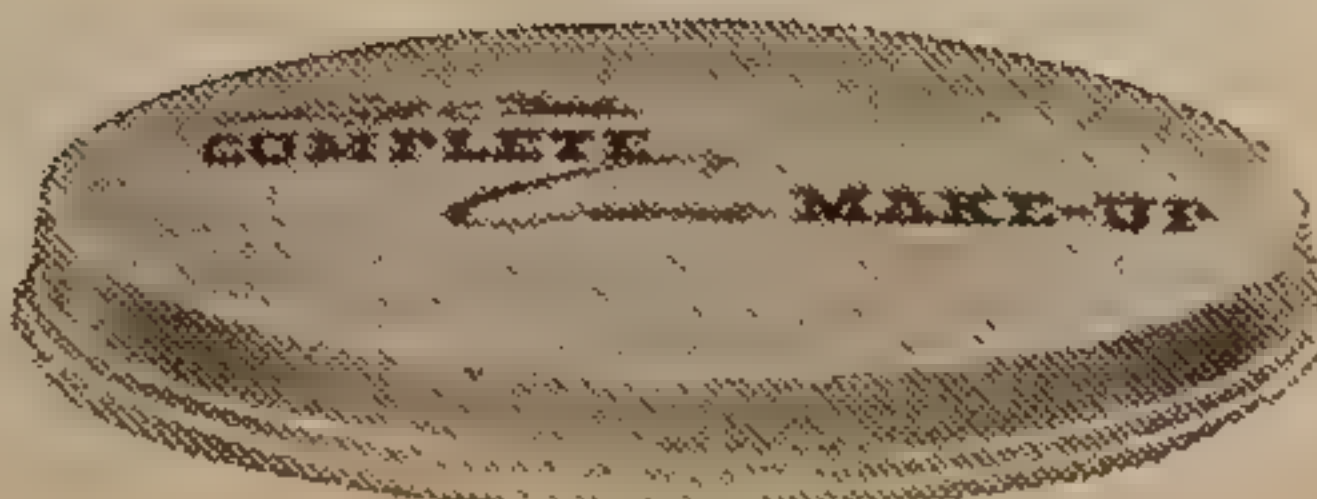


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"I puzzle me," says Ava Gardner.

"I'm one of those people I just can't understand," she explains, in this, the tenth of MODERN SCREEN's series on the art of living, written by Hollywood's most popular stars.

## Take my word for it

by AVA GARDNER, star columnist for February



There's more to life than being waited on



People kid me about my serious reading



I'm not too interested in housekeeping



Instinct told me I'd meet Frank one day

WHEN THE EDITOR of MODERN SCREEN discussed my writing this column he wasn't a bit helpful; he said I could talk about anything under the sun. He didn't know the territory was too big for me. For too long I've been a Jill of far too few interests. But one thing has always intrigued me—people. I have always put them in two classifications: Those I couldn't understand, those I understood too well. I'm among the first group—the ones who puzzle me.

WHY DO I FEAR THINGS that my common sense assures me are not hurtful? For instance, as you read this I will very probably be in Africa winding up my part in *Mogambo*, much to the disappointment of a lot of smallpox, sleeping sickness, malaria, and other assorted germs who will no doubt have made a good college try to cut my career (and life) short. That they will fail (I hope) will be mainly due to the medics who inoculated me before I left Hollywood. But how I would dread the needle when it came time to go down and take my shots . . . and how little the actual discomfort amounted to compared to the benefit I was to derive! This is how little any unpleasant prospect in life amounts to, I have come to think, in comparison with what you sometimes gain. But I don't want to preach. I just wanted to point out how I puzzle me.

People I know too well are those who push, who take over, who raise holy Ned when things work out to their disadvantage. And if you think it makes me feel like a sap to get cheated and say nothing about it, or to have someone step in front of me at the bank window, or catch the eye of the waiter I have been trying to get over to my table for ten minutes, or slam into the parking spot I have been slowly trying to jockey into—why, you are right.

"THEY MUST HAVE SEEN YOU COMING," my friends say when they examine my purchases and they're not kidding—they mean exactly that. It happens often to me. I was quite content when I walked into a Beverly Hills shop a few days before I left Hollywood, but I walked out fuming. I saw a little velvet top for a blouse which I liked. Another patron was examining it, and I caught sight of the price tag. When she decided not to take it, I found a salesgirl and told her I wanted it. She wrapped it up and then asked for an amount several dollars higher than the price I had seen on the tag. I knew then that she had recognized me; this was nothing new, raising the price for someone the store people feel can't afford to quibble. I wanted to protest, to





tell her to keep it. But what's the use . . . I hate scenes. I paid and left.

Why do people do that to other people? I'm just asking . . . I'm not mad . . . now. It's even quite possible for me to imagine myself having lived a different life so that I could be the salesgirl and I would do the overcharging. In that case the question would be just as pertinent—why would I do it? The only answer I know is that people are that way, that's all. People are all sorts of ways they shouldn't be, and you either become indulgent of this and get along or you can fritter yourself to pieces.

A friend of mine plays golf weekends with a pathologist I shall call Dr. X. Dr. X is considered an honorable man in his profession and a leader in his branch of medicine—properly so, too. And he is a generous man. He is the first to reach for the lunch check, the first to contribute to a good cause. But the fact is that Dr. X is also a cheat. He cheats at golf for a dime a hole! Everybody who has played with him has caught him at it . . . yet they know the doctor doesn't think so. Some sort of mental block stands between him and the realization that he has a habit of overlooking penalties, strokes and most of the rules of the game. The odd thing, and the nice thing about it, is that all his friends in turn not only overlook this peculiarity, they have become fond of him for it! A bit confusing . . . but warm.

**DO YOU PUZZLE ANYONE?** There is a man in our circle of acquaintances who is normal in every way except one—and that causes me to do just a bit of brow-knitting if we invite him to a dinner. He doesn't like pale looking food. It has to have a definite, warm color. He hasn't eaten a piece of fish in his life. To me, who can eat anything, this is beyond comprehension. But I have to admit, it is a fact. At that, I do have a little food fetish of my own. When I order iced tea in a restaurant I want it fresh—that is, the tea steeped and then cooled after I order it—and know I really get it that way. Not being the type who can send something back after ordering it, I have lately taken to stratagem. I order hot tea plus ice and then make my own iced tea on the table. If you like iced tea you are welcome to this idea. The tea tastes better and, besides this, the fact that you make it yourself satisfies that

(Continued on page 80)

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**AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW!**

## Take my word for it

continued from page 79

urge to cook which is supposed to be in every woman—at least it takes care of as much urge to slave over a hot stove as I ever get!

**LET'S GO BACK** earlier in my life . . . when I was going to high school in Newport News, Virginia. There was a boy who caught my eye—and held it for two years during which time I did absolutely nothing about getting to meet him (let's not pretend that girls ordinarily don't try to meet boys they want to know). I'd see him walking down the street alone and pine to be alongside him. I'd see him with other girls and suffer. I must not have suffered in silence because I can remember these words from a schoolmate: "It's perfectly silly! You can get to meet him. Soandso knows him, and I'll get her to introduce me and then I'll introduce you!"

But I wouldn't agree and, to this day, I don't know why. There was another boy I saw in that period. He showed up as a singer with Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. They played, he sang, I moaned, and then there were long years that passed. But one day in New York he made up for it. He invited me for a drive . . . which is how Frankie and Ava finally met. Did I know this would happen back in Newport News? Is that why I was content not to circulate more? Sometimes young girls have instincts like this. I can't say that this describes me. I don't have to have reasons for what I don't do . . . or do.

It has just occurred to me that there is a reason why I talk so much about people—for some time I have been trying to become a better example myself. If I had to start being Ava Gardner all over again I'd hope, of course, that I'd be just as lucky as I have been. Getting a chance to get into the movies was luck, and there is no point in calling it anything else. But aside from that there was something I failed to do until just lately, and that something I would now start at from the very beginning. That something is to work towards becoming a fully developed person. It was a great shock to me some years ago to realize an odd aspect about my apparent success on the screen. I was in a position now to get all I could possibly want from the world . . . but I couldn't use it! Yes, yes, I could put clothes on my back and surround myself with fine things in my home . . . but I felt there must be something fuller to life than just being a doll in a doll's house.

**WHAT DID I KNOW?** A little about acting, a little about dancing, a smidgen about music . . . that was me. About people—and you have to live your whole life with and around people—I was, as I still am, just puzzled. Since this included myself I didn't know how to really come alive, to express myself, to test my more serious capabilities and give myself a closer identification with my time in history and thus an inner satisfaction with my part in it.

Let me tell you how all this started . . . because it may happen to you . . . it should happen to all of us, I think! Some years ago I had to spend a Sunday in a strange town. There were no theatres or movies open, no events of any kind, and I didn't know a soul. I found myself terribly bored and couldn't wait until

bedtime so I could go to sleep and get the day over. But when I did climb in for the night I became conscious of being displeased with myself. How was it that a whole new city with its fresh sights and faces had meant nothing to me? How was it that the things of my everyday life, the Hollywood I knew, escorts, a new gown, a smart place to show it off in, had become such props I couldn't do without them? There were fine parks in this city. There was a wonderful museum, I knew, and places of historical interest. Were these interests too simple for me? This is what I really thought at first. I considered that I was sophisticated. But then, inwardly, awoke an unpleasant truth. I wasn't too superior for these things; I wasn't mature enough. Around me was humanity moving in great new directions in a dynamic world and none of these even touched me in the little burrow I had dug out for myself. I realized that moment that despite having apparently achieved success professionally, I had failed to develop character sufficiently, my general knowledge, my social possibilities, and was therefore really living a small life. That was when Ava Gardner wriggled out of her hole and looked around. (That, too, was when word got around that Ava was trying to be an intellectual, and people kidded her about it. Ava wasn't trying to be a great brain . . . she was just discovering that there was a satisfaction in using the one she had.)

**I WON'T GO INTO EVERY STEP** I took from that point on. Suppose I just skip to the results:

Who would suspect that achieving, not necessarily a knowledge, but just an appreciation for books, for music, for art in all its interesting forms, would help give a girl poise? I mean, maybe you would know this . . . but I didn't. And that was only one of the surprising results. I still haven't figured out just what the process is, but a little I know. The very fact that you can sit down and enjoy fine thoughts in a book or stirring musical themes and artistry at a concert must give you the one trait of character you can't get without earning it—a true sense of humility and, curiously enough, with that a true self-respect. I still don't understand how these two can be so closely related, but I know it is so. It must also be that the fine thoughts (and good thinking) which you get from literature, and the inspiration you get from music or a fine painting, are not stimulations which leave you unchanged. You grow a little each time in a good way. Maybe it causes you to expect something better from yourself and thus automatically enlarges and elevates your thoughts. Whatever it is, your attitude is finer and the people you meet know it and, as has been my experience, respond in kind.

*Ava Gardner*

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Ava Gardner personally. Simply write to her, c/o MODERN SCREEN, 1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.



## what lana does to men

(Continued from page 38) was an earnest young man bent on making good in his chosen profession. He was well-balanced and seemingly devoid of the flightiness of many actors.

I had also known Lana for a long time. She and my son, Bill, had tested for parts in her first picture. Bill lost; Lana won. The film was titled *They Won't Forget*, and apparently the public didn't forget. Lana had scarcely more than a walk-on part; but she wore one of those tight sweaters that made her famous. Even then, though still in her teens, she was evoking wolf whistles. The men ogled but kept hands off. Young Lana was regarded as beautiful jail-bait. But she was a head-strong, impulsive girl. It was her misfortune that this young girl should be turned practically overnight into a screen butterfly.

Lana, who had been denied much in the impoverished days of her youth and carried in her veins the blood of her gambling father, loved it all: the glamor, the excitement, even the uncertainty of the show world. It meant scads of men panting for a date with her, night clubs, dancing, music, and a prospect that could end only in glory. How many young girls have had this dream? Lana was the all-American blonde who flits through the minds of most males. To women she was the girl from across the tracks who beat the rap and made good. Pleasure-seeking Lana didn't work too hard for stardom. The adoring public and some high-powered press agents thrust it upon her. If she lacked a talent for acting, she had a genius for making mistakes. She was a young girl of 20 giddy on the wine of success, and not very receptive to the advice of older, wiser people.

THAT'S how I viewed Lana when Tyrone Power became romantically entangled with her, and I told him so. "But you don't know the real Lana Turner," he said. "Let me bring her to your home. I want you to see Lana as I do." Now these old eyes had seen countless, hectic, short-lived romances among show people; but they still skeptically sought for the miracle— Until death us do part So I asked Ty to bring her for a visit.

We spent an evening together; and I thought, at long weary last, I had found the miracle. Lana, dressed simply and as demure as a girl fresh from the farmlands, could talk of nothing but Ty. And his chief subject was Turner. It was hard to see in her the brash young lass who had bought her clothes to match the fire-engine red of her first automobile and even tried to have her hair dyed the same color. Curled upon a sofa like a kitten and looking like the little girl next door, she hung on every word Ty spoke. The amazement showed in my face. Ty noticed it and grinned, "See—what did I tell you, honey?"

If she was putting on an act, it was better than anything she's done on the screen. I kept thinking of what a handsome couple they made; and of what beautiful children they could bring into the world. Later when she held in her hands only the ashes of a broken romance, Lana said she never really loved Ty; nor he her. They were simply good companions.

That I will never believe. While in the midst of making *Green Dolphin Street*, she slipped off to Mexico to visit Ty, risking the wrath of her studio, even suspension, when bad weather delayed her return to Hollywood two days. I'll admit that "good companionship" is not the most common commodity in Hollywood; but it's not that scarce, especially when your ab-

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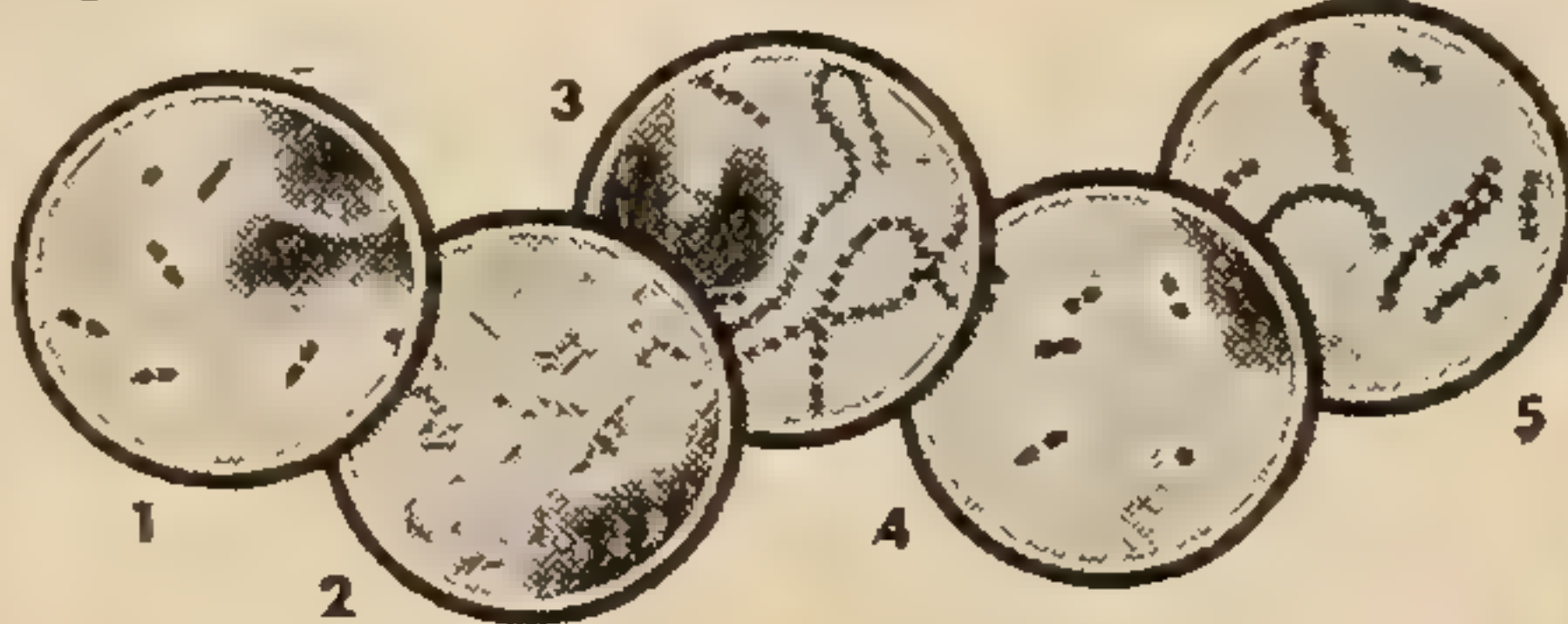
Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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- (1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae,
- (3) Streptococcus pyogenes,
- (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

Tests showed that even fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; an hour afterward as much as 80%. Among bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces can be many of the "secondary invaders," some of which are shown above. These are the very germs that can cause so much of a cold's misery when they invade the body through throat tissue.



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sence from the sound stages may mean idleness on the part of dozens of workmen. I say love is the only emotion strong enough to induce a girl into doing such a foolish act.

Later I visited her in her dressing room when she was making *Cass Timberlane*. Still the talk was all Ty. They wanted to make a picture together. He adored her daughter Cheryl. Life was wonderful. I still believe that she and Ty would have married if his divorce from Annabella had been final. It's on record that Annabella said she would give Ty a divorce whenever he wished it; but it's not on record that he was in great haste to get that little decree so he could marry Lana.

When the romance exploded, I called Lana and told her how much I regretted it. "So do I," she sighed, "but I've had a wonderful year. Ty's a great guy. From now on I'll carry my chin a little higher and work harder." Where had I heard those words before? It seems that everybody is "a great guy" or "great girl" when the end comes.

It is more than passing irony that Lana in her new picture, *The Bad And The Beautiful*, is used by a man to further his own ambitions but rejects her love when she is no longer useful to him. This cannot be applied to Tyrone Power. He never used Lana. During their romance he was as big a name as she. But I cannot say that about all the men in her life.

Let's flash back to the early days when Victor Mature, Turhan Bey, Tony Martin, and Bob Hutton were among her frequent escorts. They were all actors struggling toward big time in the movies; and being seen with glamorous Lana hurt them not one whit. Indeed, it was sufficient to get their pictures spread all over the papers. Lana was not the big star she is today, but she was a beautiful girl and the photographers' delight. It seems a long time ago but maybe you can remember what a striking couple blonde Turner and dashing, dark Mature made. Then there was Turhan Bey, who set feminine hearts aflutter with his suave, elegant continental manners. Just recently he reminded me that I had once said, "You look wicked, but you aren't." So he decided to do something about it. "I had great fun," he added, "but it certainly put a crimp in my bank account."

Greg Bautzer was her first great love; and this was unfortunate. He's one of the most eligible but most elusive bachelors in our town. Greg's a fine escort, but to take him seriously romantically is to invite heartache. Greg is a man who just naturally likes to have his arm decorated by a pretty girl swinging thereon. Handsome, virile, well-mannered, and prosperous, he's the dreamboat whom all girls think they can land until they turn around and suddenly he isn't there. Greg's not the marrying kind. But when he's with a girl, he's most attentive; so you think the latest gal on his arm is the love of his life.

Lana Turner, who describes Greg as "an escape artist," was no different. Like the other girls she took a headlong fling at the determined bachelor and got bounced off for her pains. Though he didn't marry her, he has remained a faithful, helpful friend to Lana through her stormy life. In some instances, however, he was indirectly responsible for her grief.

It began on her 19th birthday. Greg made a date to take Lana and her mother out for the evening, but at the last minute he begged off, claiming illness. Lana, at that time considering herself engaged to Bautzer, blew her top. Then the phone rang; and answering it was one of the biggest mistakes the girl ever made. On the other end of the wire was Artie Shaw with a

line as smooth as silk. He didn't have to exhaust his extensive vocabulary to convince the furious girl that she should go out and celebrate with him. She'd show that Bautzer that a lady didn't have to sit home evenings awaiting the whims of the lord and master.

Now Artie was not among Lana's favorite people. They had met when making a picture, *Dancing Co-ed*. To put it mildly there were no heart throbs between the two. Artie can be classified as an intellectual snob.

No night clubs with music, dancing, champagne for Artie. That would have caused distraction; and he couldn't hear himself talk. He drove Lana down to the sea. It was a night made for love, with a full moon turning the surging tides to gold. Tumultuous Lana was still burning over the Bautzer slight. Artie turned on the charm; and let it be recorded that this gent is not lacking in that commodity when he wishes to dish it out.

He used a tactical talk familiar to most experienced women, starting with abstractions, literature, and the like; then ending the oration with a conversation piece about marriage and a cozy little home. That night they drove back to Hollywood, roused out the famous "Honeymoon Pilot," Paul Mantz, flew to Las Vegas and got married. For the ceremony, Artie pulled a ring off his finger for Lana to wear. She had a very good ring in her handbag—the one Greg Bautzer gave her to seal their engagement.

About this time Lana figured she ought to notify her mother about the event. She simply wired her that she had got married, but failed to state to whom. Her mother

Asked if it is true that there is a touch of madness in every actress, Marlene Dietrich said, "Of course. That's what makes us what we are. We should accept it—instead of going to analysts to be rid of it."

Leonard Lyons in  
The New York Post

thought it had to be to Greg Bautzer. She was in for a dismal disillusionment.

So was Lana. Artie lost no time in starting to improve his bride—a matter that's become a habit with him. He wanted her to be everything from a cook to a philosopher. The case was hopeless. Lana tried, but the lessons didn't take. After four months of being brow-beaten, she locked Artie out of the house; called up Greg Bautzer, and said she'd had it. She asked him to get her out of her marriage.

You would have thought that "education" would have included a lesson on men for Lana. But it didn't. For a little while she concentrated on her career; and her efforts proved her capability for acting in *Ziegfeld Girl*. But she went on a real night club kick, making the rounds and keeping an eye peeled for eligible men.

When it comes to romance, she's a law unto herself. She usurps the prerogatives of most males, who, when they see a pretty girl, say, "That's the dish for me," and move right in. Well, Lana does the same. I've seen her in action. At a party we both attended, she cased the room, picked out an attractive man, walked over, stuck out her hand, and said, "I'm Lana Turner. Who are you?"

To her men are like new dresses to be donned and doffed at her pleasure. Seeing a fellow that attracts her, she's like a child looking at a new doll. It's got to belong to her. And like a child, she can knock the stuffing out of the doll in a week, discard it, and pick up a new one. Of a trusting nature, she seldom pauses to differentiate between heels and haloes.

While night-clubbing one night, destiny brought Steve Crane into her life. He came over to her table and greeted Lana



by reminding her of his name. She remembered him as somebody she had met somewhere and invited him to join her party. They danced; and Lana promptly fell in love with him. That suited Steve fine. A reputed "tobacco heir," he was actually out here to make his fortune. Lana was a big name and could help him on his way. After a brief and passionate courtship, they were married.

A pall was quickly cast over that lovely affair by a girl named Carol Kurtz. She happened to be Steve's wife. They had separated but no divorce had become final. When angry Lana confronted him with the news, he gently tried to explain that he *thought* he'd been divorced. What a slip of memory. Lana, who was obviously weary of the boy by this time, quickly had her marriage annulled.

Steve got into the headlines by running his car off a cliff near Lana's home. It is said that he'd gone there to plead for a reconciliation. The girl wavered; then decided, for a change, not to marry the man. It was rumored that Steve, crushed with grief, had taken a sleeping potion and attempted to end his life in a car wreck. This has never been proven; but I went to the site, examined the auto tracks; and it certainly looked like no ordinary accident to me.

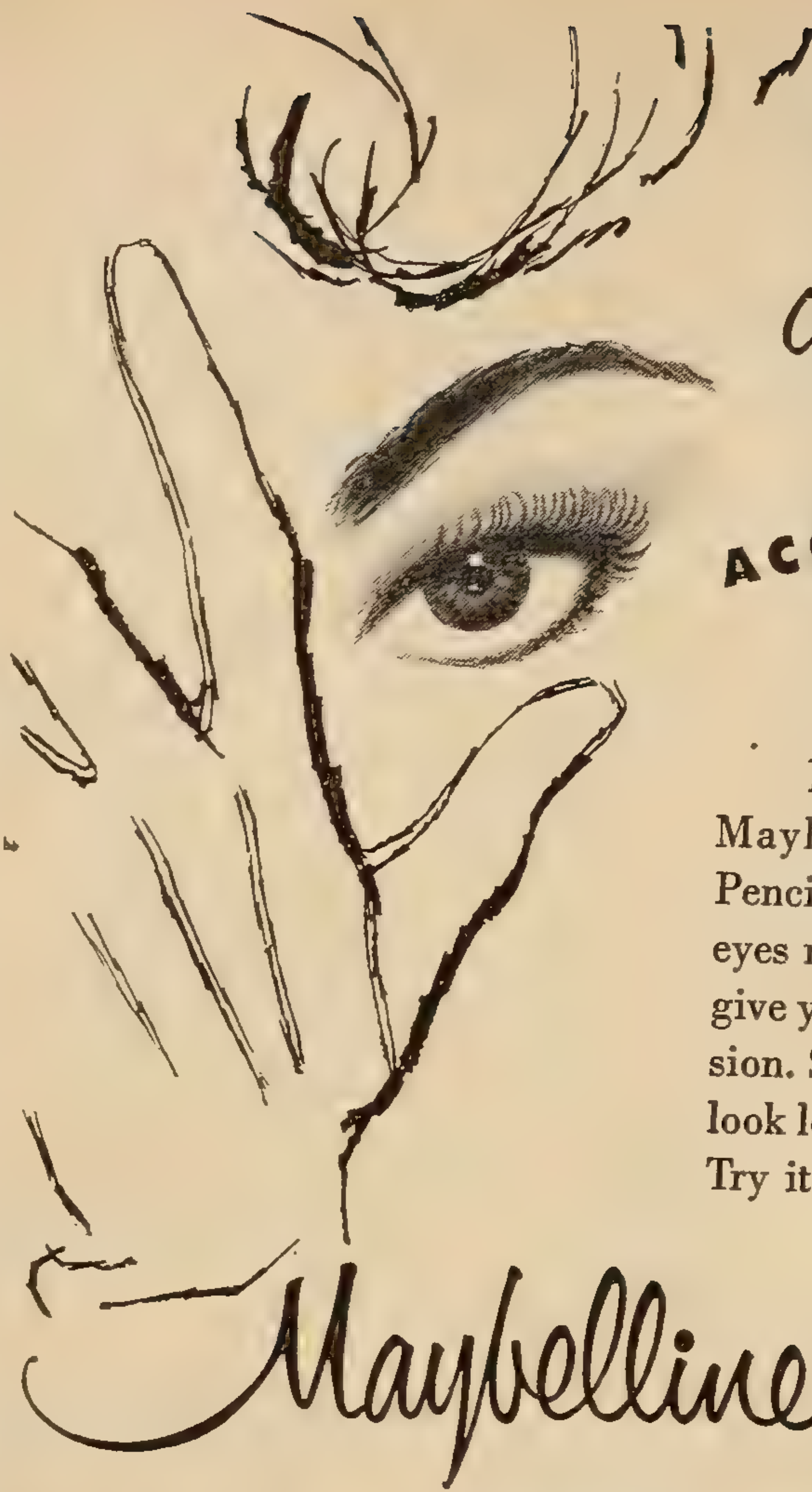
Life was getting complicated indeed for the gorgeous blonde; but there was more to come. Lana, now legally a single girl who had never been legally married to Steve, discovered she was going to have a baby. Steve's divorce was now final. They went to Tiajuana and got married again. There was nothing else to do. When the baby was six months old, she divorced Crane. Steve's still in Hollywood, happily making the rounds.

Lana got one thing out of her marriage to him—a daughter to whom she's devoted. And in fairness to Lana, I must point out a tragedy that may be responsible for her jumping from man to man. She's always wanted a large family; but an RH factor in her blood makes child-bearing extremely difficult for her. She lost two babies by miscarriages; and little Cheryl herself has had a tough fight for survival.

It was after her break-up with Crane that Lana latched onto Ty Power. When he stepped out of her life, Bob Topping moved in. It was her old pal Greg Bautzer who suggested to Lana that Bob might make a good mate. He was a well-known playboy, thrice married; but he had a fine family background and heir to a fortune. The only catch was that he was still legally wed to Arline Judge. Lana wanted no part of him. But Bob was persistent. He flooded her with flowers and telephone calls. Still Lana wouldn't yield. It remained for that old matchmaker, Johnny Meyers, to get them together. It happened in New York.

Lana was not greatly impressed by meeting the gentleman in the flesh. But she had to attend a premiere and had no escort. So she called up Bob and asked if he'd escort her to the theater. Would he? That guy was absolutely delighted. In fact, he was so delighted that on the way to the theater he slipped a couple of baubles in her purse—earrings set with huge diamonds. But Bob didn't believe that diamonds should be a girl's best friend. He continued his pursuit of Lana by inviting her to spend a white Christmas on the family estate in Connecticut. He went all the way by asking her to bring her daughter and mother along. It would be one big happy gathering. The girl gave in.

She was impressed by the culture of the Topping family. Her own background had been rough and rugged. The Toppings were unlike the newly rich she had known

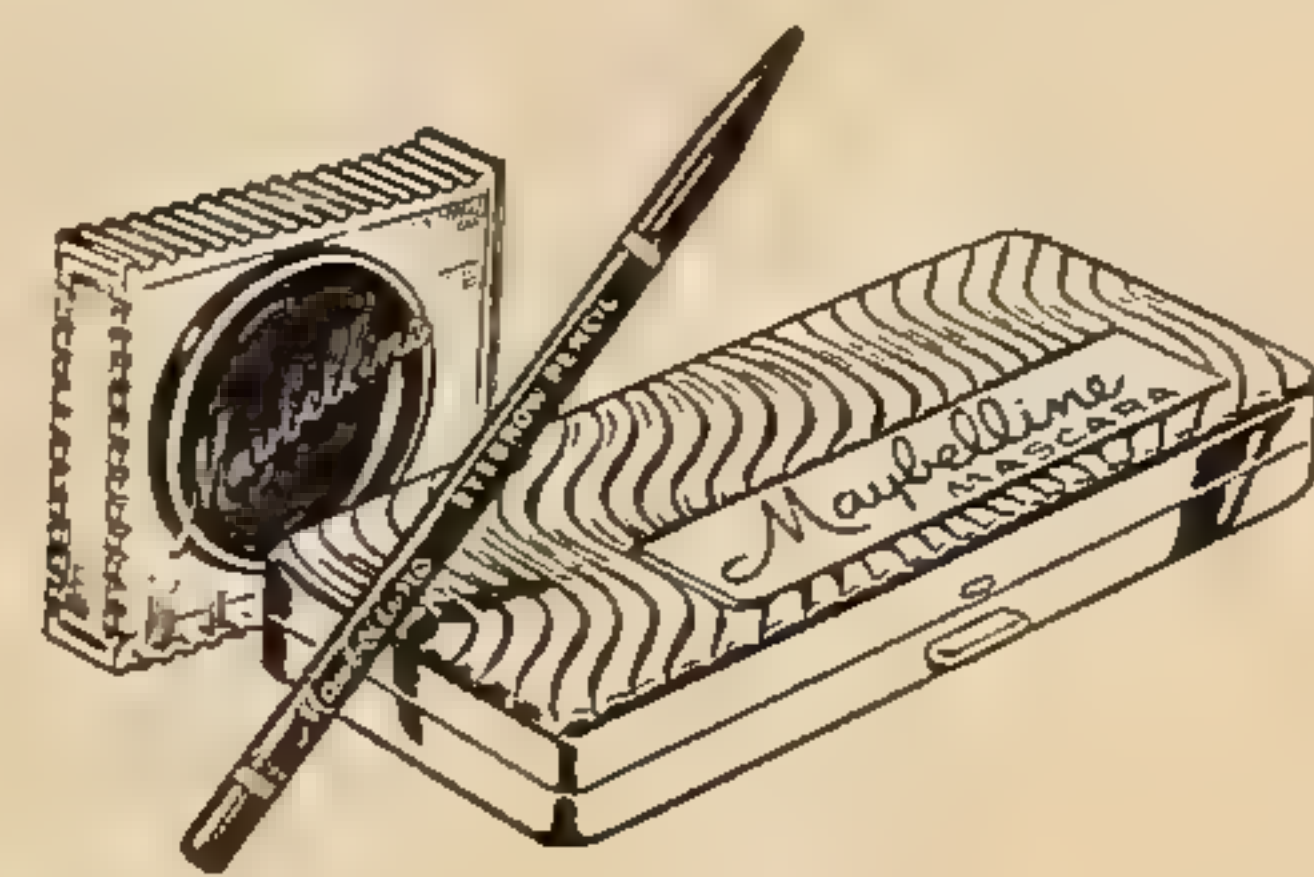


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in Hollywood. Wealth had been in their family so long that the members took it for granted. But Lana and Bob's affair was to be high-lighted by comedy, tragedy, and the ridiculous. It began with a \$25,000 party which Bob planned to toss for Lana at the Mocambo in Hollywood. His divorce from Arline had not become final; but we rather expected that he and Lana would make an engagement announcement. Imagine our bestartlement then when we received our invitations in the form of telegrams, and they were signed "Lana and Bob Topping." That little error in words caused such a furor that the whole shindig was canceled.

LANA's previous marriages had been elopements; and her one to Bob was, she insisted, to be the real thing with all the trimmings. There would be dignity about it. But the fate that dogged Lana was still at her heels. The marriage rites blew up into a farce. The setting was gorgeous with food, flowers, and champagne at the home of Billy Wilkerson, who had discovered Lana for pictures as she sat sipping a soda at a drug store fountain. Twelve guests and one lone reporter were invited to the actual ceremony. But at the reception following, many more people, including 63 photographers, showed up and turned the celebration into a maelstrom. Under the impact, Lana was reported to have swooned, but she later denied that. Even the minister was rebuked by his church for tying the knot.

They began their honeymoon in a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. To get a story which I'd been assigned, I crashed right in on them. It was mid-afternoon, but I remember they were still in their dressing gowns. Lana wore a pair of old bedroom mules as a concession to comfort. After their disastrous brush with the press at the wedding reception, they'd suddenly developed a phobia against people with pad and pencils and cameramen with flashlight bulbs.

Fearing they would be hounded by the press, they had canceled a honeymoon in Palm Springs and decided to go directly to Europe. We had a nice conversation, however, and I warned them that they might as well go along with the press in London and New York. That was the only way they could expect to be treated kindly by the boys and girls whose job it is to get stories and pictures of famous people.

My advice went unheeded. In London, a press conference was set up. Lana arrived late, keeping reporters waiting. When she did show up, she flipped off the reporters with a few casual comments. Of course, they were written up in a scathing manner, which made them angrier than ever at the press.

They went into hiding in the East; and then became virtual hermits in a \$90,000 house in Holmby Hills. But they kept contact with the world through the aid of six television sets. The roof of their home had so many aials it looked like something descended from Mars. Hollywood was amazed at the Toppings' retirement, because if there ever were a play-boy and a play-girl, they were Bob and Lana.

During this period, Lana dropped by my house for an interview. Getting a story out of her was rugged. She was too divinely happy to be doing anything that would make news; and I must say she looked it. She had become nearly domesticated, and who was interested in reading about that?

Immediately after the marriage ceremony, one of the pair had murmured, "This is forever." There are two schools of thought on this. Some claim Bob made the statement; others, that she did. But

after the tragic loss of her two babies, reports that the Toppings were having serious upsets became more and more frequent. Finally Bob went to Oregon on a fishing trip, presumably "to think it over," and neglected to come back home.

Now officially separated again, Lana began casting her blue peepers about and they lit on Latin Lover Fernando Lamas. They were co-starring in *The Merry Widow*; and I believed the romance was a publicity stunt. I still think it began that way. But the affair turned into love. And for film fans it made exciting news: The Latin Lover and the Blonde Beauty. Lana went to Nevada and divorced Topping. Almost everyone expected her to wed Lamas. I didn't. In the middle of the romance, Lamas had whispered to me, "I don't think we'll ever marry. She's too demanding."

THE explosion was sudden and final. Fernando took both Lana and Ava Gardner to Marion Davies' party for the Johnnie Rays. Lana's eye went aroving again. This time it fell on Tarzan—Lex Barker. Being out of town, I wasn't present at the affair, but was told that when Lex and Lana danced, she snuggled up. Fernando's blood boiled over. And we soon were notified that the romance between Turner and Lamas had gone kaput.

"It's true," Fernando told me cautiously. "But I hope we can always be friends and make a good picture out of *Latin Lovers*." In this they were scheduled to co-star; but within a few days, Fernando was dropped from the cast with a bang, and replaced by Ricardo Montalban.

You could see the way the wind was blowing. The stories emanating from Leo the Lion showed Lana in a sympathetic light. The general tenor of the story was that poor Lana had helped Fernando get his studio contract; and now he showed his gratitude by treating her badly. Lana had nothing to do with his movie contract.

THE reason, I believe, that he was dropped from *Latin Lovers* is that the studio figured that instead of coming out loving, they'd come out with their dukes up. Even if the picture was made without mayhem, the public wouldn't believe the story because of the busted romance. Either Lamas or Turner had to go; and she was more important. So Fernando got the axe.

He didn't carry a torch for Lana, but quickly latched onto Arlene Dahl. As for Lana, she's still casting those baby blues around and alighting on no man of particular interest. But you can bet your bottom dollar it won't be long. The pattern will be repeated. I daresay she'll have plenty of romances and more marriages—that is, if she enjoys the life span insurance companies give most women. But life with Lana has become so full, so repetitious, so enriched with material possessions that I don't believe any love or marriage would, or could, last her until the end of her days.

END

### PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photographs which appear in this issue.

6—Parry, 7—Top Wide World, Bot. Parry, 10—Top Beerman, Bot. BonaFide, 12—Associated Press, 29—Associated Press, 30—Beerman, Parry, 33—Beerman, Parry, 34—Wide World, 34—Paramount, 35—Beerman, Parry, 36—Beerman, Parry, 38—London Daily Graphic, 38-39—London Picture Post, 41—Beerman, Parry, 44-47—Beerman, Parry, 50—Beerman, Parry, 53—Beerman, 54—Globe 55—Top 20th Century-Fox, Bot. Globe, 60—Culver, 69—Lt. Prigent, Rt. Embree-Hesse, 70—Prigent, 71—Prigent, 72—Embree-Hesse. Abbreviations: Bot., Bottom; Cen., Center; Exc., Except; Lt., Left; Rt., Right; T., Top.



## Bing Crosby's future

(Continued from page 33) were amazed beyond words that the malignancy had gone so far that there was nothing to be done to help her.

"It is just a matter of hours, days, weeks—and we'll keep trying. But it is hopeless," said the doctor who is also one of Bing's closest friends.

For a moment it seemed that Bing, who had never suspected the extent of Dixie's illness, would collapse. Then that aura of impenetrable dignity, that seems to color his personality at all times, came to his rescue.

"Dixie isn't to be told," he whispered, "but the boys must know."

Weep for him in that hour of agony when he summoned his four sons before him at home and told them the truth about their mother.

More than that, he told them, that as hard as it might seem, as impossible, they must play a role of pretense and acting. That they must appear to be gay and happy though their hearts were breaking. He told them Dixie was being sent home from the hospital within a few days because there was nothing more that could be done for her. And she was never to suspect from their faces or words or actions that she was soon to leave them.

He asked his wonderful boys to pretend to their mother that they were so sure she was well back on the road to recovery that they wanted to return to their vacation in Elko and that they expected her to join them as soon as she was able to travel after surgery.

And—the day Dixie came home—Bing had a peculiar welcome awaiting her.

HER bedroom was littered with blueprints and plans for a house in Palm Springs, a place long contemplated by the whole family, Dixie in particular, but never realized.

"We'll spend a lot of time there, honey," he told Dixie. "It will be just a little place, no chi-chi, no big house like this one. We won't have it an inch bigger than we need to hold the six of us."

"Now here, Wilma," he said, using the family name to kid her, "you get busy and start looking over these plans and pick out what you like best. And—no loafing! Start selecting the carpets and drapes and color schemes and get things ready in a hurry. Maybe we can spend Christmas there—and New Year's if you get at it."

"Honey," he went on swallowing a big lump in his throat, "you are coming along so well, I'm going ahead with making *Little Boy Lost* in Europe. I'll be gone about three weeks. When I get back—don't let me find you haven't started our house in Palm Springs."

And, so, Dixie sat up in bed and started directing every nail and stone to go into that little home she had wanted for so long—and which she was never to see.

The gleam of happiness came back to her eyes as she planned the desert home, on the edge of the new golf course, naturally—Bing would be happiest living near a golf course, Dixie told her doctors and nurses.

Her plans for the happiness of her Bing and the boys seemed to be making a new woman of her. A miracle was happening. Dixie, unbelievably, was able to leave her bed.

In an incredibly short time, she was up and around and driving herself to the hospital for a series of treatments to which she was making response beyond the most prayerful hopes of her doctors.

Best of all, she was able to meet daily with Harold Grieve, the decorator, about

the part that was the most fun—the color schemes, the drapes and carpets, pictures and pots and pans, the part of homemaking so dear to every woman's heart.

"Remember, nothing fussy," she would remind Grieve, "just something my five boys will like."

And so the house was built, and the gray-and-beige carpets were down and the desert-pink drapes were up when, with shocking suddenness of pain, suffering and then blessed coma, the curtain mercifully lowered for Dixie.

The reason I tell you about this little house in Palm Springs in such minute detail is that it will be Bing's real home in the future.

When he originally acquired the prop-

**If movie theaters must give away dishes it should be a dish like Jane Russell.**

*Jerry Colonna as quoted by Sidney Skolsky*

erty atop a knoll about ten miles east of Palm Springs, he gave half of it to his pal-confidant and songwriter, Jimmy Van Heusen. Jimmy started his house at the same time Bing did and has already moved into his part of the isolated male paradise where men, without women (Van Heusen is a bachelor) can play golf all day in the sunshine and come home to hearty, dietless dinners, pipes, open, blazing hearths and the music, music, music that both men love.

It is here that the boys will spend their holidays with their "old man" in an intimacy and closeness of association the big, sprawling Crosby mansion in Holmby Hills never afforded.

BING has always been interested in his kids as individuals. Now he is dedicated to them. Not that he will be maudlin or overly sentimental to his motherless brood. Far from it.

As an example, not long ago he got wind that Gary was having a bit too much of a tres gay time at Stanford. Much driving around in the new car Bing and Dixie had given him when he set off for the Northern California campus; very little concentration on his studies.

And Gary was getting fat. Bing had been fat, himself, when he was a kid—even when he first came to Hollywood. And, he wasn't too overly studious about his career.

But, as many a father has said before him, it was a case of "Don't do as I do (or did). Do as I say!"

Bing took Gary's car away from him to the tune of much indignant howling from the injured member of the Crosby clan.

"Hey, Dad," Gary telephoned from Stanford (charges reversed), "how am I going to get around?????"

"You're round enough," his pappy snapped, "now start walking some of it off!"

As of this writing, the car has not yet been restored to that fine star of song and hoof, Monsieur Gary Crosby—and you can rest assured it won't be until pop gets a look at the midyear scholastic reports in January.

If Gary ever had any idea that he was already a star of song, (and his records with Bing have sold like hotcakes) he's had that notion knocked out of any swelled head he might have been developing by his partner in song.

Recently, Bing was approached by an agent who had a sponsor wanting to star Gary in a TV program directed toward teen-agers. Knowing that Bing is insistent that Gary finish college before turning professional entertainer, the agent approached Bing with the idea that Gary

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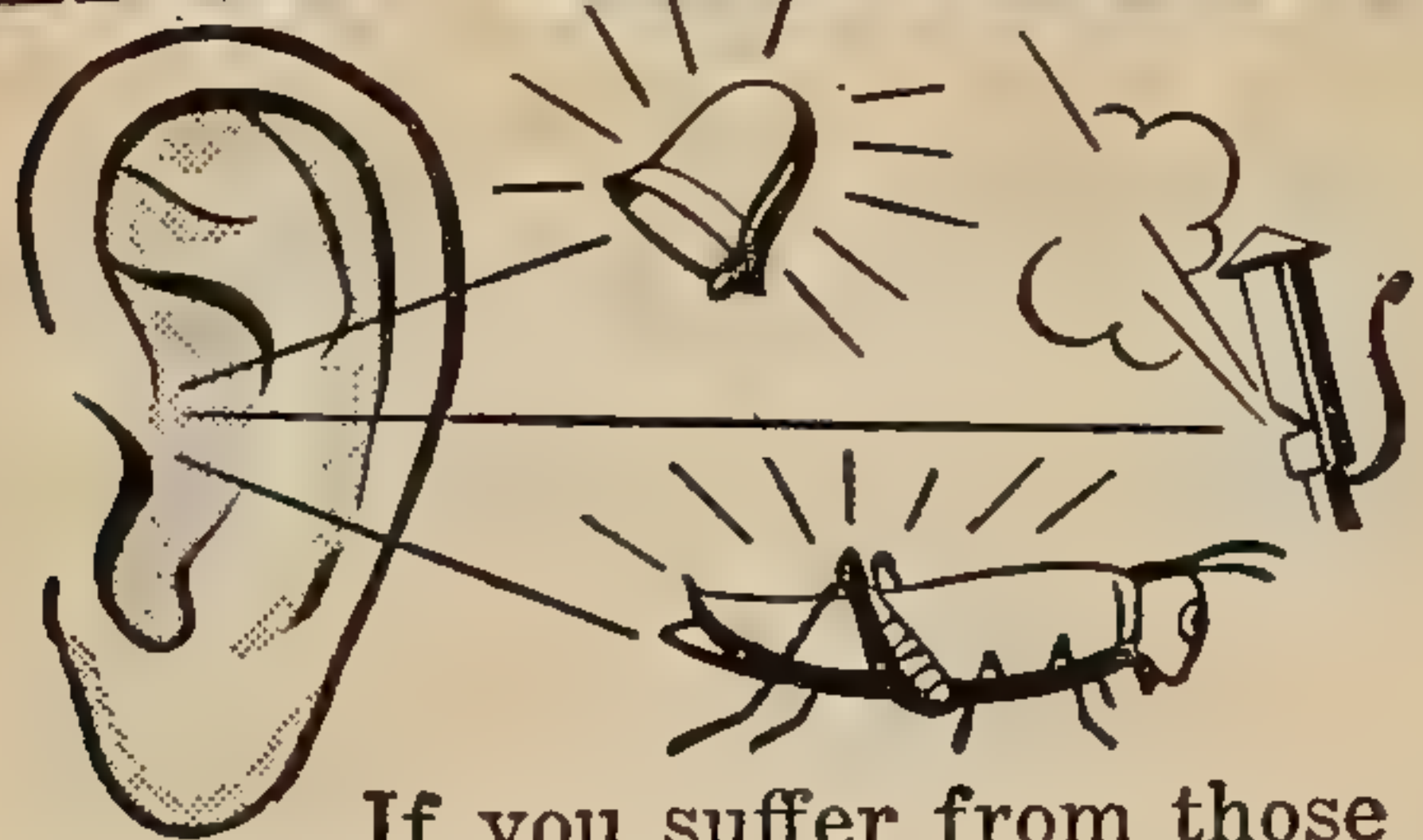
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could do it during his summer vacation.

"Who's the sponsor?" asked Crosby, Sr., "and what do they offer?"

The agent told him a canned meat company, and the figure was \$2500 weekly for Gary.

"They've got the right hambone to commercialize," Bing laughed, "but my boy's not that good—yet. There are too many fine performers who have been years training themselves to get that kind of money—and the job should go to one of them. Right now they're just buying the Crosby part of Gary's name. To get up in that salary bracket, he must wait until he can deliver on his talent."

Could anything really demonstrate better his love for Gary, his concern that his boy not become a spoiled prodigy robbed forever of the wonderful satisfaction of getting to the top on his own?

Of the twins, 17-year-old Phillip and Dennis, 'ole Pappy has a hard time concealing his pride. Both boys are enrolled at the University of Washington, studying animal husbandry. While they, too, have performed on their Dad's radio show—their real interests are centered in the big Crosby ranch in Elko, Nevada.

They are serious boys, thoughtful, polite, considerate—already as quiet and retiring as the ranchhands they work with and admire so much.

It was Phillip who quietly suggested to his father that he (Bing) study up on his French before leaving for *Little Boy Lost* scenes in Paris.

"Oh, almost everyone I'll come in contact with speaks English there," Bing tossed it off. "Why bother?"

"It's cheaper when you speak the lingo," replied Phillip with a perfectly straight face, "and you aren't the fastest guy in the world with a buck, you know!"

AND, last—but far, far from least, there's 14-year-old Lindsay, "the little fellow" to his Dad and his brothers, the "baby." Oh, Bing can be a strict father to his heart's content and talk about his boys who have proved they are man-sized—but he's going to be a mother and father to Lindsay—because he can't help himself.

All the deep tenderness in Bing's nature, that sometimes seems to manifest itself fully only when he is singing, goes out to encircle Lindsay and hold him dear in warm affection.

He will keep Lindsay very close to him, particularly during these next so-very-important years to a boy of Lindsay's age and sensitivity.

Lindsay will be kept in school in Los Angeles—he is currently a student at Loyola High School. And when Bing goes traveling—and most certainly he will go traveling because he loves it—I think Lindsay will be by Bing's side, very close, very warm and near to the father who loves him so much.

This is the way it should be and will be because "little fellows" can become puzzled and hurt and too lonely when they are out on their own too soon in life.

When I say that Bing will travel, I mean on a large scale. Like many Hollywood stars who are clams in Hollywood, he loves Europe, feels a freedom there not felt at home and revels in the open admiration of the fans who appear to be able to admire celebrities without attempting to tear the buttons off their clothes as many of the native variety do.

His favorite going-to-Europe partner is his wise and witty writer, Bill Morrow, who is responsible for so much of the subtle humor, always in good taste, in Bing's radio shows.

Bing and Bill were together in Paris the summer of '50 and had a wonderful time for themselves being just what they were, "yokels from Hollywood."

Bill is a wonderful buffer for Bing. He has such a delightful way of turning down hostesses, continental or homegrown, that the dear charmers never know they have been bypassed in favor of a stroll down Champs Elysées or a bachelor dinner "stag" in London.

It isn't often easy, this job of "getting Bing off the hook" because the people who know Bing and admire him as ardently as the wildest sidewalk fan, often reach into the upper echelon of European society, diplomacy and—recently, royalty.

One cause which particularly appealed to Bing and which he was eager to do was the golf tournament just outside London in which he was teamed with his old nemesis, Bob Hope, against two top British comedians.

The reason Bing agreed to play the exhibition match is because the proceeds were to go to the Playing Fields Fund, favorite charity of the Duke of Edinburgh, and dedicated to raising money for playgrounds and athletic endeavors to the homeless, bombed out and orphaned children of England.

The result? Bing and Bob lost to the Britishers. But he never will regret having made that appearance, even in the pouring rain. A lot of money was raised for the kids.

THE next day, at his hotel, a letter was delivered to Bing. It was from the popular and beloved Prince Phillip, Duke of Edinburgh, who, in his own handwriting, thanked the American star for what he had done for English children and asking him to accept, in the grateful spirit in which it was given, one of the Duke's "school ties"—one of the greatest tributes an Englishman can pay a friend! (And I didn't get that story from Bing who will die when he reads it here!)

Nor will he be happy that I tell you that one of the first telegrams to arrive at the Crosby house of mourning came from General Dwight D. Eisenhower, President-elect of our United States, who, with millions throughout the nation and abroad, expressed heartfelt sympathy over Dixie's death.

Famous or unknown—I happen to know that Bing read all the letters and wires sent to him and they did much to help him bear up in his time of deep bereavement.

Perhaps it was the greatest thing in the world—for him—that he was in the middle of a picture when his loss came. Although his studio, Paramount, and his producer, William Perlberg, would have given him days, weeks, even an indefinite postponement—he insisted on coming back to work the day after Dixie's funeral.

To his producer, director, co-workers and the crew, it was an ironically cruel thing that the only sequences remaining to be shot were those of an ex-GI, returning to France who has just learned that the French girl he married and who bore him a son he has never seen, is—dead!

Most of the workers on a movie set are pretty casehardened. In Hollywood, they have worked through the most extraordinary happenings. But strong men couldn't stand this.

Bing could—and did. "And if these scenes don't earn this wonderful guy an Academy Award," William Perlberg later told me, "they should never gold-leaf another statuette. Just a crooner? He's a great actor."

Yes, Bing will go on. He will walk ahead marshalling, guiding, cherishing those young ones near and dear to him; sharing his friendship with his cronies; being humble and dignified when honors come to him, proud when honors come to those he loves.

But, he will go on—alone.

END



## love story—nine years young

(Continued from page 43) the sun—except himself. So the doll, like many before and after her, made a play for him, not knowing he hates predatory women.

She was much more important than he, and persistent. She suggested that he ask her for a date. He didn't. She hinted that it would be dandy if he took her for a drive one day. He didn't. Finally, when he either had to make a scene or go into action, he went into action. He has a strong man's aversion to feminine scenes but he drove to Malibu, stopped by a small, neat house.

In the living room there was a beautiful girl with golden hair and a sunny smile. "This is my wife," said Mr. Lancaster. "How do you do?" said Norma Lancaster to the speechless doll. "It's such a long drive down from Hollywood, I'm sure you want to freshen up."

Burt originally kept silent about his private life because, like so many very masculine men, he's afraid of admitting he's sentimental. As an example of this, about two years ago Norma hinted she would appreciate a mink coat for Christmas. It didn't turn up under the Christmas tree but just ahead of her birthday, which comes in July, Burt brought a mink coat home in a plain box and handed it to Norma as though it were a pound of rice.

Norma had it on in a second. She whirled delightedly, then said, "But Burt, we've made so many additions to the house, we can't afford this."

"No," said Burt, "but you're glad I got it just the same, and so am I."

It is in character, therefore that a completely sentimental thing broke him down into talking about his family. He received a fan letter which said, "I don't believe you've got a beautiful wife and four kids. If you did, why should you hide them?" He showed Norma the letter. "This is a great family," he said, "so let's tell the world about it."

THAT family ideal has always come first with him from the very day he met Norma and fell in love instantly. The first time they ever saw one another was in the bitter war winter of 1944. The place was the battered town of Montecatini, Italy.

It was one of those miracles that make you believe in fate. Burt was just a tired G.I. among a lot of other tired G.I.s. Norma was a dancer with a USO unit.

It was complete happenchance that Norma Marie Anderson was in the USO troupe, because she was neither a professional singer nor dancer. She had been a stenographer up until then in the office where the USO acts were booked. But her beauty, sex appeal and general radiant good nature stood out so that when a girl in the unit fell ill, it was quite natural that somebody should ask Norma if she'd like to go overseas. Maybe she couldn't keep a time step, but she had what the boys wanted—and then some.

Burning with a bright patriotic fervor, and also not exactly annoyed with the idea of being surrounded by thousands of men, Norma and the other girls soon discovered one disconcerting fact. Their entertainment of the G.I.'s consisted solely of what they could project across the footlights. Off stage, they were captured by the brass.

Thus the blonde Miss Anderson was more than out of line when, as the jeep in which she was riding, reached Montecatini she noticed one particular broad-shouldered, slim-hipped soldier in the group crowded around.

"Gee, who's that?" she asked the col-

onel sitting beside her.

The colonel didn't know, but eagerly urged, he said he could find out.

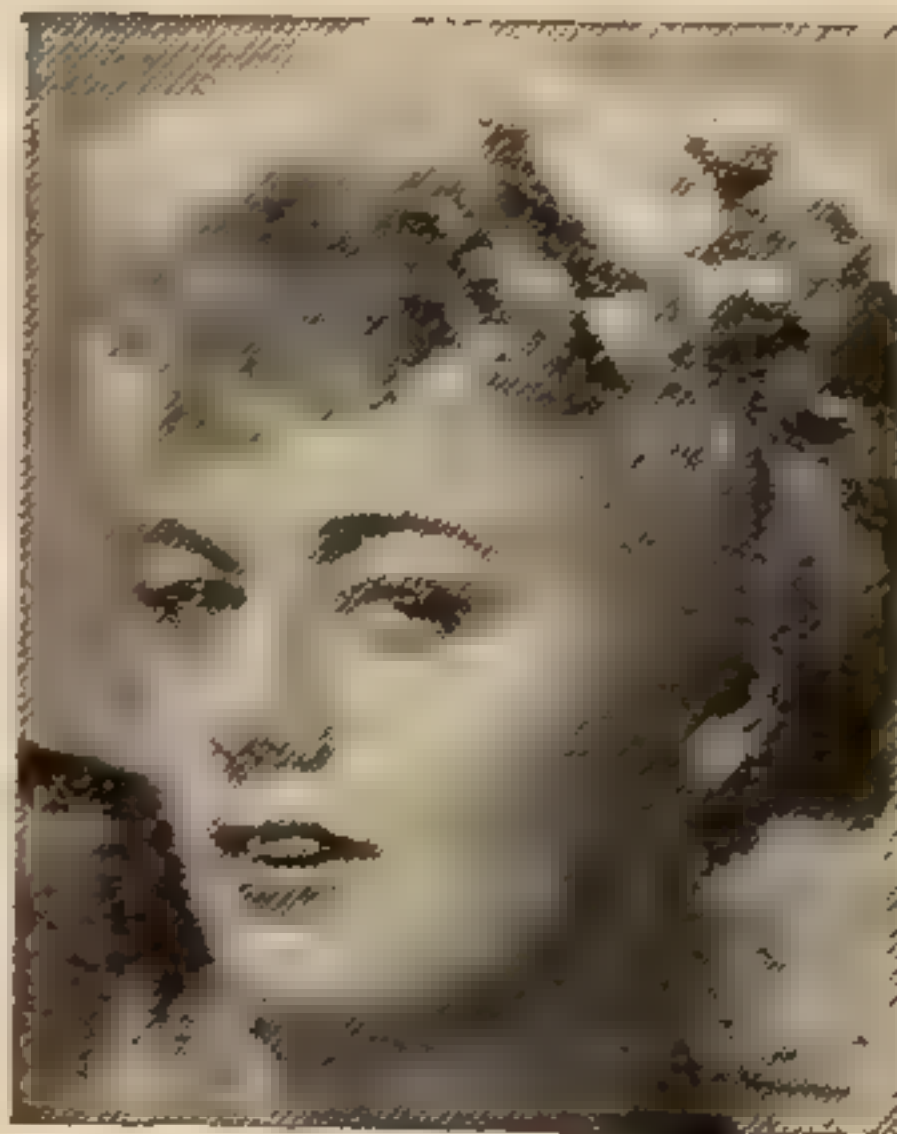
"Find out if he's married," Norma said.

The colonel was a gentleman, as well as Cupid's messenger. He soon came back with the fellow's name, his unmarried status, and the fact that he'd set up a blind date for that night after the show.

The only trouble with that was that Mr. Lancaster nearly didn't keep the date. He had got into a poker game, early evening, and was busily losing his shirt. He hates to be defeated at anything and never is until he drops in his tracks, so that evening, he stayed in the game until he won back his shirt and all the other guys' shirts, too. Then he went over to the dance hall where the USO troupe was glittering that time. He took one look at Norma and was a gone goose.

## IT HAPPENED TO ME

About ten years ago, my family and I went to the country for a vacation. While at White Lake in Monticello, New York, a beautiful young girl took care of the children for us in the hotel.



I had completely forgotten about this girl until many years later when I went to the movies—there on the screen was the girl from the country. Now she was a famous actress and her name was none other than Shelley Winters.

Ina Joyce Fisherman  
Brooklyn, New York

He can laugh at himself now for the way he acted that evening. "I hate to dance," he confesses, "but that night I suddenly was old-fashioned waltzing, and new-fashioned rumba-ing and whatever that band wanted to beat out. I'd get one step with Norma in my arms and 90 other guys would cut in, and they'd get one step and I'd cut back. I kept that up until they blew us out of the hall at three AM, but by then I had another date with this dish."

However, this was the Army in war time. At dawn that morning, the USO unit, including Norma Marie Anderson, was flown several hundred miles north to Caserta. At eight AM PFC Lancaster, learning this bit of news, went AWOL, hitch-hiked to Caserta, and saw Miss Anderson for all of a half-hour before the MP's caught up with him and slapped him in custody, back in Montecatini.

So what did Miss Anderson do then, the bold thing? She went AWOL, and got back to Montecatini. By this time the lovers had known one another two whole days, Burt had served his punishment, so they again went AWOL, only together this time, to Pisa, the one that has the leaning tower. And it was in the Leaning Tower that Burt proposed and in these words, "I want to have some blond children," he said.

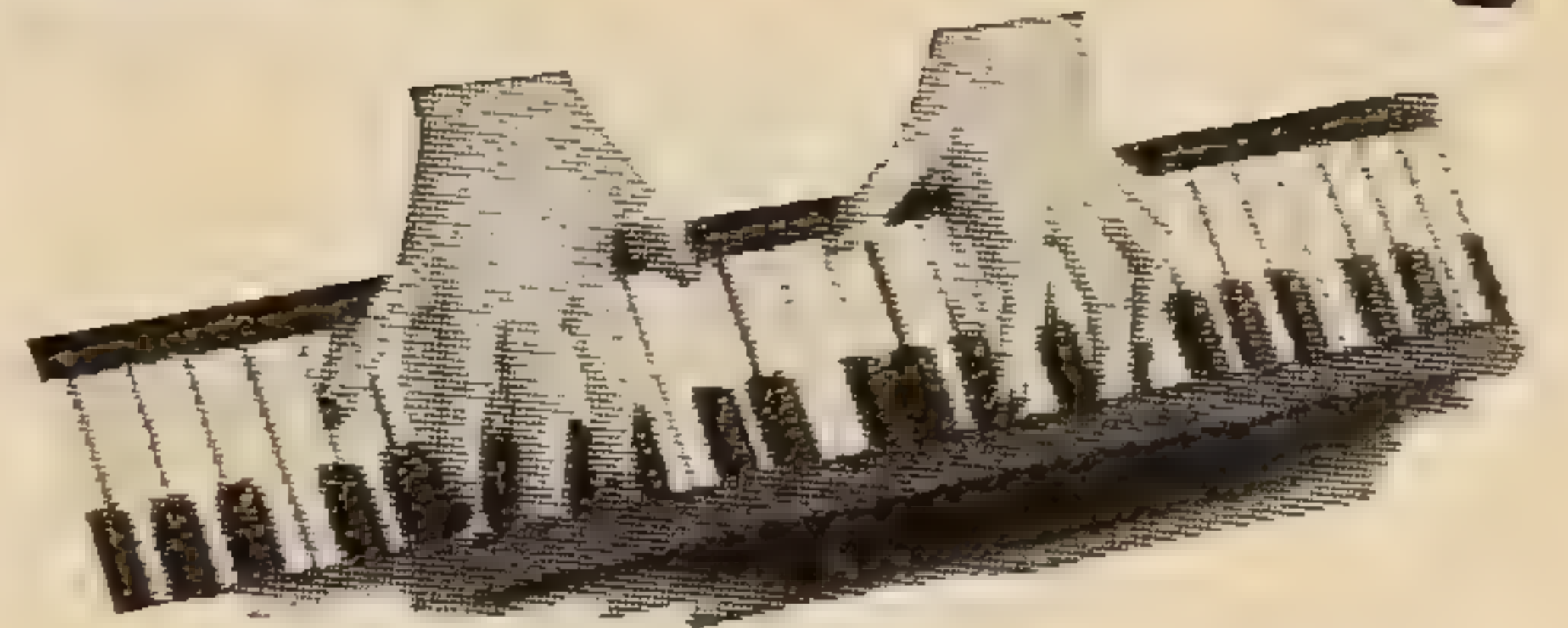
"How many?" breathed Norma.

"Four."

"All right," she said.

They got married that very afternoon in a fast Italian civil ceremony. They didn't dare wait, you see, knowing the MP's were breathing on their necks, knowing it was wartime, knowing they might never see one another again. And the MP's really did catch up with them, but good. Norma was taken back to her USO troupe and confined to quarters. Burt was hauled

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off to Montecatini and what happened to him wasn't a honeymoon.

THEY didn't see one another again until Labor Day, in New York, but by now the war was over, and Burt was about to be out of uniform. He didn't know what he wanted to do in civilian life but Norma said to take his time, she could keep right on with her job as stenographer, only right then Burt was discovered by a theatrical producer, in an elevator, and Norma discovered Jimmy was on the way—and you know the rest.

That is, you know the rest except how much each of his children has changed Burt's character. He came out of the war like many another G.I. He was bitter. He was poor. He felt much of life was all wrong, and he wanted to do something about that. He wanted to reform things and he wanted to make some one pay and pay. At the moment that Hal Wallis offered him a Hollywood contract, as the result of his appearance in a single play, *The Sound Of Hunting*, he owned only one suit and couldn't have paid the rent on their flat if it hadn't been for Norma's earnings. But he made Wallis pay. He thought then money was the answer to most problems.

Now it's a standard Hollywood compliment to say of a fellow that he can spot phoneys at 60 paces and hate them. But this attitude is not true of Burt. He certainly can spot phoneys—but he has a perfectly open admiration of them, if they are getting away with their phoniness.

Jimmy began the change in him. They named the baby, who looks so much more like his father than the other three, for Burt's father—but their hearts shook when they first saw him. Because he was club footed.

Burt had loved his wife very much up until then, but after that, he shifted almost to admiration. Because she took the situation with absolute courage. "Let's see as many doctors as we have to until we find the one who can cure the baby."

By the time Jimmy was cured—he's the sturdiest, healthiest kid imaginable today—Billy was on the way, and Burt knew a lot more about human kindness. Though his contract belonged to Wallis, the first Lancaster producer was Mark Hellinger, a deeply talented, highly sentimental and completely cynical man. Actually Mark wanted Wayne Morris for *The Killers* but Wayne had been on the Warner payroll all during the war years. So when Warners wanted to charge all that money against the production, Mark got Lancaster simply because he was big and he was cheap.

Together they made *The Killers* and *Brute Force* and they suited one another's mood because they were both hard-boiled New Yorkers. The two pictures were hits. Burt was an overnight star, but I'll always remember Mark saying of him at that time, "This is only a sky rocket, not a star. He'll tumble because already he's arguing with everybody. Already, he thinks he knows about direction, he thinks he knows about production, he thinks he knows about writing. In another year or so, he'll be unendurable."

It looked like a confirmation of Mark's theory when Burt promoted enough money to buy half his contract away from Wallis in order to do the bitter but truthful picture, *All My Sons*. It was a flop. Burt didn't alibi. He went quietly back to Wallis and made another picture. Then on his own time and money made *Kiss The Blood Off My Hands*, which you may remember was just as jolly as the title and flopped horribly, too.

Contrast those titles with *The Flame And The Arrow*, which was all fun and action, 88 and made a fortune. Or with *The Crim-*

*son Pirate*, which did the same, and was ditto. This was the evidence of the softening influence of Jimmy and Billy Lancaster on their father, and of the sound sense of Norma. Of course, Burt still thought he knew a lot about production, direction and writing. He still thinks that—and he's darned tooting. He does.

The sum of all this is what makes him so often moody and hard to understand. He hasn't only a dual nature, but a triple one. One part of him is all artist. When he is acting a scene he is completely lost to anything outside of him. *Come Back, Little Sheba* is complete miscasting for him. He went into it knowing the whole picture had to belong to Shirley Booth. Nevertheless, he was as excited as his kids with their Christmas joys over the challenge of playing the off-beat role of a drunk who is a fugitive from AA. The part called for him to look middle-aged, defeated. Just the same he gave his finest screen performance and somehow he subdued that vigorous body of his into looking thoroughly spent.

The business man in him is what makes him get such a boot out of his personal productions, which are called "Norma

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Productions" for his wife, and actively headed up by his friend, Harold Hecht. Burt sticks his nose into every detail on those: cost sheets, set design, the original script idea, the scenario, the direction, the casting. The artist in him keeps on bumping into the business man, and he spends too much on the films in one way, and then drives himself crazy by not having spent enough in some other.

He hasn't actually much money sense, anyway, though he fondly thinks he has. Sob stories get him and he always has a bunch of retainers hanging around from his circus or carnival days to whom he continually slips cash. When Norma announced that their third baby was coming, he decided it would be thrifty to buy a small house. He bought in the section which he calls "the poor man's Bel-Air," which is actually high in the hills over Supulveda Boulevard and very beautiful. The house actually was a simple, inexpensive one—whereupon he started re-altering it and invested more than \$100,000 on top of the purchase price. Yet one of these alterations gives you the key to his character: he had a tremendous kitchen put on the house. It has everything in it a kitchen can have, a washing machine, a drying machine, a dishwasher, garbage

disposal and all the mixing, grinding and liquefying gadgets. Also it has what Burt calls "a real family table." This is hard wood and no amount of childish spilling or mug-banging could hurt it. It can easily seat ten about its great circle in high chairs, as un-hurttable as the table. Off the kitchen, there is the children's playroom, which opens right out on the lawns where the kids' athletic equipment is set up.

There is nothing in the playroom that can be hurt, either. There's a TV set there, and radios, blackboards, toys, and all the furniture is scaled down to kid size. Good practical linoleum is on the floor. So stains of muddy little feet, or the tracks that the two Boxer puppies or the four kittens bring in as they wander casually in and out through the two big sliding glass panels, which serve both as doors and the whole side of the room, don't mean a thing.

THE Lancasters do have a tremendous, very beautiful living room, complete with a projection booth for showing movies. They also have a formal dining room. They don't go in either room more than once a week.

That's because they live entirely for and with the children. They have a cleaning woman who comes in by the day, to keep the place spic and span, but they decided long ago they didn't want a cook. This was because Burt felt, with his work, the only time he would see a lot of his kids was evenings and Sundays. Norma is an excellent cook, and so is he. This is another little thing he learned in Italy and he can make the best fettucini or spaghetti you ever tasted.

So the moment he lands home from the studio, he heads toward the kitchen or the kids' playroom. The children literally crawl all over him, and he often has Jimmy sitting on top his head, Billy hanging off one shoulder and Susiebet sitting on his lap, all simultaneously. Susie, for no known reason, is fascinated by his teeth and it's the craziest sight you ever watched to see that big man sitting in the old-fashioned rocker he bought for the kitchen, holding his mouth wide-open while a very small girl carefully counts, for the hundredth time, how many teeth he has.

THUS the third side of his nature is this "Daddy" side—and it is the one that is becoming the most dominant. It has made him reject *The Naked And The Dead* and want to do amusing, escape pictures like *The Flame And The Arrow* and his newest one, *His Majesty O'Keefe* because he now believes that if you give people happiness you give them the most important of all things. And it is the side of him that has given the lie to Hellinger's dire forecast.

Besides, Burt's discovered the "kind" side of people. He found it out the day Billy was stricken with polio, and in an instant Warners suspended production on *Jim Thorpe* so he could be by his boy's side. He found it out through the doctor and therapists who worked with Billy, so that he is now nearly all well. It humbled him enough that he quietly goes to PTA meetings with Norma, and school board meetings and the like.

He's still no saint. He still blows his top over what he thinks are stupidities or social inequalities. He's still madly high-brow about music (going for Bach and Richard Strauss particularly) and lowbrow about prizefights and other athletic contests. He still hasn't any "little courtesies" at all—like opening car doors or lighting cigarettes for languishing ladies. But he's all man, and he's getting close to being all heart, and nothing would surprise me less than to have the world discover him as a very great human being.

END



## real gone and straight up!

(Continued from page 55) Wagner put down a fork he'd been stabbing the table with and stopped looking at Jane Russell, who was sitting next door with Dan Dailey, Robert Mitchum and three unidentified spear-carriers.

"No, I'm not," he said. "No hurry at all. Not that I have anything against women. For Pete's sake, don't print that. I love women. But the way I figure is, I got time."

He was wearing a box-back coat, a choker collar, a string necktie, and the sort of bucolic, semi-banged hair-comb that suggested he might have been on his way out of a burning building—or off a burning deck. None of it was strictly out of character. Away from the screen, he dresses habitually as though having barely had time to escape a holocaust of some really dire nature. Now he explained with considerable precision that his part in this picture—*Nearer My God To Thee*—was that of a Purdue University tennis player of reasonably prominent talents who got a young lady off the sinking ship but didn't make out very well himself.

"But about this marriage business," he said. "I'm only 22. Young. What could I offer a wife? I'm not in the big money, don't let this movie actor business fool you. Maybe in a few years, but that's beside the point. Maybe in a few years I'll be out on—I'll be right back where I started. Then again, how do I know how I'm going to feel later? So I'm crazy about a girl when I'm 22, so when I'm 30 I'm not. Wouldn't be fair to her, wouldn't be fair to me. And like I was saying, what could I offer her anyway? A second-hand car and a house not big enough to—"

"—swing a cat by the tail."

"Well, you could always get yourself another hobby. No, what I was thinking, just not big enough to live in. These midget houses can be murder."

The corned beef and cabbage came—Fox must use pressure cookers—and Wagner stared at it suspiciously. "Executive fare," he said.

"You rate around here."

"Oh, no. Anybody can—" An arrested look of horror crossed his face. He got the waitress back. "Look, isn't anybody allowed to ask for the executives' menu?"

The waitress didn't say yes and she didn't say no.

"Holy cow," said Wagner. "I do it every day. I just thought anybody— Look, have I been doing something wrong?"

The waitress and Julian laughed. Apparently it didn't amount to breach of contract.

"Let's skip my romances," Wagner said after a while and two slices of beef, "mainly because I haven't got any romances. Dates though."

Melinda Markey?

"Sure. Melinda Markey. Wonderful. Wonderful girl. They're all wonderful. I mean, why would you date what you didn't like? Melinda I've known—" He made a gesture covering roughly a period dating from the arrival in Hollywood of Cecil B. DeMille. "She's a girl who has fun at anything. Indoor, outdoor, picnic, dancing, I don't care what. You name it, she loves it. How lucky can you be?"

"You or her?"

"Her for being the way she is, me for getting to date her. One thing, I don't mean to sound particular, but one thing I can't take in a girl is this tired business. You know, bored? All this is so childish? Much rather be home with a good book? No, you can have those. They think they're tired? Well, they are tired—period. You know what I mean? Really

tired. But not Melinda. One time we got into a lecture by mistake. No kidding, we thought it was a bop session. It was something, I don't know, trends in Elizabethan literature, I'm not sure. Maybe worse than that. So we were way down front and couldn't very well leave after the guy had started. So we stayed, and she liked it. Anyway, she made like she was liking it, which is even better."

Wagner and Miss Russell exchanged a long, mock-sultry look. "Mmmm," said Wagner.

**W**ASN'T there a Babs Darrow, like Miss Markey—a daughter of the Gene Markeys when Mrs. Gene Markey was Joan Bennett—a fledgling actress?

"Oh, very definitely, there is a Babs Darrow. Very, very definitely. And you know what? She is what I would describe as the ideal party girl."

In what respect?

"In the respect—now don't let this floor you—that you can walk away from her as soon as you get to the party. Just walk right away. That's what I call wonderful."

An extension of remarks seemed to be called for.

"Oh, not for that reason, nothing of the kind. But because you know she can take care of herself, you know what I mean? Take five steps toward the ice cream, and she's surrounded by the loyal opposition. She's a beautiful girl, you know. Beautiful? Words fail me. Words absolutely fail me."

"Do your girls have to be beautiful?"

Wagner polished off his plate, finished his coffee and reached for a cigarette. "Noooo—I wouldn't say that. Or would I? You threw me a curve then. Let me stop and think about it." He stopped and thought about it. It came ultimately to this: "If a girl looks beautiful to me, then she's beautiful. In my eyes, you know what I mean? In other words, almost all girls are beautiful because almost all girls have a man who thinks so. Maybe I should go in for philosophy. Maybe I'm wasting my time around here."

So what was his criterion for beauty?

"I don't know. The girl next door, I guess. I mean, I sort of like them to look like the girl next door. I mean, I do unless I get to thinking about it real hard, and then I figure, well, if the girl next door's all you want, go next door then and stop beating your brains out all over town. I don't know, maybe girls next door are a dime a dozen. Maybe that's a bad steer. It's funny, but just when I've convinced myself that's the type for me, I see Marlene Dietrich somewhere and flip my lid. I mean, I imagine she lives next door to someone but it sure isn't me or anyone I know. And anybody who doesn't think Marlene Dietrich's a beautiful woman is on his way to the rockin' chair. It's a tough deal to figure."

Well and good. On with the list then?

"Well, not a list exactly. I just date certain girls and they date me, and they date other guys, too. I date Debbie Reynolds quite a lot, maybe you know. She's the kind of girl—well, I'll tell you the kind of girl she is. You go skiing and she doesn't wait for you to tie her straps. She ties them herself. That might not sound like a lot but believe me, it is. There are so many girls who wouldn't think of doing it, have to wait around until you've been Sir Galahad or Walter Raleigh or whoever it is. And I'm exactly the kind of guy who wouldn't think of doing it for them until it's too late, and they've decided I'm a self-centered jerk with no manners."

"Debbie and I are both sort of in what you'd call the bop element, too. She's goner than I am, and I went two years ago. We like the same things, and—I don't know, it's just like I was saying, she's a



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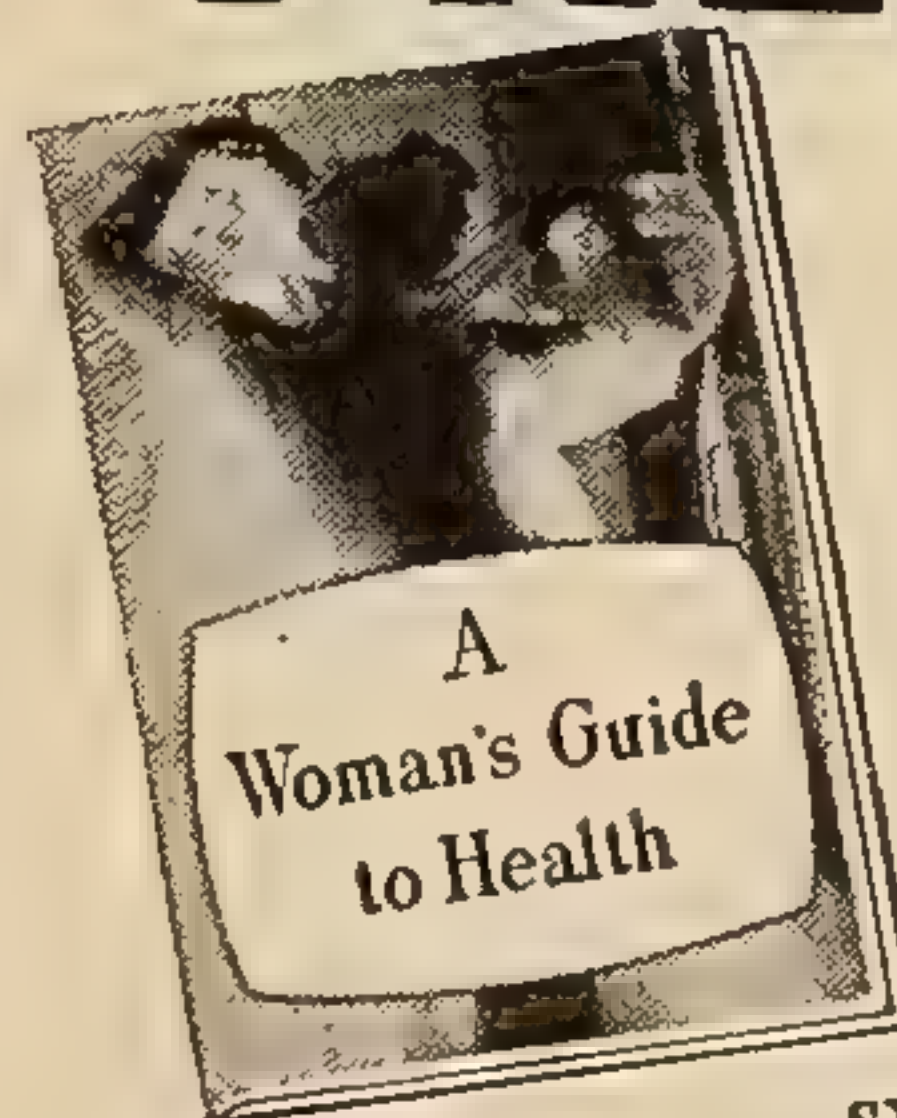
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wonderful, happy girl, a very happy girl, and I'm crazy about happy girls, all life and no phonies."

JULIAN, the publicist, made soft noises at this point that sounded like "keep it on the lot." Miss Reynolds is employed by another studio.

"Oh, sure," said Wagner. "Well, there's Charlotte Austin who works here at Fox, she's another sort of person I date and I'm always glad to see, and you know why? Because she's glad to see me. That's important. I don't mean for my ego or anything like that, but you can strictly tire of these girls who come up to you with this routine of 'Hello-Bob-sit-down-and-listen-to-what's-been-happening-to-me.' Charlotte's one of the warmest people I ever met, and I swear, she does care what I've been doing and what I feel like. Not that I'm the most fascinating conversationalist in the world or my biography's anything much, but it makes you feel real nice to be approached like that? Am I talking too much?"

Hardly. It's your interview.

"All right. Then there's—or pardon me, here she is." The boss's daughter had entered the commissary and sat down with the Russell-Mitchum retinue. There is a Darrlyn Zanuck and a, somewhat younger, Susan Zanuck. This was Susan, a lovely blonde girl. Wagner lowered his voice.

"You see what I mean. But that's not all. She's been a real help and a friend right from the start of this acting business, besides giving it to me in the short ribs when I need it. She's been close to the industry all her life, you know, and you can't fool her. I'd known Darrlyn before and that was how I got to know Susan. We met at a wedding. Well, she's completely honest. When I made my first test here, she took the trouble to come over to me one day and tell me she'd liked it. Then a few weeks ago I made another test, and we met on the lot. 'I saw your test the other day,' she said. I got ready to take a bow. 'It was no good,' she said. 'You'd better try again.' She was so right, too. Couldn't have been righter."

Parenthetically, quite a few people below the implied eminence of Susan Zanuck are in Wagner's corner—and a few above it, such as Zanuck pere and the 20th Century-Fox Corporation as a whole. In fact, a sympathetic grip once begged a Wagner director to give Bob another shot at a scene he had not handled too well. The director, for some reason not yet explained, complied, with the result that Wagner showed amazing improvement.

Best wishes have also come from unexpected and rather dramatic quarters. Wagner's first conspicuous hit was as the delicate-fibred dreamer in *What Price Glory?*, and before the first day's shooting an extra detached himself from a group and gave Wagner a few unsolicited words of encouragement, explaining to him that the part could do a lot for him and expressing the hope that Wagner would then know what to do with success, if and when it came. The extra's feelings became clearer when he explained that his name was Barry Norton and that he had played the same role in the last previous version of the film, in support of Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe.

WAGNER was at once impressed and shaken by the incident. Later, when more and more stars of another decade shabbily turned up as members of background ensembles, he took grave note of the fragility of fame.

"There's no use fooling ourselves," he said over the second cup of coffee. "Today they seem to want me. Tomorrow—kaput. You were talking about marriage. 90 I'd like maybe some day to have \$100,000.

With that much, I'd feel free to take the risk. But I haven't got anything like it now. Right this moment, the way I feel is, I won't marry at least until I'm 30. Probably you shouldn't put that down because I know the way these things work, and as soon as a player says he will or won't do this or that, and one of the magazines prints it, he right away does the opposite and the magazine's left holding the bag. For all I know, I'll go clean off the dock for some girl a month from now, and I don't want MODERN SCREEN packing a knife with my name on it. But that's the way I feel now, today. And my father's given me a lot of the same advice, too. My father—there's somebody you ought to know. He's quite a guy."

THE time had inevitably come to press Junior on what he sought mainly in a wife, and here a man-sized snag was reached. Wagner took a deep breath and made indecisive motions with his hands. Finally he said in an oddly measured way: "There's one thing I know: The girl I marry has to want to be loved." He exhaled deeply. "Man, that's complicated,

**Recently Irene Dunne went to a pet shop at the Farmers' Market in search of a bird to be placed in the Beverly Hills Hotel, of which she is a part owner. Miss Dunne was fascinated by a talking parrot. She held a lengthy conversation with the bird. "This," she said to herself, "is just what is needed for the lobby of the hotel." Turning to the man behind the counter, who evidently owned the bird, Miss Dunne said that she'd like to buy the parrot.**

**"Sorry," said the man, "you see, he works in pictures. I'd have to check with his agent first."**

H. W. Kellick

isn't it? Let's try it again for size. What I mean is, she has to want very much that I be in love with her, do you see?"

Not, to be truthful, exactly.

"Well, look. I don't know—I don't know yet—whether I want to love or be loved. Maybe I don't even know what I mean by that, but somehow it seems important. It seems very important. I'm young, like I already said. I don't have to tell you. And all my values may change. Probably will. So the way I dope it now, maybe when you're young, you're more selfish, you want to receive more than give, and as an attitude, a way to go into marriage, that's not exactly copesetic, and maybe someone gets hurt. But as you get older—" He let his hands settle down and leaned back. "I give up. Come back to the set with me, will you?"

Julian signed the check.

The Wagner entourage walked south toward the foundering Titanic, which could be dipped any old way at the whim of the movie-makers. Wagner greeted a number of denim and T-shirt-clad huskies by their first names and got the same back. He greeted the chairman of the board with a deferential, "How do you do, Mr. Schenck," and got a vague if pleasant nod. He talked some more, with a mild note of idolatry creeping into his voice. The stars of *Nearer My God To Thee* are Barbara Stanwyck and Clifton Webb. They are two of the most proficient craftsmen in the business, and Wagner well knows it.

"You know, you get to thinking of your future wife, the girl you'll love some time, in terms of an older woman, the ones with that wonderful mature beauty, and I don't see how anyone could fail to settle for a person like Miss Stanwyck. She's kind, she thinks about you, she goes out of her way to help you, there seems to be nothing

she wouldn't do. And as an actress—I'd just like to know, how good can you get?"

"She told me the other day, 'As soon as you're complacent, as soon as you're satisfied with where you are and what you've done—at that moment, you start slipping backward.' At my age, you can't buy advice like that. Either it's got to be given to you or you don't get it."

"I have scenes with both of them that I guess they could take over if they really wanted to. But all the ones that seem to be written for the character I play, they give to me—and sometimes, I think, a little more besides. It makes you stop believing the crummy things you hear once in a while about big stars. These two are really something."

After a while, Wagner leaped to the sloping deck of the ship and was told to make his way down to the lifeboat, now dangling over the side, hand over hand down the ropes suspended from the davits. He listened to the instructions hanging from the rope, supporting himself with one arm. It definitely was not a double, it was Wagner.

ODDLY, there is in the meteoric young Mr. Wagner no pronounced physical or personality characteristic on which a profiler can readily put his finger. Off-hand, he is slender, rather unremarkable youth who could be described as remotely suggesting Dick Haymes, if you wanted to take the easy way. In the commissary this day, he was more staring than stared at, and he became at one point as briskly interested as a visiting fireman when Susan Hayward crossed the room and disappeared in what may have been, but likely wasn't, the kitchen. His comment was a restrained snort.

Like many youngsters of the near-campus genre, he combs his hair forward, either with a comb or an eggbeater, and his voice is soft to the point of being guarded. For a fairly slight man, he's well-muscled upstairs, from waist to shoulders, and conceivably could pole-vault if he ever put his mind to it.

No one close to him thinks he's kidding in the slightest in his disavowals of marital intentions. There is not even a suspicion of a romantic interest. All that is, for the moment and in the Hollywood patois, for the birds.

Wagner, who a fan magazine recently decided was the second hottest bet for future stardom in Hollywood (Dale Robertson edged him out), could in a sense be described as born with a silver spoon which he subsequently removed from his mouth only to dip into ice cream—but that, as indicated, would be unfair.

He has, on the other hand, enjoyed from birth the degree of economic security that has spared him the neuroses that drive other actors to communism, sulphurous romantic entanglements, drink and eccentric conduct. If Wagner does in fact wind up with the girl next door or her prototype, they will have no difficulty understanding each other.

Wagner's associates and peers consider him an actor with genuine talent who is getting better all the time. There seems no reasonable doubt that his professional humility and willingness to learn are genuine, and so long as that continues he is in no immediate danger of taking a dive.

The startling degree of feminine adulation that has come his way has not moved him to any special extent—or if it has, he certainly is not inclined to discuss his reaction one way or another. In truth, no other intelligent course is open to an actor.

Until three days before our meeting, Wagner had a penchant both for hot rods and midget sport cars. That may be over now. "I piled up my MG Saturday," he said while walking toward the set. "Those



babies skid a long way when they start to skid."

Water skiing, taught him by close friend Dan Dailey, is his preferred diversion, with riding, swimming and flying also rated by him worthwhile pastimes. Fox, however, is not renowned for encouraging its more expensive properties to pilot their own planes.

The muscles and athletic proclivities, incidentally, are not wholly gifts. Besides sharing the sportsmen's tastes of most young men brought up in Southern California, he's put in time in parental steel mills at Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Fort Wayne (Ind.) and South Lyon, Missouri. His father would have preferred he enter that business.

THAT was a preference evidently doomed from the start. Robert, by deposition of all who know him at all well, had both a mind of his own and a one-dimensional fix on motion pictures, going so far as to get a magazine subscription route in an area embracing the homes of many stars. He met only their maids and butlers but the pattern of the plan was forming.

His tour of caddy duty at the Bel-Air Country Club, an establishment occasionally frigid toward film colony memberships, didn't do him any harm, and did gain him the avuncular interest of Mr. Gable, who reminded him after he had signed with Fox:

"You know something? Anyone can be replaced."

Wagner's break, when it finally came, came like a great many others as a result of happenstance. He was singing informally, as vigorous young men will, in a small Beverly Hills restaurant. Agent Henry Wilson, also "scoffing" there, sent over his card and invited Wagner to stop in one of those days. Wagner did just that.

So here's the rundown on Bob:

He was something of a man-around-campus at Santa Monica High School, or enough so to be elected president of his senior class, and when he backed off stage there, he went quick like a bunny and enlisted in the Marine reserves.

The gyrenes may or may not have a place for him. He punctured an ear drum not long ago while water skiing, and not even the last persnickety army likes to buy those.

Wagner's idea of an extremely funny piece of business is to rehearse set dialogue with friends and then astound other friends by reciting it in unison without a break in timing. His idea of quiet fun is to build miniature trains, and his idea of serious food is steaks—but on paper plates, absolutely. Who wants to wash a dish?

He's a calisthenics man, particularly on arising, and a fair journeyman cook. He sleeps habitually in a crossdraft, which presumably will give him the croup sooner or later. And recently, when his father and mother moved to a new home in La Jolla, the scenic peninsula 100-plus miles south of Hollywood, he abandoned the old Beverly Hills home to set up light house-keeping in a bachelor apartment.

These days, Wagner is learning tap dancing—not as a lark, however, but back in the old fundamental attitude of what-you-do-know-can't-hurt-you. Miss Reynolds got him started, it's true, but it seems also there was going to be a part for a tap-dancer, or an actor who could tap dance, in an upcoming Fox picture titled *There's No Business Like Show Business*.

In short, our young man of many dates, no urge to marry, and spiralling prominence as a film player, is not a careless fellow. In the immemorial parting words of high school year books all over the land, including Santa Monica: "We are sure he will be a success."

END

## she came a long way

(Continued from page 53) Hollywood?" For a moment it appeared as though the girl was going to get back into the plane, but with a shrug of her shoulders, intimating that she'd try anything once, she shuffled down the steps and Rosemary Clooney set foot for the first time on California soil.

Historically, this arrival may not rank with the landing in these parts of Cortez, but in the journals of the motion picture industry, it might well stack up one day with the first setting down on Hollywood ground of the Swedish brogans of Garbo, or the first toe-tap on our acreage of the nimble Fred Astaire. For they will tell you in Hollywood today that Rosemary Clooney will be a star of the first magnitude, one of the greats of our celluloid entertainment era; and Hollywood fully expects that she will be one of the big influences in driving the television-maddened masses of the nation back into the movie houses.

Although she is only 24 it has been a hard and a long road to fame for Rosemary Clooney. Long because, like the fellow said, she started young—and hard, because she had to do most of the climbing herself and the helping hands were as scarce as wishbones on a turkey. Those who know her best doubt if Rosemary ever aspired to riches or adulation. All they know is that she wanted to be as good a singer as anyone else and she had a desire for some of the creature comforts, with maybe a mink coat some day to top it off. She worked for a living at her trade—which was singing songs—and kept an eye

peeled for the next opportunity, which at times meant no more to her than a booking to pay the rent. She is where she is today because she had talent rather than avarice. That, the old-timers in Hollywood will tell you, is better than having an uncle who plays checkers with Louis B. Mayer.

ROSEMARY Clooney was born in Maysville, Kentucky, on May 3, 1928. She came from an ancestry that lived in Ireland until one of them put down his peat-spade, spat on his hands and started trudging toward a boat that could take him to America where a man could get something to eat besides a potato. Some prospered and some longed for a return to the peace of the bogs and cursed their adventurous grandfather. None captured renown, although Rosemary's grandfather did become Kentucky-famous as the long-time Mayor of Maysville. It was His Worship, by the way, who was probably responsible for Rosemary becoming a singer.

Because they were reared during the depression, Rosemary Clooney and her sister Bettie, and her infant brother, Dick, had a childhood that was a notch or so less lavish than the Rockefeller kids. Andy Clooney, their dad, was a house painter, and although a danged deft man with a brush and a bucket of lead and oil, not too canny about estimating a profit into a contract. Rosemary's girlhood was not crammed with candle-light suppers for her girl friends, frothy new frocks, or even real butter on the table. Andy was strictly a provider, as were most honest men of his time. Providing came hard, and often the cupboard was bitterly bare; but there was love in the family—and fun.

A good deal of the fun Rosemary and

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Bettie Clooney enjoyed during their childhood came from campaigning for Grandad. It was their pleasure to provide the entertainment for his political rallies. They would step atop the wooden platforms before the old boy's speeches and hack away at the crowd's morale with renditions of such prideful tunes as "My Old Kentucky Home" and "She'll Be Comin' Round The Mountin'." Like a pair of skinny captive pigeons, bug-eyed and nervous, they stumped Maysville incessantly, wailing their slender repertoire, and proving to the constituents that Hizzonor was the tool of no powerful special interests, else he'd have had the Andrews Sisters.

It was thus that Rosemary Clooney started to sing. Milk in those days was selling at the alarming price of nine cents a quart and Andy Clooney often got no more than four dollars for painting a kitchen, so vocal lessons for Rosey and Bettie were out of the question. They did, however, manage to study harmony. Grandad was a fan of negro spiritual music and would take the girls to the negro churches in Maysville to listen and worship. While the choir was at work, Rosemary and her sister would sit quietly with their heads together and softly croon the hymns in harmony.

When Rosemary was 13 years old, Andy Clooney moved the family to Cincinnati. By this time the sisters were sure they were ready to earn a dollar, so they brazenly presented themselves to the management of radio station WLW where, to their astonishment, they were employed at a very nominal fee. But they were on their way.

**T**HE change-over years from little girlhood to shaky adolescence were spent in an atmosphere of perilous hope. Sometimes there was sufficient of everything to go around—and at others there was just hope. But they were young and they demanded little more of life than a fair swat at a chance, so it was a happy childhood for Rosemary and Bettie. You can see that today in the smiles they wear and you can hear it in their laughter. They had become pretty famous locally and very popular. WLW was their home and something of a permanent place of employment.

Rosemary was 18 and Bettie was 15 when Tony Pastor's orchestra came to Cincinnati and Pastor heard them on the radio. He had been looking for a vocalist, so he had his manager, a chap named Charles Trotta, go over and audition them. Trotta no doubt had in mind picking one of the girls, but he was so enchanted by their songs and antics as a team that he hired them both. Because they were minors, an uncle, George Gilfoyle, was pressed into service as a guardian—and the Clooney girls set out on the road to learn about the world beyond the fields of blue grass; and to charm the foreigners of the North and the East and the West just as they had Grandpa's voters.

You hear one story about a singer travelling with a band and you've heard them all. It's a staggering series of night bus rides, sleeping to the back-rap of the motors and the whip of wheels on pavement. It's an endless chain of dance halls with old dressing rooms and shaky ironing boards on which to press the uniform of the vocalist, the ever-wrinkled satin evening gown. It's boredom and hello and goodbye so fast you feel that life is moving faster than it has a right to. It's new towns that are all the same, new people who are always telling you to hurry up; and every night oceans of men and women bobbing about before you like lunatic puppets, not to music so much as to arrangements. And the band singer soon knows that she lives in a strange carousel world where the only pay-off is to stand in a spotlight and sing for her reward, the applause that fol-

lows her once in a while as she walks back to her chair to wait for her next turn to sing. It's rough—but if you want to be a singer or an actress there's no better school.

It was just about four years ago that Rosemary Clooney decided she ought to graduate. It was a big decision for her because no one had come forward and announced that he had "discovered" her. This meant that she would have to start cold as a single act. Bettie elected to stick with bands, so the team broke up. Rosie found a friend and advisor in Joe Shribman, Charlie Trotta's partner. Joe was even more enthusiastic about the move than Rosemary was. He said that he would personally get her launched in the big time and promised that she at least wouldn't starve to death in New York that winter.

There began a slow process of evolution. Shribman arranged for a small contract with Columbia Records. Rosemary made such platters as "The Kid's A Dreamer" and "I Only Saw Him Once," disks that soon became the talk of the record-collecting set but didn't make a dent in the security of the singing gals on top of the heap. She made kiddie records and became quite a smash with the young ones, but you can't get rich catering to buyers who have to shout the old man out of half a buck to make a purchase.

**You'd be bewitched, bemused and beamazed at: Mike Romanoff's cufflinks of gold, enormous imperial crowns . . . Mrs. Louis B. Mayer's six-foot-tall camellia bushes in tubs on her front porch, encrusted with unbelievable pink flowers, quite breath-taking . . . Hopalong Cassidy's car—a snowball-white Cadillac upholstered in black and white zebra skins . . . Betty Grable's fan mail. Still No. 1 star for eight straight years, she still gets letters reading: "What is the cubic content of your legs? . . . Will you please send me a plaster paris cast of your legs?" . . . The long two-headed pipe from Italy smoked by half-pint extrovert Mickey Rooney.**

*Austine in  
Washington Whirl*

Rosemary Clooney's first sizable contribution to modern music sales was with an oldie called "Beautiful Brown Eyes." Even today people ask for it at music counters, but it came hard on the heels of another release by the better established Patty Paige—a wail called "The Tennessee Waltz"—and failed to make Rosemary a star. The song did, however, attract the attention of Mitch Miller, the man who picks the records for Columbia, and he set about finding a tune that would put Rosemary up where she belonged. When he found it Clooney thought he had lost his balance. It was an idiotic chant written by a couple of Armenian amateurs, Ross Bagdasarian and his novel-writing cousin, William Saroyan.

**R**OSEMARY will frankly admit when anyone asks her, that she most certainly did not want to record "Come On-a My House." As far as she was concerned, it was something a Turk would shout down a well if he was drunk—and definitely nothing that a nice-looking young man with 79 cents would take home and cry himself to sleep with. And the music was all wrong. Instead of lots of fiddles and muted French horns, Miller had a plan to back her voice up with a harpsichord, played to sound like a piano, made from a packing case and baling wire. She said no; she said maybe; and then, possibly because the snow was beginning to fall and Manhattan looked frightfully cruel

to a Kentucky-bred gal so she said yes.

Well, it was a knee-slapper, a barn-burner! Normally sane people began humming it in subways. Debutantes requested string quartettes to try it at musicales. The nation began jabbering in dialect—and Rosemary Clooney was swept up on a wave of popularity the like of which the music world has seldom seen. Theaters that once offered her \$200 a week tried to book her at \$4,000. Television producers who just a short time before asked her to come to their shows for the experience and a case of shaving cream asked her to stop by and make out her own check. It was almost worth all that bus riding.

Even though she was a hit on records, and her subsequent platters began selling like candy-apples at a county fair, Rosemary Clooney never thought about motion pictures. Although she has a figure that would make a male tear his eyes away from a winning hand in a poker game, and a face that would win the heart of the King of the Leprechauns, she has always considered herself plain. When her friends told her differently and spoke of Hollywood, Rosemary would lift her upper lip and expose a single tooth that had gotten out of hand and pointed east instead of south. "That spoils my face," she would chortle. And then she'd chuckle, "But they can't see it on records!"

But Hollywood had to come. After a day or so of Columbia sales meetings on her first trip to Hollywood, she went to Las Vegas and played a date at the Thunderbird Hotel. On the opening night, a quiet bronzed little fellow came back stage and introduced himself as Milton Lewis, talent scout for Paramount Pictures. He asked if Rosemary was interested in the movies. Rosie tapped the tooth, but Lewis wouldn't go away. He made her promise that when she came to Hollywood again she would let him make a test. Still tapping the tooth as a warning, Rosemary promised.

This writer happened to be in the projection room when the test was shown to Rosemary and studio executives. The scene was a stock thing, dull and casually directed; and then there was a chorus of "Come On-a My House." When the lights went up there was a thrill of expectancy in the room. Movie-makers seldom give an opinion before asking one of somebody else, but this time everyone in the room wanted to be put down on the record as stating that Rosemary Clooney was going to be a star. You could sense that they all wanted to rush back to their offices and get a contract drawn up. Rosemary was the calmest. I guess she figured Hollywood was just another town on the circuit.

**A**LL you have to do is take a look at Rosemary Clooney in repose and you'll know she believes in Lady Luck. She would have done all right in pictures without a break, but when her second big break came, she knew it was Luck—and accepted it from the fickle wench. She had just finished making *The Stars Are Singing*, her first movie, when Betty Hutton tore up her contract and walked off the Paramount lot. Suddenly the studio heads looked around and discovered they didn't have a girl under contract who could sing and dance and get away with making make-believe love to a leading man. No one, that is, except Clooney. Well, sir, Damon was never half as considerate of Pythias as that front office became of Rosemary. She was not only talented and lovely—they needed her. She had to go out of town to do some club dates, and Paramount followed her with letters and telegrams telling of the wonderful plans they had for her. It's all part of the business, but they could have spared the expense. By this time Rosemary liked the work. And she'd had that tooth fixed.



Romantically, Rosemary Clooney is riding a tiger. Her romance with Jose Ferrer has been much publicized, although it hardly had time to do much more than kindle before they were separated by their work. It has been said, by both of them, that Ferrer was to divorce his wife and marry Rosemary, and those close to her expect that this will happen eventually. It might be true, because they respect one another both as artists and people.

**S**Ocially, Rosemary Clooney has a small clique of friends to whom she is devoted. They include Joe Shribman, her manager, Jackie Sherman, her best friend, confidante and travelling companion and one or two others. Beyond this small group the world is made up of nice people—but there are so many of them and so little time to get to know them all well enough to

be able to call them by their first names. It's a far piece, as they say in Kentucky, from Maysville. But Rosemary remembers it—and Maysville remembers her. They named a street after her down there last year. Bettie Clooney is doing all right and Rosemary expects she'll be on top, too, one day soon. And Andy Clooney's the proudest painter (house, that is) in the South. And once in a while Rosemary puts down the book she's reading and stares off into space and thinks of Grandpa, and the elections, and the Negro churches, and the spirituals that taught her to sing, and WLW, and the back rap of the bus motors, and the oceans of bobbing heads, and the ironing boards, and cold, hungry New York and that crooked tooth. Then she goes upstairs and gets her mink out of the closet and blows on it to see if it's real. Sometimes she's almost sure it is. **END**

## he ran away with her heart

(Continued from page 35) company in New York, in the days before it became the present MGM setup. His mother was in vaudeville, as were his aunt and uncle, and even today his family gets together to do their old acts. They are a well-educated, cultured group, a family that enriches its life with nostalgic memories of the old days in show business.

Fred has earned considerable respect from those in his profession. He is basically a pianist and composer, and will undoubtedly one day head an entire music department. Although he, too, was married before, he had been divorced almost six years at the time he and Jane fell in love. He lived in his own home with his mother and 11-year-old daughter, Terry.

**I**N his position at Columbia he presented a fair target for the distaff side of the industry's roster. Good-looking, intelligent and eligible, he was exposed to some of the most glamorous names in the business, but if any of the actresses evinced interest in Mr. Karger, he failed to return the compliment. Quiet, soft-spoken and even-tempered, he went about his job in an impersonal manner, pleasant with everyone and winning the respect of all his associates. Employees at the studio affectionately call him Freddie, and none of them can recall ever seeing him irritated or upset about anything. They'll tell you that the immediate impression he makes is one of quiet strength.

Jane Wyman reacted the same way that first day she walked into his office. She had seen him around town many times, chiefly in connection with his orchestra. Karger had organized the band some years ago for the purpose of playing at a few select parties. These were mostly society shindigs, many of them given by staid Pasadena citizens. The band was also on hand for the more elegant Hollywood parties, including Marian Davies' recent soiree, as well as gala evenings at the tennis club in Palm Springs. While Jane's recent movie roles have depicted her as dowdy, decrepit or a deaf-mute, she has not changed in her personal life. She is now, as always, a gay and amusing girl, and is famous for the fact that, at parties, she can't resist belting a ballad or two for the assembled guests. Because of this penchant for warbling whenever an occasion presents itself, she sang a few times with Fred's band. It was always a briefly casual sort of thing; when guests demanded she sing Jane would go up to the podium and say, "Hi, Freddie," and suggest a song—maybe

"My Man" or "Somebody Loves Me."

Jane reported for work at Columbia almost two months before the start of the movie, as is customary with musicals. The song and dance routines are mapped out far in advance of the actual shooting. It was then that she and Fred really came to know each other for the first time, and it's paradoxical that columnists had heard wedding bells every time Jane had so much as spoken with a man, yet now, with love in bloom, no one had an inkling. If they dated, Hollywood didn't know about it. They frequently dined together after work, but rather than one of the brighter spots in town they chose a small Italian restaurant across the street from the studio. Anyone seeing them there would suppose it a natural result of their work together in preparation for the movie.

After two months of such daily contact, Fred popped the question, but neither he nor Jane will tell the press the details of the proposal. As we said before, Jane kept the wedding a secret until the last minute, and even now is insisting on her privilege of keeping the more treasured moments for herself.

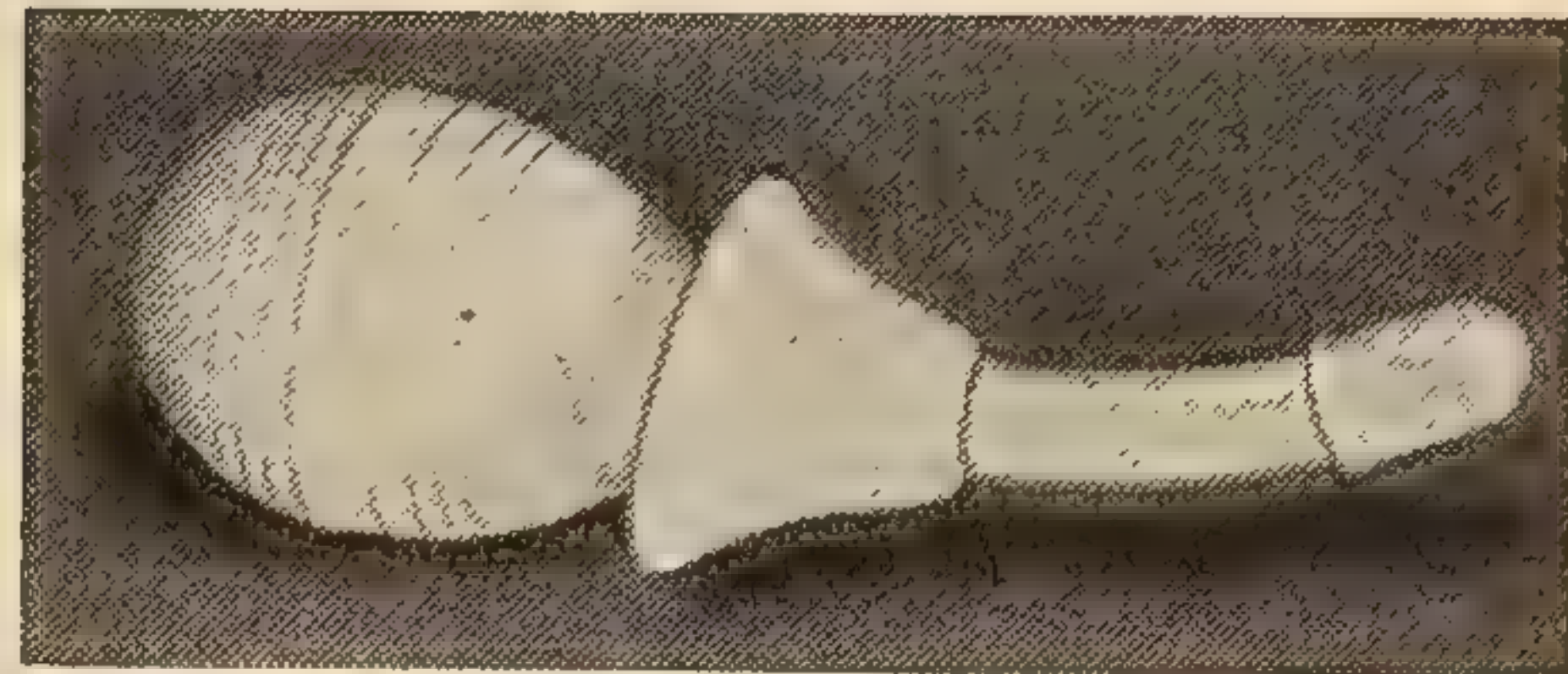
Director Richard Quine, one of Fred's closest friends, was one of the few people admitted to the secret circle, and it was he who made all the arrangements for the wedding. Both Jane and Fred were working 12 hours a day on the picture, and had literally not one minute free to attend to details.

Dick earned his position as the best man at the wedding. First he phoned the County Clerk up in Santa Barbara, which is one of the few towns that will hold a clerk after working hours, asking them to issue a license. He also engaged a minister to be prepared to marry a young couple on Saturday night, November 1st. Dick did not say what couple; for obvious reasons he gave fictitious names. He also ordered a wedding cake, to be taken to Santa Barbara on Saturday night.

**M**EANWHILE, Louella Parsons caught wind somehow of the impending wedding, and on Friday telephoned Jane to ask if it was true. After Jane admitted it was, Louella's Saturday morning column carried the news of the betrothal, omitting details. The wire services were hysterical that day. It is their job to be there when news happens, but although they called everyone they could think of, no one could tell them when or where Jane was to become Mrs. Karger. While the AP and UP were running up their telephone bills, Jane and Fred were working as usual, at Columbia. They left the studio a few minutes before six o'clock in the evening, and equipped with nothing except two

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wedding rings, joined Dick Quine and his wife, and the wedding cake for the drive to Santa Barbara. By this time the children had been told about the wedding plans, and also Betty Lou Fredericks, Jane's hairdresser and close friend. It was necessary for Betty Lou to know because she was to be Jane's attendant, and after she squeezed into the car they were off.

At Santa Barbara the amazed clerk recognized Jane and issued a marriage license. The minister was even more surprised. Not ten minutes before the wedding party showed up he had been telephoned by one of the wire services. "Was he planning to marry Jane Wyman to F. Karger?" "Indeed not," said the minister, and when minutes later he saw Miss Wyman walk in, the episcopal conscience began working overtime.

THEY were married in a brief and simple service after which the five of them celebrated at a sumptuous dinner, topped off with the wedding cake. And then, not a reporter nor a camera having showed up, they went to the San Ysidro Hotel for the night.

The next day, Sunday, they had breakfast and returned to Hollywood. At Jane's home they found the trio of children who

will live with them; Fred's daughter Terry and Jane's daughter Maureen, as well as her son Mike. The two girls are approximately the same age and became fast friends during the courtship of their respective parents. They had spent the morning gathering flowers and digging through the record repertoire until they came up with some appropriate wedding music. So when Fred and Jane walked arm-in-arm through the front door, they were greeted by Lohengrin and banks of flowers all over the house.

That night they gave a dinner party attended by Louella Parsons, songwriter Jimmy McHugh, and Mr. and Mrs. Dick Quine. The next morning when Jane reported for work the cast and crew sang "Here Comes The Bride," and at the end of the day they gave a party for the newlyweds. There was a second wedding cake, and as one wag put it, "wine, Wyman and song." The gang was so happy about the whole thing that one of them had sneaked off the lot during the day and with hastily gathered contributions had bought a wedding gift, a huge box filled with table linens.

FRED'S mother continues to live in his house in the valley, and Jane and Fred

set up housekeeping in her own home. The house at the time was being redecorated with an eye to selling it, which Jane planned to do weeks before she and Fred knew each other. It was a handy happenstance, as now they can buy, together, the home they want. Until that time, they necessarily are living with a crew of painters who, as usual, seem to take their time about getting the job done.

They agree that their new home must be of the informal type, when their musical's finished, there will be time to hunt for a house. At this writing there is a problem of space, for not only will they house three children, but also three pianos. Jane already had one, and Fred two, and much as they both love music, they agree three pianos is a lot for one home.

Music is their one great love in common; their sense of humor the other. Three months is a brief time to become acquainted, at least for such a serious step as marriage. But neither Fred nor Jane take marriage lightly, and they already know the most important things—that they love and respect each other, and that their children get along like three peas in a pod. Other facts are relatively unimportant, and besides, they'll have fun finding out about them. **END**

## make me honest

(Continued from page 40) thought of you and how I talked to you the other day about movie stars not telling everything to writers. And about how you said that you'd tell a writer anything he wanted to know—and didn't give a hang about what he printed as long as it was the truth. That's when you got me into a peck of trouble.

"How would you like," I said, "to have the real low-down on Jane Russell."

"What's the matter, is she getting a divorce?" the editor said eagerly.

"Certainly not!" I retorted indignantly.

"She going to have a baby?" he said. "She sick? She quitting the movies? She in love with Farley Granger?"

"None of those things," I said, getting hot under the collar.

"Then what other kind of low-down is there?" he said narrowly.

"There is plenty more low-down than that run-of-the-mill stuff," I said. "The trouble with guys like you is that you have lost the common touch. It just so happens that I am very close to Jane Russell, and she is anxious to tell me all her thoughts and secrets and have me put them down on paper. Now do you want or not?"

"Well," he said, "maybe you got something there. You go on home and write me that sort of thing about Jane Russell and maybe we won't have to replace you around here this month."

Now do you see the fix I'm in? You've got to help me out. You've got to let me put down the truth about you, just what kind of a woman you really are. The things you like to do for fun—and the kind of work you want to do. I'll give you an idea here of what I have in mind, and you read it and answer this letter right away so I can go to work on it.

In the first place, I want to begin with the subject that always makes your lip curl. I want to state that you are a little weary of being known as the girl who did more for the sweater than Gary Cooper did for the horse. I once heard a fellow murmur as you passed, "Man, there goes a ball of yarn that made good!" And I'd like to tell how, if you had heard him, you'd have kicked him in the stomach. I

would just like to establish that you are sick of the whole chest bit—and then drop it. Maybe we can even get them to run a picture of you in an overcoat, which would be something of a novelty.

THEN I would like to take up the matter of your career. I want to say, Jane, that you descended on the movie industry like a comet, when Howard Hughes first startled everybody with *The Outlaw*. Now anybody who has seen an *Outlaw* billboard has the impression that it's a sex movie, in which a guy chases a girl over hill and dale and finally tags her in a hay barn. However, those who have seen the movie know this is not true. It has been considered by quite a number of top critics as a milestone in motion picture-making, and you, yourself, were credited with bringing a completely new characterization to the screen. When people in this country saw an *Outlaw* billboard they generally cried: "Woweeeee!" That was the only comment. And yet in England, where it made a lot of money, it was known as a children's picture, billed that way as a matter of fact.

I would like to quote you as saying that it has been great, that you are very grateful for the opportunity of being the "Woweeeee!" girl, but you'd like to have them knock it off. I would like to tell them that you're getting so sick of being the girl who looks at a man through slits of eyes and silently dares him to come and get it, that you might scream any day now. And tell them that you're sick of producers who keep doing switches on the hay barn by making it fancy boudoirs or mountain cabins, because all the time, they, you and the audience know it's really the hay barn.

When we talked, you seemed a little bitter about not getting to do a different kind of role. Let me say that. Let me tell them that you're tired of playing Jane Russell, that you'd like to have a chance to prove you can act. I know that might sound kind of stilted, because almost everybody in this town, when they are being interviewed, says they'd like to reaaaally act. But with you it's different. I'd like to point out that you've been an actress for more years than most of the stars in this town, and that you've learned your trade well. That you know your

business and want a chance to prove it.

I would like to point out, Jane, that you have a right to these things because right now, with salaries way down, you are one of the very highest paid stars in Hollywood. Studios pay \$200,000 a picture for your name and services. Maybe you don't get all that money, but the point is it is paid and there are lots of takers waiting in line to get you.

Another thing I'd like to point out is your loyalty. I don't want to get sticky about it, but loyalty to friends and the people who gave an actress her start is pretty rare in Hollywood. I read a quote from you in a column the other day and you said of Howard Hughes, to whom you've always been under contract, "I want to sign another contract with him, because when somebody puts you on the right track, you like him to be there when the train comes in." The way it generally happens is that a producer plucks a girl from behind a hat rack, makes her rich and famous, and then, when their original deal has expired, he can't even get her unlisted telephone number. And I'd like to point out that the loyalty is mutual, because when Hughes sold RKO the only thing he wanted to keep was your contract.

Another thing I'd like to straighten out is the religion thing. Every time any one mentions the chapel you and your friends built for your mother, somebody is sure to say: "You mean this kid goes to church?" Maybe it is because of the movie ads that always have you looking like a fallen woman. Maybe it's just that people can't get used to a sexy movie actress having a private life that includes a faith. Even Hollywood doesn't understand about you and religion. Recently I heard an actor say: "I don't know what kind of a religion that is, but I was near the chapel when they were all in there the other day and they were laughing and hollering like it was a weenie-bake." I'd like to try and explain that it was like a weenie-bake. That you and your friends worship with joy; that you don't feel sorrow is necessary to express love of God. And that during the services, which are conducted by your mother, those privileged to be present are encouraged to be themselves—and to consider the meeting as much pleasure as a party.



All sorts of stories have gotten around about you and that chapel. Some people say you are irreverent. Some that it is a scandal the way you all talk back to your mother, who is sort of pastor. But in all the history of Hollywood no other star, to my knowledge, has ever built his own church. That speaks for itself. It is your church, your own private place of worship, and it is truly a house where love of God is ever present.

I THINK something ought to be said about your home life. Actually, maybe I ought to dramatize that a bit, because it is altogether too folksy around your shack. Nobody is going to believe, for instance, that you seldom have movie stars over or that you don't throw fancy wing-dings regularly like the other stars do. If I were to tell them that most of your friends are in other, unglamorous lines of work they might not believe me. Who would believe that some of your best friends drive trucks and run gas stations? And who would believe that your husband couldn't tell a camera boom from a whiffle-tree?

Maybe we ought to jazz up this part of the story and say that he is not particularly interested in football, but plans to go to Italy and make a series of pictures with you and Rossellini. That would be better than trying to make people believe that he's just a quiet quarterback with next Sunday's game on his mind most of the time—and he doesn't want any chattering around the house about the movies when he's thinking. And I'd better not mention that as far as he is concerned, he'd just as soon you were a housewife and didn't go trotting off in the mornings to have a lot of silly pictures taken.

There's one thing for sure. You've got to let me tell them that the picture you're making right now, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, is definitely going to be a turning point in your career for a number of reasons. One of them is that it will probably be the last movie you'll make on your original contract with Howard Hughes, and while you are willing to negotiate a new one with the man, things are going to have to be different. If anyone wants to see the old Jane Russell after this, they'll have to go to neighborhood theaters and see old pictures. Because from now on you're going to have a say in the story, the director and the way you play a role.

You know, I think this is a very good thing. I took a small poll of the people who know you personally and have seen your movies and not one of them said they had ever seen your true personality in a movie. Now that's a crock of cider! Please believe me that it is not idle flattery when I tell you that if you ever came across

**A prominent actor just back from Las Vegas and broke says, "I won't say it hasn't been dice."**

*Sidney Skolsky in  
Hollywood Is My Beat*

on film the way you do in a living room, Hughes could get \$400,000 for you. There is just that much difference. Instead of luring men on with a curled lip they ought to let you grin at a guy, and slip him a wink. I've seen you do it—and it's sexier than the snaky wenching they've got you doing now. If they want the sort of thing they've been paying you for, let them revive Theda Bara.

Let them stop making you play Jane Russell the Wanton and give you a chance to play Jane Russell the quarterback's old lady. The fans will go wild. Nobody in this town is more beautiful than you when you smile—and nobody has a better wit or a heartier laugh. Use these things, girl, the way the Lord intended you to. Don't

give up sweaters and low necklines and slit skirts entirely. I'd hate to be known as the guy who talked you into that. But give it a dash of some of the real you.

I suppose I'm pretty bold suggesting these things, but I gathered from your conversation the last time we talked that you're ready for it. I remember asking you that stock question: "How does it feel to be the reigning sex queen—working with a girl (Marilyn Monroe) who is challenging you?" And you laughed and said, "She can have it. She'll find out." I sort of felt that you were anxious for the kid to steal the crown while you were out to lunch.

You said something about not wanting to talk about kids, but I don't see how I am going to be able to give a well-rounded picture of you without mentioning them. I don't have to tell you that you are known in some circles as The Great Adopter. I suppose it is because of all that publicity you got in London last year when you adopted that Irish baby—and half the poor mothers in England who wanted to see their tots have a better chance at life than they could give them came to your door carrying babies for you to bring to America to raise as your own. You have your own reasons for not wanting to talk about this, but I think you should.

I believe, Jane, that it is a part of your character, this wanting to have a baby in the house all the time. You are a mother more than any woman I've ever known. I'll admit this is a little incongruous to some people, because you certainly don't look like somebody's ma. But it is true, so let's tell. When you go to court next month to legalize the adoption of your son, Thomas, I think you should pose for all the photographers willingly. It might inspire other people to follow your example and give homes to kids who might otherwise never have them.

Now what can we do about this *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*? You know this is actually something different for you. I mean with all this singing and dancing and such. I was over on the dance rehearsal stage the other day and saw you learning one of the numbers. I didn't think I was looking at Eleanor Powell, but I must say that you can kick up a heel with a lot of the best of them. And along with Niagara Falls, a sunset I once shared with a girl, and Hollywood at night from the air, I must include the picture of you and Marilyn Monroe dancing together in tights and long black stockings as one of the prettiest sights I have ever seen.

AND while we're on the subject of Monroe, I have to pay you another compliment. You are so good to this girl. Generally when a big star works with another who might get a bit more or better footage, it's like a duel without swords. Slick grins at 20 paces. But you have taken Marilyn under your wing like a mama gooney bird. And she is grateful. It is so unusual to see such a friendship grow on a movie set. However, these things pay off themselves. You don't need me to pat you on the head for it.

Now there are just one or two other things and I think we will have it all.

I would like to point out, for instance, that there has never been a breath of scandal in Hollywood about you or your husband, Bob Waterfield. And after about ten years of marriage, I think this is something of a record, particularly because you are Jane Russell. Even the worst of the gossipers don't expect to hear talk about somebody like Spring Byington, but about almost everybody else they do.

Bob is a handsome lad who travels about a good deal. It just stands to reason that somewhere along the line attractive

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dolls have tried to crash into his room and snatch his football helmet. But there has never been a whisper about him, either. I guess you are very much alike. The word was, last year, if I am permitted to mention Las Vegas, that you had a mild scuffle and he whacked you in the eye. I don't know whether he did or not, but if he did, I think that most men figured it's a man's privilege to stun his wife once in a while—and they have nothing but admiration for a good woman who will put a piece of steak on the mouse and go home like a good girl. Let's put that in the story. Kind of makes you like the rest of us.

Well, this letter has been longer than I thought it would be. If there is any-

thing else I should write about you I'll have to think of it later. What I've put down here seems to fill the bill.

As I mentioned at the beginning, I need your cooperation in this matter, because if you hadn't told me that you wanted to be pictured as you *really* are I would never have got into this fix.

Sometime later, maybe in about a year or so, I would like to talk to you again and see just how many of the things you have planned have taken place. I'd like to bet you right now that there will be a new Jane Russell in pictures—and you'll have given a better performance on the screen than you ever did on a billboard. I'd like to bet, too, that there will be an-

other baby in your home and another one being looked for. I have no advance information, I'm just sure that you'll build a big family to have around when the day comes that Russell hangs up her evening gowns.

Please answer me promptly. And please let me say all the things you've told me before. As the editor pointed out to me awhile ago, the graduating class of the Harvard School of Journalism is due here in a few weeks, their noodles grinding like crazy. I ask for no sympathy, but I would like to point out that I, too, am an orphan.

Your admirer  
Jim Henaghan

## it's a girl

(Continued from page 24) feeling of nausea swept over her. "I don't feel good," she thought. Geary was still sleeping. She called to him. "Honey! Wake up, dear! I feel sort of—well, you know. Not too good."

Geary jumped out of bed. "Do you want me to call the doctor? The hospital? Do you want me to get something for you?"

Janie laughed. "Stop it, darling. You're so funny. I'm not going to have the baby until the eighth of December. Don't you remember?"

"I know, but if you don't feel good, we'd still better call the doctor."

"All right, Geary. Call him. But let's wait a little while. I'll stay in bed a bit longer."

"That's a good idea, darling. You'll feel better. And I'll get ready to go to work." Geary headed for the shower.

Janie could hear her handsome husband moving about the bathroom quietly. She began to feel better. Wasn't she a lucky girl! She was thinking about her wonderful life. She breathed a silent prayer. "Dear God. Thank you for all the goodness you have shown me. Thank you for a devoted husband and a fine, beautiful baby boy and the promise of another baby soon." (Geary Steffen III is just 16 months old.)

Geary prepared breakfast. But Jane couldn't enjoy bacon and eggs, toast and coffee. "Thanks, dear, but I just don't feel like eating."

It was nine o'clock when Geary called Doctor Blake Watson. "Jane felt a bit under the weather when she awoke this morning."

"Drop by the hospital with her about 11 o'clock. Dr. Watson liked the Steffens. He considered that they were a mighty well-adjusted young couple. He always enjoyed seeing them. He would be looking forward to their appointment later in the morning."

Jane and Geary were on time. It wasn't quite 11 when they reached St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica.

Dr. Watson was pleased. "Well, you're both looking fine. We'll take you to the X-ray room, Jane. And, as for Geary, I'd say that he doesn't need any attention at all."

After the examination, Dr. Watson held a small conference with the Steffens. "Now, I want Jane to get a lot of rest. It's possible that the baby might be a little early. That being the case, we must be more careful from now on."

"I'm glad I'm going to have it early. As a matter of fact, the sooner it happens, the better I'll like it."

Dr. Watson smiled. "Have it as soon as you like—but there's one thing I want you to promise." His smile widened. "Don't have the baby on Saturday. I have two 96 tickets for the UCLA-USC game. And

they're right on the 50-yard, line too."

Jane and Geary laughed. Then Jane solemnly promised not to ruin the doctor's enjoyment of the big game.

They spent a little time with Sister John Marie, the obstetrical supervisor. Then they went home.

OVER Geary's remonstrances, Jane prepared lunch. "After all, Geary, you have a business appointment—and besides, you made breakfast this morning while I was being lazy."

After eating, Geary kissed his wife. "Darling, you're the most wonderful thing that could ever have happened to a man. Now, I'm going to run along, but I'll be back early. Don't work too hard with Earl this afternoon."

It was late in the afternoon before Jane had completed her work with song writer and coach, Earl Brent. They had spent several hours practicing songs Jane is preparing for her forthcoming appearance at Copa City in Florida sometime in February.

Earl was just getting ready to leave when Geary returned. He said, "Geary, I've never seen a girl like Jane before. I'm practically worn out, and she's still ready to sing another song. I tried to get her to take it easy, but she wants everything to be perfect for her engagement in Florida."

Janie explained, "Well, it's going to be my first big appearance in a long time, and I guess I'm just a bit excited."

Geary said, "Earl, why don't you join us for dinner this evening? We're taking my mother with us, and then afterwards, the Durneys are meeting us. We're going to see Jose Greco at the Wilshire-Ebell."

"Well, that sounds like a good idea. Then Jane and I can do a little more talking about Copa City."

Dinner was wonderful at Chasen's. Janie hadn't felt better in a long time. She ate a huge shrimp cocktail, caesar salad, large sirloin steak. "But this isn't enough for a big girl like me," she laughed. "Earl, let me have a little of your Chicken Tetrazzini."

Janie still wasn't satiated. "That was a pretty good sample. Geary, darling, I'll bet you won't be able to finish your roast beef. Do you want me to help you?"

Geary proposed a toast. "To Janie and the baby we'll soon have."

"And now, I'd like to have a little dessert," continued his wife.

The "little dessert" was a Snowball . . . huge ball of ice cream covered with coconut and chocolate syrup.

The happy group was still talking in hushed admiration of Janie's appetite, when Dorothy and Richard Durney walked in.

"Come on, we're all ready to go—and it's not much after eight," urged Geary.

Earl said, "I know you'll have a marvelous evening. Sorry I can't join you, but there's more work for me to do. You're

lucky, Janie. You can loaf now. Have fun."

Jane, Geary, Mrs. Steffen, Dorothy and Richard Durney took their seats at the Wilshire-Ebell just as the curtain began to rise. The pulsating music of Spain filled the air.

Janie sat forward in her seat. Her lips parted, and she lost herself in the electrifying excitement of the color and sound of Jose Greco's dynamic presentation. Her heart beat faster. She could almost see herself dancing with the group of talented performers. Music bubbled through her mind. Then she began to feel a rush of warmth—an uncomfortable warmth. She felt dizzy. The dancers swirled faster and faster. She sat back and closed her eyes.

Geary looked at her. "Is there something wrong?"

"Oh, no, dear. I feel just fine."

She smiled, but Geary thought it looked a little weak. He watched her as the curtain came down on the first act. She seemed to be all right again.

IN the middle of the second act, Janie touched Geary's arm. "Honey, I feel terribly warm. Maybe I'd better go out for a glass of water."

Geary was worried. "Come on, dear, I'll take you out."

In the lobby, Geary took a glass of water to her, and after a few minutes, Janie said, "I think I'd like to see the rest of the show."

The performance ended with tumultuous applause. As Jane rose, she felt a wave of dizziness again. "Geary, I don't feel well. Get in the car. Please hurry!"

Dorothy Durney spoke up. "Yes, Geary, hurry! I think we should go to the hospital immediately. Dick, you call the doctor and tell him to meet us at the hospital."

The car was two blocks away, but Geary ran every step. He was still breathless when he wheeled the car to a quick stop in front of the theatre. Two of their friends, Ricardo and Georgiana Montalban, had witnessed the flurry of activity. Ricky was excited. "Are you going to the hospital?"

Geary had just time to say, "You bet," before he pointed the car toward Santa Monica.

Geary drove very carefully. It was almost 11:30 P.M. By the time they reached St. John's Hospital, Janie was once again in high spirits.

"Gee, I'll bet I scared you—and without a good reason, either. Just imagine. Getting Dr. Watson to meet us this time of night," Janie giggled. "He'll probably laugh at me and tell me to drop back some time next month."

Just before midnight, Dr. Watson met a smiling, happy group at the hospital.

Janie explained what had happened. "But I don't think we should really have bothered you at all tonight."



"Well, as long as you're here, we might as well examine you."

About 20 minutes later, Dr. Watson returned to talk to Geary. "Janie's a little farther along than we had figured, but she's not ready for the big event. Why don't you all wait here, and I'll go back to her."

Dorothy Durney said, "Geary, I'll bet it won't be long at all."

Geary laughed. "Oh no, Dorothy, she won't have the baby for days."

A few minutes later—it was just about 1:15 AM—a nurse walked past, pushing an incubation cart with a new-born infant.

Dorothy pointed. "I'll bet that's your baby, Geary!"

Geary looked at the cart. "It can't be."

A minute or two later, he saw another nurse. He walked toward her. "Nurse! Nurse! What's happening?"

The nurse brushed past. She was in a hurry. And she didn't answer.

Just then, Geary saw Dr. Watson. He ran to him. "What's going on, doctor?"

It was dark in the hall. For a second, Dr. Watson didn't recognize Geary. Then he smiled. He put out his hand and clasped Geary's strongly. "Congratulations, my boy! You and Janie are parents of a beautiful, healthy baby girl! And Janie's just fine."

That was when the exulting male voice had shouted, "It's a girl. It's a Girl!"

"Yes, that's the way it has happened," he thought. He ran the rest of the way

**French motion pictures are bedder than ever. Russians are redder.**

*Irving Hoffman in  
The Hollywood Reporter*

down the hall. He hugged his mother, Dorothy and Dick, too.

Suddenly, a strange thought struck Geary. "Hey, look. This isn't the way it's supposed to happen. I didn't even have a chance to worry. What good is a father—if he can't spend hours pacing the floor and grinding out countless cigarettes. I should have undergone torture—rivulets of perspiration should have coursed down my face. I should have been almost out on my feet when the doctor told me the news. But no! I feel wonderful!" Then he burst out laughing. "Now I can tell a secret. Janie and I wanted a girl. But we didn't say a word about it. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Come on, we'll go to the nursery. I'm sure they'll let us see the baby."

Geary thought his heart would burst with happiness as the nurse showed his baby girl to the excited foursome. Even through the glass, Geary could tell that the baby had blue eyes. She was lively, too. First she yawned. Then she frowned. Then she cried. So loud were her cries that Geary could hear the sounds even through the thick glass. "Look at her. She even has golden hair!"

Geary asked if he could see his wife. The doctor said it would be a very good idea.

Geary walked quietly into his little wife's room. "Darling! Oh, darling, we have a beautiful baby girl."

Janie was still under the influence of the sedatives. "Oh, hello, Geary. Did you feed the cats? When can we go home? The doctor thinks the baby will be early. I'll bet it's next week for sure."

Geary tried to explain, but Janie was still chatting about other matters. He said, "Look, honey, you think about this for a while and I'll be back. We have a girl!"

GEARY hurried to the telephone. He had promised Janie that he would call as many of their friends as possible. And their many friends had insisted that he call regardless of the hour.

Sleepy-voiced Elizabeth Taylor answered the sharp ringing of her telephone. Geary shouted, "Liz, we have a baby girl!"

By now, Michael Wilding, Liz's husband, was wide awake. "Tell him we're on our way to the hospital."

Geary tried to tell the Wildings it was too late for them to drive all the way to Santa Monica, but they insisted.

It was close to 3:00 AM when Liz and Mike rushed into the hospital. Beautiful Liz Taylor was so happy, there were tears in her eyes as she embraced the happy father. "Geary, may we see the baby—and Janie?"

A quick meeting was held. Several staff nurses decided that it would be all right. After all, Liz Taylor had come all that way—and she herself would be having a baby in another month. So, it would be all right. Liz was still crying when she saw the lovely infant.

Janie was still a little incoherent when the Wildings walked into her room. "Hi, kids," she greeted them. She tried to collect her thoughts. "It's so sweet of you to have come here this time of night. It is night, isn't it?"

They all laughed at that, and then they left Janie to sleep and rest.

Mike, Liz and Geary went to the hospital chapel. There they bowed their heads in a prayer of thanks.

Like three over-grown children they bounced out to the Wildings' car. Even Liz had forgotten for a moment that she, too, would soon be a mother. They had gone no more than a few blocks, when, suddenly, the car sputtered and stopped dead in the middle of Santa Monica Boulevard.

The men waved handkerchiefs while Liz blinked her lights at oncoming cars. Cars would slow down and then speed rapidly away. Finally, Liz suggested, "You boys blink the lights. I'll do the handkerchief waving."

This proved to be eminently successful, for the first car stopped and gave them help.

Liz grinned. "You see, even in my condition, I can still stop a car."

After eating a snack, Geary finally reached home just after 5:00 AM. He tumbled into bed with a happy smile.

At 8:00 AM, he was wide awake. He telephoned Janie. "How are you, darling?"

Janie was just fine. She said, "I guess I must have been a little sleepy when you came into my room. But I know all about everything now. I'm so happy. And isn't it wonderful that we have a little girl. Now we can use the name, Suzanne Helen Stefan. And we can call her 'Sis'—just as we hoped. By the way, dear, please call as many more people as you can. And hurry to see me. I miss you very much and want to see you."

WHEN Geary went back to St. John's, he took a present to Janie. Matching gold earrings and ring, made especially for her by Don Hoffman. When Janie saw them, she said, "Oh, Geary, they're so beautiful. I know, they'll be for Christmas."

Geary said, "No, dear, this is for the most exciting occasion in the world. There will be other presents for Christmas."

Your reporter left Geary and Janie then and walked down the hall to talk to Sister John Marie. Her blue eyes sparkled behind gold-rimmed glasses. "Aren't you proud to know such a nice young couple? They are so happy. Yesterday afternoon, when they were here, I showed them the nursery and, told them about everything. They told me they had prayed to God that he would give them a good, normal, healthy baby. And God has answered their prayer."

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## the house I love

(Continued from page 60) It is not only like a religion, this house which I love but am not in; it is like my religion, my own church, which I love but am not in.

This is the way it has to be, and a man must be satisfied.

I wish I could say I was a good Catholic. My divorce, my second marriage, rules out any possibility of such a claim. But I am a believer. I will live and die a believer. I may never actually get any closer to my religion than the house I long for—but in my heart it is mine.

You know, kids get started out in ways long before they do any thinking of where they are going. It happened that I angled out early and sharp from the good life. I played hookey so often I never got to know the names of half the kids in my class. When I walked into the corner candy store it was not for candy but for cigarettes—and not to buy them if I could swipe them. I did this so often that eventually I looked on stealing cigarettes as a habit rather than a crime. If I ever said a prayer in those days, it never amounted to more than the hope that I wouldn't turn coward and run away from a fist fight. As I got older I did like to keep pretty neat, but that, you might say, was one of the effects girls had on me. If, at my parents' insistence, I went to church, I was a cinch bet to sneak out before the service was over. If I didn't go when my folks sent me, I'd lie that I did; on a Palm Sunday, for instance, I'd grab some palms somewhere, off another kid probably, and wear them home to make my mom feel good. For the short sessions I would be in church I can never recall listening to the priest; I think I would fall into some cataleptic state and not know what was going on for as long as I sat there. And long before I was 20 I showed a fine talent for card-dealing, working a crap table and running a roulette wheel. My Aunt Mary used to like to discuss my future. Her favorite prediction: "You'll end up in the electric chair."

It's not so funny. Of the kids I knew, more than I like to think about have done or are doing time in prison. When I look at them, when I see what has happened to them, a shiver works up my back sometimes. I could easily have gone that way all the way . . . what stopped me?

THE best answer I have is that my parents knew what they were doing when they kept me going to church . . . even though I balked, and ducked out, and was never attentive. Every Sunday was a new Sunday as far as they were concerned; every Sunday I was a good boy and had never been a bad boy. It was as if their hope for me never died, and as if they were doggedly certain the church would get through to me eventually.

It did. Quietly, and mostly just as a feeling, I began to realize there was something to it. It started with a discovery that I was enjoying going. I still didn't listen much to our pastor, Father Richter, but I liked being in church . . . the quiet, the peace. It was as if instinctively, I knew I needed this to combat all the crazy, restless ideas that were always running through my head. I wasn't the complete convert, but I was certain that my religion would always be part of my life now.

I remember when I was 15, I wanted to dress up for the Easter church services. My father had got me a new suit and shoes, but this wasn't enough. I figured that he and my mother were going to a later service than I was, so I went to his room and did some unauthorized borrowing. A little later Pop and Mom decided to go to the same service; and Pop had a

heck of a time wondering what happened to his stuff. When they got into their pews they saw me . . . wearing Pop's necktie, wristwatch, spats, silk handkerchief in my breast pocket, and with his hat on the bench alongside me. The priest was talking about two robbers . . . the two who died with Christ. I felt panicky.

I think what helped me a great deal as a boy was my father's youthfulness . . . he was almost like one of us kids when it came to games and he would join us every time he could get away from his barber shop . . . and sometimes when he should have stayed and attended to his business. In the rear of the main public library in Steubenville there was a large empty lot on which we boys used to play scrub football. The only trouble was that we were noisy, and the neighbors constantly complained to the police. I can still see all of us suddenly scrambling one afternoon when the police broke up a game . . . and running for all he was worth, right alongside of me, was Pop!

My trouble was that I didn't confine my games to football and baseball; I was still in high school when I started to take an interest in the games they played in back of the cigar store at that time. You can imagine how much interest I had in my homework when 20 minutes after I left the classroom I might be dealing cards over a poker table. I was one of the poor scholars in mathematics, but I had a sharp head for the odds in shooting craps and I could riffle through a stack of chips with my eyes closed and tell you how many there were. For that matter, all I had to do was look at the stack. It wasn't long before I was making as much as \$35 a night, counting my tips, and it seemed to me that that was to be my future . . . working on the house side of the gambling tables. I was 17 years old. In a year I made enough money to buy a home for my folks.

THIS was the beginning of an old 'teenhood. Soon, during school vacations, I was traveling with other dealers to places like Covington, Kentucky, Reno and Las Vegas in Nevada, and even down to Miami Beach. I wasn't a man yet but I had a chance to study men—at their worst, usually, with greed in their eyes but despair in their hearts. I handled thousands of dollars, and I learned how to detour some of them so they would find their way into my pocket. But I wasn't happy. The truth was I became troubled.

Try as I would, I couldn't very well hide the fact that the money which found its way to me was money somebody else had to lose. I tried to, but what would bring it home was the fact that many of the players were friends of mine . . . some of them good friends. I would get all twisted inside seeing someone I liked very much stand in front of me and lose money he couldn't afford. Many times I would throw such fellows the "sleepers" on the table . . . money that other fellows had won without realizing it.

I would keep telling myself that what I was doing wasn't wrong, but I never was able to convince myself completely about this. One night, on my way home, I stopped in at the church and put some money in the poor box, thinking that would help. But it didn't work. The thing was that I was beginning to visualize myself as a man, perhaps married, and I just couldn't take the picture of my children telling friends that their pop was a wheel-dealer.

All this time, of course, my school marks were making nobody happy and my mother pretty miserable. I will never forget her lecture to me one night when she saw my mark for algebra—something closer to zero than 100 per cent.

"Well, I'll tell you, Mom," I replied, "for what I want to do in life I won't need to

know anything about algebra."

"What do you want to do?" she asked. "I haven't got that figured out yet but I won't need algebra," I assured her.

Mom wanted both my brother, Bill, and me to go to college. But I chose that very same night to kill that idea, too. "I'm going to leave the education in this family to Bill," I said. "I won't go past high school."

"Do you think you'll be happier that way?" she asked.

"I'm sure of it," I answered.

Mom nodded. "All right," was her verdict. "You're old enough to know for yourself. Let neither of us hear any regrets about it."

It's funny, but once that was decided I was a better boy in school. It was much as if I wanted to make the best of my last days in it. I don't mean I was a better student—just in conduct. Before, I had 100 ways of making a nuisance of myself, most of them involving ways of diverting the teacher's attention or provoking arguments that would kill school time. I used to ask "loaded" questions, the kind that sound innocent enough but open up opportunities for argument that the whole class could join. For instance, one afternoon I asked our math instructor if a man had to know bookkeeping to be an executive.

"Of course," he answered, not thinking anyone was out to trap him.

"Then the president of the country has to keep its books?" I followed up.

"Oh, no," he had to reply. "There is a comptroller who does that, and accountants in the treasury and tax departments."

"Then an executive doesn't have to know all this stuff," I declared triumphantly.

He went into a long explanation, but every time he stopped I would pretend to be dumb and stubbornly insisted that, just the same, I was right. I was being a smart aleck, of course. I just wanted to make him lose his temper. It isn't any wonder that one day he went to my mother and asked her help to get me to stop disrupting his class.

I LEFT school, but my brother Bill kept on and eventually went to Boston University, where he graduated as a civil engineer. Me, I went into show business and started starving for a while. Not long, but long enough, if you understand.

I used to sing around town for fun, and a guy who does that and has any sort of voice is liable to find himself lined up with an orchestra the first thing he knows. The only reason I agreed to join one was that with my inner turmoil about my gambling I was willing to take a chance at getting away from it. I had no great urge to be a singer. I just wanted a little peace inside of me. I wanted to be able to sit in church and not feel so much like a pretender.

It was a bit of a sacrifice to leave the card and roulette tables; I didn't get the same kind of money singing. An example is what happened in Chicago. I had a room, one suit and enough money for the next couple of meals. That wasn't too bad . . . but that day the thermometer dropped to around zero. I sat down and wrote a letter to my father. He and Mom still kid me about it. I wrote, "Dear Pop, I wonder if you would get me an overcoat in Steubenville. I don't like the kind they sell in Chicago."

As you can see, I had pride. But I also had the chills.

Once I was singing in Columbus, Ohio, and my mother came to see me. From the kind of letters she had been sending I had an idea she was going to try and talk me into coming back home. I didn't want to do that because I felt I would fall into my old ways. To make her feel more secure about me I bought a religious medal and, when she came back to my dressing room, I made sure that she saw I was wearing it.



She made no comment, but her eyes told me how pleased she was, and not a word came about giving up my singing. After she had left I took off the medal, but while I still held it in my hand, I began to look at it. It had done a good little job, I realized—for both my mother and myself. That was its function. Thinking about this, there was only one thing left to do. I hung it back around my neck. It is still there to this day.

It may be that the church is responsible for the fact that I am less a worrier than I have ever been . . . certainly far less, apparently, than most people I meet. Everyone knows that my partner, Jerry Lewis, is a bundle of nerves.

Before we have to go on stage he is as nervous as a cat and I have tried many times to talk him into a calmer mood. "What are you afraid of?" I asked. "There is nobody out there with a gun, you know. And in a few minutes it's over and we are off again."

"Quiet!" he will yelp. "I'm still laying six to five you're going to end up in the hot seat."

In this Jerry agrees with my old Aunt Mary, as you can see. But if I ever were actually on my way to the electric chair, the warden of the prison where I was being held would have a tough time. Jerry would be all over his neck accusing him of break-

ing up the greatest act we'd ever had. Actually a man who worries about what's going to happen to him in this world is wasting brainpower and heart strength. Anything can happen. The other day while driving on a mountain road I hit an unmarked curve and barely made it around on two wheels. For a second there I hung right above a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. I might have gone either way and there was nothing I could do about it. The motors of a plane have stopped while I was a passenger, and, once, a good-sized section of a stone ledge fell off a roof and nearly made a grease spot out of me. About this, about what happens to the flesh, there is little a man can do. He is left with only one option about himself—to choose his spiritual future.

At least, this is how I boil it down, this is what's in my mind when I go out evenings to sit on the front steps. Across from me the pillars of my dream-mansion gleam white in the street light, the house sits back square and true . . . a place of hope and comfort, and talking to me somehow about God and His plans for me. No wonder I listen. And somehow, in the quiet of the night, I am able to hear Him with my eyes and my heart.

END

(Dean Martin will soon be seen in Hal Wallis' *The Stooge*.)

# easy money!

Some say the sweetest music is the jingle, jangle, jingle of pennies in your purse. Here's a way to play a pretty tune. All you have to do is read all the stories in this February issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us right away. A crisp, new one-dollar bill will go to each of the first 100 people we hear from. So get started. You may be one of the lucky winners!

**QUESTIONNAIRE:** Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second, and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Take My Word For It  
by Ava Gardner
- ☐ It's a Girl! (Jane Powell)
- ☐ Cinderella's Tired (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ It's Love, Love, Love (Arlene Dahl-Fernando Lamas)
- ☐ Bing Crosby's Future
- ☐ He Ran Away With Her Heart  
(Jane Wyman)
- ☐ Full House-Full Hearts (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans)
- ☐ Daily Double (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Make Me Honest (Jane Russell)
- ☐ Love Story—Nine Years Young  
(Burt Lancaster)
- ☐ Modern Screen Party Of The Year
- ☐ What Lana Does To Men  
(Lana Turner)
- ☐ June Allyson Goes Country
- ☐ She Came A Long Way  
(Rosemary Clooney)
- ☐ Real Gone and Straight Up  
(Bob Wagner)
- ☐ D Is For Daddy (Elizabeth Taylor-Michael Wilding)
- ☐ The House I Love (Dean Martin)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

What MALE star do you like least?

What FEMALE star do you like least?

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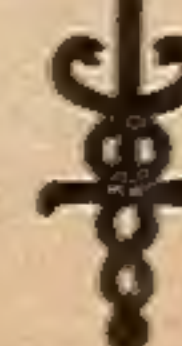
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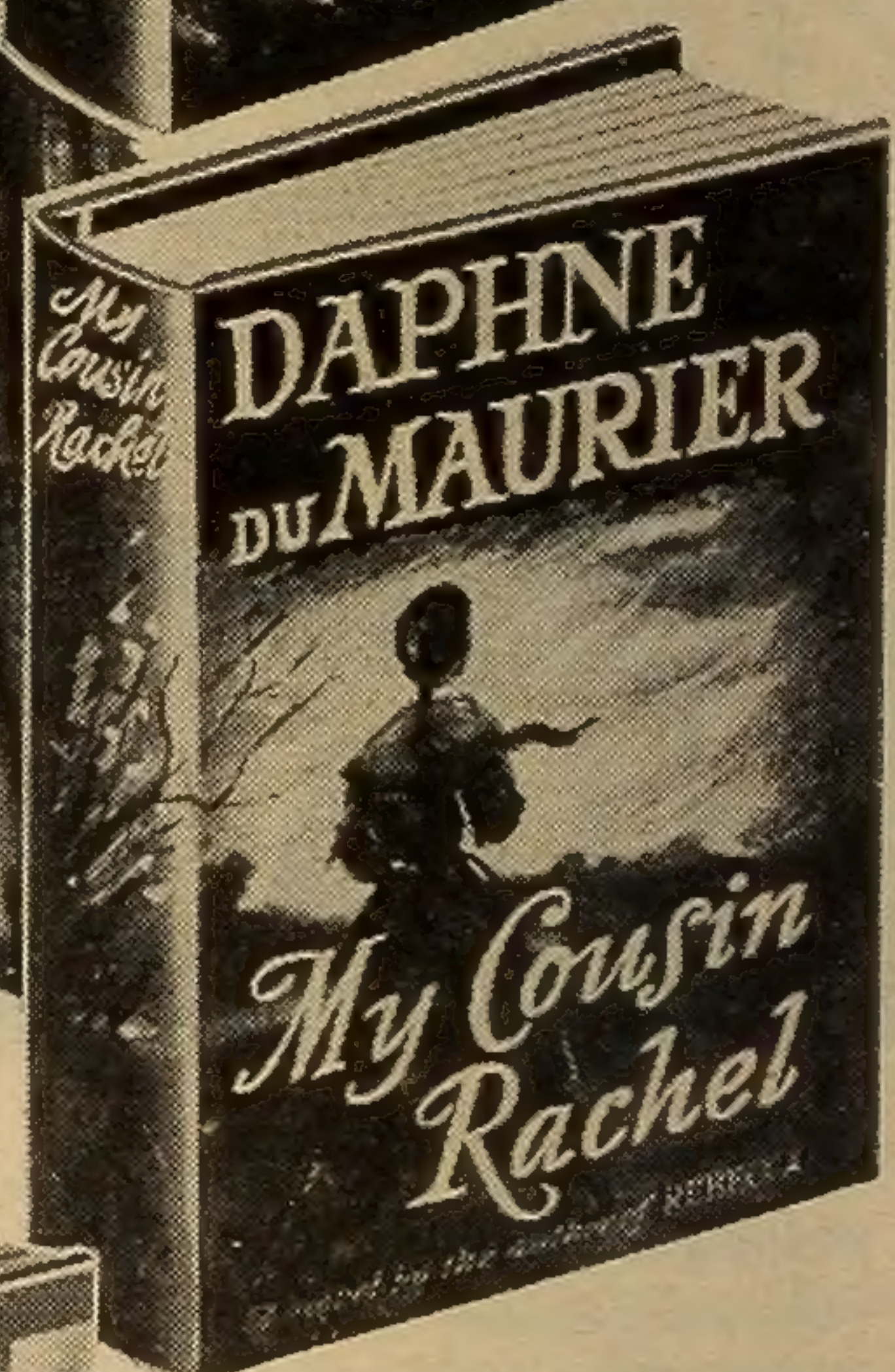
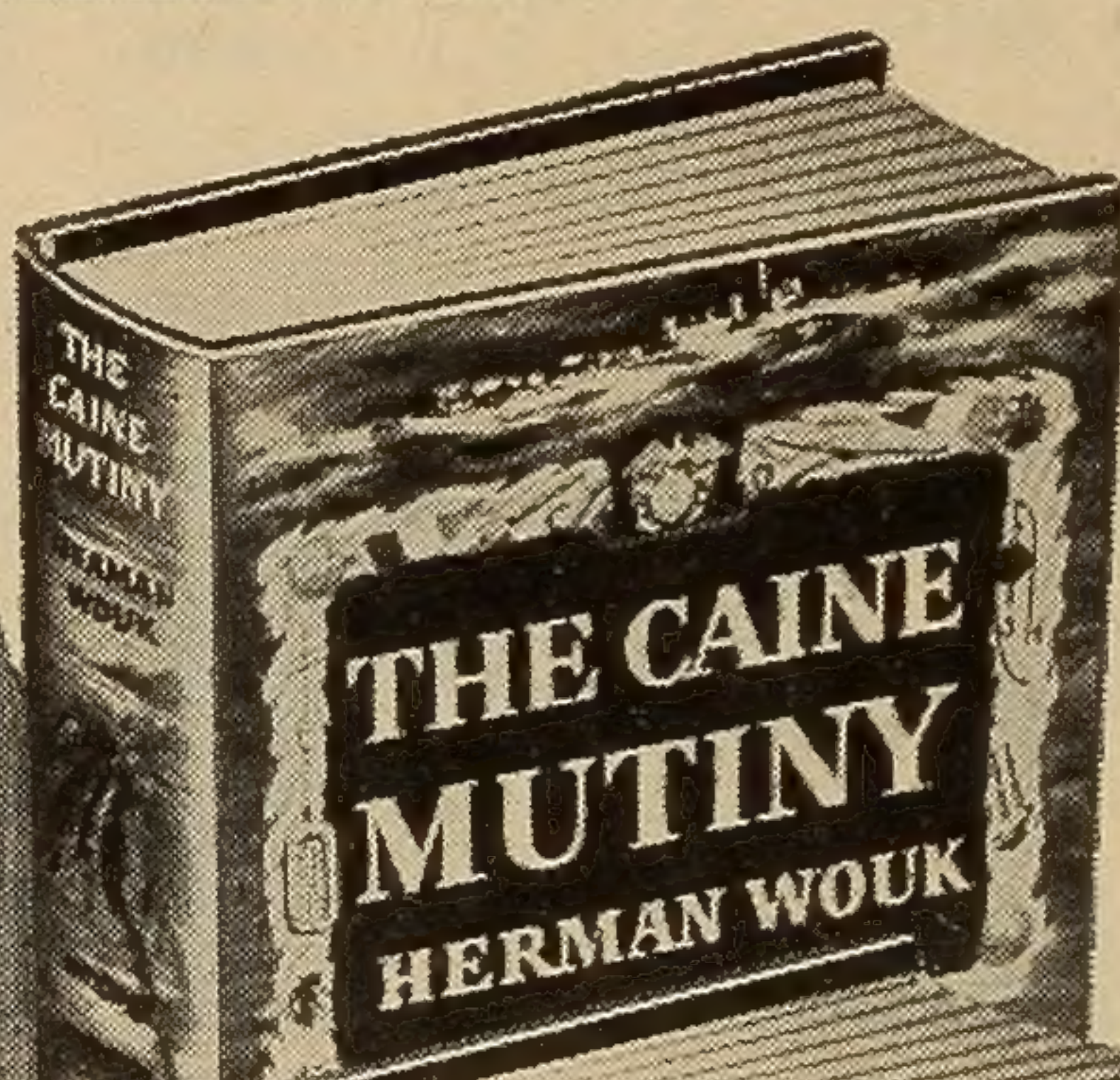
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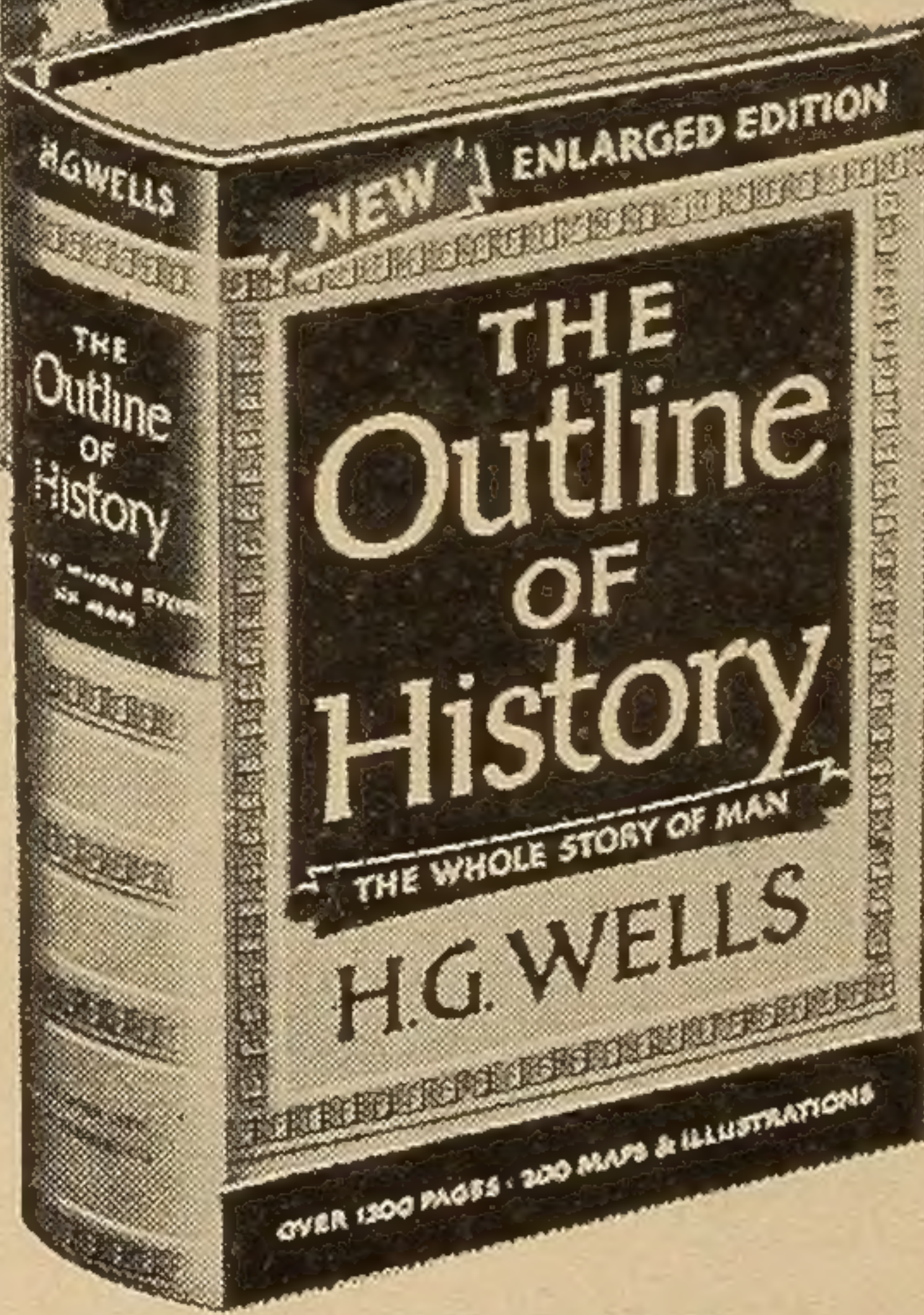
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